

MINERVA  
BRITANNA

OR A GARDEN OF HEROICAL  
Deuises, furnished, and adorned with *Emblemes*  
and *Impresa's* of sundry natures, Newly devised,  
*moralized, and published,*

By HENRY PEACHAM, Mr. of Artes.



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ICH DIEN. i. (*Germanicé,*) Servio.



*Epigramma Authoris.*

*Se dicit Servum modo patre superstite Prin-  
ceps,*

*Ephes. 4. 1.  
b ICH DIEN  
Anagramma.*

*Primus at Imperio Servus (b) HIC, IN  
DE regit.*



TO THE RIGHT HIGH AND  
MIGHTIE HENRIE, ELDEST SONNE OF  
our Soveraigne Lord the KING, Prince of Wales,  
*DVKE of CORNWALL and ROTHSAI*  
*and Knight of the most noble order of*  
*the GARTER.*



**OST EXELLENT PRINCE.**

Hauing by more then ordinarie signes, tasted heeretofore of your gracious favour: and evidently knowen your *Princely* and *Generous* inclination, to all good Learning and excellencie. I am emboldened once againe, to offer vp at the Altar of your gracious acceptance these mine *Emblemes*: a weake (I confesse,) and a

worthlesse Sacrifice, though an assured pledge, of that Zeale and Duetie, I shall for ever most Religiouslie owe vnto your Highnes: shewing herein rather a will to desire, then worth to deserue, so peerelesse a patronage. Howsoever the world shall esteeme them in regard of their rude and homely attire, for the most part they are Roially discended, and repaire into your owne bosome (farre from the reach of Envie) for their protection. For in truth they are of right your owne, and no other then the substance of those Divine Instructions, his *Maiestie* your Royall *Father* præscribed vnto you, your guide (as that golden branch to *ÆNEAS*,) to a vertuous & true happy life. It is now two yeares since I presẽted vnto your Highnes some of them, then done by me into Latine verse, with their pictures drawen and limned by mine owne hand in their liuely coulours; wherein, as neere as I could, I obserued the *Method* of his *Maiesties BASILICON DORON*, but by reason of the great number I had since that, newly invented: with some others collected, (tieng my invention to no one

*Æneid. 6.*



## *The Epistle to the Prince.*

Subiect as before) I am here constrained aswell of Necessitie as for varietie sake, to intermixe (as it were *promiscue*) one with the other in one entire volume, the rather because of their affinitie & end, which is one and the selfe same, that is, the fashioning of a vertuous minde. I dare not discourse at large vnto your Highnes, of the manifold Vse, Nature, Libertie, and ever esteemed excellencie of this kind of *Poesie*: it being the rarest, and of all others the most ingenious, and wherein, the greatest *Princes* of the world, many times haue most happily exercised their Invention: because I doubt not, but your Highnes already knoweth whatsoever I might speak herein. Onely what I haue done, I most humbly offer vp the same vnto your gracious view, and protection. Desiring of *GOD* to beautifie and enrich your most hopefull & Heroique minde, with the diuine gifts of his grace, and knowledge, heartily wishing, there were any thing in me, worthy of the least fauour, and respect of so excellent a *Prince*.

To your Highnes,

The most sincerely and affectionately  
devoted

in all dutie and service.

*HENRY PEACHAM.*







## To the Reader.



haue heere (kind Reader) sent abroad vnto thy view, this volume of *Emblemes*, whether for greatnes of the charge, or that the Invention is not ordinarie: a Subiect very rare. For except the collections of Master *Whitney*, and the translations of some one or two else beside, I know not an *Englishman* in our age, that hath published any worke of this kind: they being (I doubt not) as ingenious, and happy in their invention, as the best French or Italian of them all. Hence perhaps they terme vs *Tramontani Sempii*, Simple and of dull conceipt, when the fault is neither in the Climate, nor as they would haue it, in the constitution of our bodies, but truely in the cold & frozen respect of Learning, and artes, generally amongst vs: comming far shorte of them in the iust valewing of well deseruing qualities. To begin at the foote of their *Alpes*, and so discend by *Germanie* (which *Bodine* truly termeth *officinam hominum*, a shoppe of absolute men for all Artes) how she hath excelled in this, as in all other rare Invention, witnesse the many volumes she hath sent vs over of this Subiect. With what excellent Bodies, and *Motto's*, haue the *Netherlandes* especially *Holland*, and *Zealand*, vpon sundry occasions (as the recoverie of their Libertie, the overthrow in *eighty eight*, and the like) commended their Invention to the world? as we finde in *Meteranus*, and others. I should seeme partiall, if I should lay to your view, the many and almost vnimitable *Impresa's* of our owne Countrey: as those of *Edward* the black Prince, *Henry* the fourth, *Henry* the seuenth, *Henry* the eight, Sir *Thomas Moore*, the Lord *Cromwell*, & of later times, those done by Sir *Phillip Sydney*, and others. Nor were it needefull since their Memory is fresh, and many of their sheildes yet scarce drie in the world. Who hath ever seene more wittie, proper, & significant devises, then those of *Scotland*? (to omit more auntient times) as that of *King James* the third, devising for himselfe (to expresse the care he had of his country and People) a *Hen* sitting over her *Chickens*, with the word *Non dormit qui custodit*: as also of *James* the fowrth, taking to himselfe a bifront, or double face, plac't vpon the top of a Columnne: the heades crowned with *Laurell*, the word *Vtrumque*: meaning (as



## To the Reader.

it is thought) he would constantly, and advisedly like *Ianus*, obserue the proceedings aswell of the *French* as the *English*, holding them both at that time in Ielousie. Many and very excellent haue I seene of his *Maiesties* owne Invention, who hath taken herein in his yonger years great delight, and pleasure, by which thou maiest see, that we are not so dull as they would imagine vs, nor our Soile so barren as that we neede to borrow from their Sunne-burnt braines, our best Invention. Whereas I haue heere dedicated many *Emblemes* to sundry and great Personages, (yea some to Forraigne Princes,) I haue heerein but imitated the best approued Authours in this kind: as *Alciat*, *Sambucus*, *Iunius*, *Reusnerus*, and others: they being such, as either in regard of their transcendent dignitie, and vertues, deserue of all to be honoured: or others whome for their excellent parts and qualities, I haue ever loued, and esteemed: or lastly some of my private friendes, to whome I haue in particular beene most beholden some way or other. Wherein I trust thou wilt not condemne me, since I haue no other meane then by word to shew a thankfull minde towards them.

It is not my intent here (which I might well doe) to discourse at large of the Nature and Libertie of *Embleme*, wherein it differeth from the *Impresa*; because heerein I haue beene alreadie prevented by\* others.

Paulns Iovius.  
Sambucus.  
Mr. Sam. Daniell.

The true vse heereof from time to time onely hath beene, *Vtile dulci miscere*, to feede at once both the minde, and eie, by expressing mystically and doubtfully, our disposition, either to *Loue*, *Hatred*, *Clemencie*, *Iustice*, *Pietie*, our *Victories*, *Missfortunes*, *Griefes*, and the like: which perhaps could not haue beene openly; but to our praiudice revealed. And in truth the bearer heerein doth but as the Travailler, that changeth his Silver into Gold, carry about his affection in a narrow roome, and more safely; the valew rather bettered then abated.

Accept I pray thee in good worth, what I haue heere done, not for any hope of reward, or gaine, but onely for thy pleasure, and recreation, Imagining thou art delighted (as I haue ever beene my selfe) with these ever esteemed, honest, and most commendable Devises.

Thine assuredly,

HENRY PEACHAM.





AD AVGVSTISSI  
ET LONGE NOBILISSI-  
MVM HENRICVM WALLIÆ PRIN-  
CIPEM.

*Carmen Panegyricum.*

Quæ damus ista novis excusa *EMBLEMATA* fornis,  
(Docta sonare prius numeris sua verba Latinis;)  
Accipe quo soleas vultu, votisq; secundis  
Annue, parva licet, nec sint te Principe digna.  
Cum rabidus latê torreret *SIRIVS* arva,  
Flavaque anhelantis premeret Sol terga *LEONIS*,  
Fronde sub vmbrosa patulæ requievimus vlni,  
Ad ripas *GRENOVICA* tuas; (vbi *THAMESIS* vnda  
Alluit *ANGLIGENVM* regalia tecta Monarchæ.)  
Hic vbi sollicita dum plurima mente revolve,  
Adstitit insomni corâm pulcherrima Virgo,  
Tecta caput galea, gemmis auroque nitente:  
Pone suas diffusa comas, clypeusque sinistra,  
*GORGONIS* ostendens argenteus ora *MEDVSAE*:  
Vndique fraxineam dum dextra viriliter hastam  
Torquet, et incerto circûm aëra verberat ictu.  
Obstupui, et gelidus tremor inde per ossa cucurrit,  
Cum Dea facunda extempló sic ora resolvit.  
Pone metum Vates, animos timor vrget inertes,  
Consilijque venit fani notissimus hostis:  
Hinc citus exurgas et summi Principis Aulam  
Ipse, qua silvas Nymphæ coluere virentes:  
Qua *DRYADV* sedes *THAMESIDOS* vnda salutat,  
Turrigerumque caput iactat *RICHMVNDIA* coelo.

Est



*Carmen panegyricum.*

Est *HENRICVS* ibi, quo non clementior alter,  
Quoque Deus nostro dederit nil dulcius ævo;  
Aemulus Herôum veterum ac virtutis avitæ;  
(Et mea siquid habent vnquam præfagia veri)  
*PIERIDVM* pater, et doctis decus omne futurus.  
Excipiet longos hic læta fronte labores,  
Aspice vt huic desint provecti Iudicis ora,  
Nec sulcat faciem minitantis ruga Tyranni:  
Candor inest vultu placidus, mens concolor isti.  
Insuper invitet te Bibliothêca referta,  
Artibus omnigenis *MVS Æ* quam struxit Asylum:  
Namque feros toto compescuit orbe tumultus  
Candida *PAX*, coelo lætis invec̃ta triumphis.  
Non fuit indomitus *MARS* ferro et cæde nefanda,  
Buccina non orbis exosæque matribus arma;  
Infestant nostras subitis terroribus oras.  
Iam posuere *NOTI* immites, creberque procellis  
*AFRICVS*, et *BOREAS* solito sunt carcere vincti:  
Occidui spirant *ZEPHYRI*, nunc omnia Tellus  
Parturit, atque novo rident animalia Vere.  
Dum Nymphæ ducunt circûm per opaca choreas,  
Et Rosa verna viret, silvis dum mille sonoras,  
Guttore multiplici renovat *PHILOMELA* querelas:  
Ad gelidos fontes, vel forte legaris in vmbra,  
Gratior aut hospes sis (post convivia) mensæ.  
Vix ego seruo librum, properantem visere tecta  
Regia, et *HENRICI* notos pietate Penâtes.  
Iste tibi veniat modo qualiscunque libellus,  
Inconcinna, levis, male culta, incompta *MINERVA*,  
Hanc precor excipias placide, (Dignissime *PRINCEPS*.)  
Maiori interea nitetur carmine Musa,  
(Pone legens rerum vestigia lata tuarum)  
Vt magnum resonent *GANGETICA* littora nomen;  
Et reducem (b) *HEROËM* horrescant grassantia latê,  
(Sacrilege *ACHMETES*) olim tua castra *BRITANNVM*,  
Cum tua non tantum tibi serviet vltima *THULE*  
Vaticinor,

b Arthurum.



## *Carmen panegyricum.*

Vaticinor, toto regnabis latius orbe,  
Et reditura tuis sunt aurea secla **BRITANNIS**.  
Tu vero interea vive, (Augustissime **PRINCEPS**,)  
Ducat et ad seros **CLOTHO** tua fila nepotes:  
Ut tua te longum, **BRITANNIA** læta fruatur,  
Immensumque tuis repleas virtutibus orbem.

**HENRICVS PEACHAMVS.**

**AD D. HENRICVM PEACHAMVM  
DE SVA MINERVA.**

Prodiit ex cerebro **IOVIS**, alma **MINERVA** profundo;  
Ut quondam cecinit **PINDARVS** ore fluens.  
Prodiit ast ictu **VULCANI** emissæ securi:  
Dum caput **ÆGIOCHI** percutit ille **IOVIS**.  
Prodiit e cœlo **RHODIIS** dum depluit aurum,  
Aureus est in quo nata **MINERVA** dies;  
Prodiit et cataphracta: caput bene casside recta,  
Ægide tuta sua, cuspide tuta sua.

*Fabula applicatio.*

Est **PEACHAME**, **IOVIS** cerebrum tibi, prodiit illinc  
Hic liber, ingenii vera **MINERVA** tui.  
Singula sunt in eo, quamvis extempore nata,  
**VULCANI** liber hic totus habebat opem,  
De summo (**PEACHAME**) polo, tibi depluet aurum,  
Illico et incipient, aurea secla tibi.  
Armatur galea, clypeo, ense, **MINERVA BRITANNA**,  
Et contra **MOMOS**, est ea tuta satis.





*Ex puris Iambis. Ad eundem.*

Iniquus aestimator ille ducitur;  
Suo metitur omne qui modo ac pede;  
Sapitque per parum ille, cui nihil sapit;  
Nisi quod approbatur a sua nota  
At æquus ille, quisquis addit ipsius  
Opinionem, acutioris arbitri  
Probationem, et acre testimonium,  
Et eius, et suis videns ocellulis.

Peritorum amica testimonia  
Habes, labore de tuo probissimo;  
Nec illa pauca, laude te ferentium  
Ad astra sicut hoc meretur inclitum  
Opus. Mihi nec est opus quid amplius  
Loqui, quasi adderem mari meas aquas;  
Tamen quod ipse postulas, ego libens  
Eos sequor, meumque iungo calculum.

**P E C H A M E** perge fausto ut incipis pede  
Et ede plura, lividumque **Z O I L V M**,  
Malumque virus huius invidentiæ  
Teruntio valeto, cuncta qui potest,  
Placere non potest ei, ipse **I V P I T E R**;  
Nihil morare candidum lapillulum,  
Nigrumque facis infimæ, places quibus  
Sat est placere, doctioribus viris.

**T H O : H A R D I N G V S .**

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**IN CLARISSIMI VIRI D. HENRICI PEA-  
CHAMI POETAE ANGLI CANTABRIGI-  
ENSIS**

*Minervam Britannam.*

**N**endo tulit palmam de stultâ **PALLAS** Arachnê  
Ingenij, cum lis inter utramque foret:  
Nec satis. offensam facto illam habuisse **MINERVAM**  
Legimus, et poenas inde dedisse Deæ.  
Tela tua est opus hoc ipsâ vel **PALLADE** dignum

Ingenio



IN MINERVAM AVTHORIS.

Ingenio, et doctæ facta labore manus  
Quam culpâre velit quisquis, vel vincere certet,  
Fata feret stolidæ MOMVS araneolæ.

Hannibal Vrsinus  
Neapolitanus.

SOPRA LA MINERVA BRITANNA DEL  
SIGr: HENRICO PEACHAMO.

ODE.

Tosto ch' al mondo apparse  
Questa PALLA nouella,  
Fulminò d' ira, ed' arse  
GIOVE d' invidia, e sdegno.  
Tremò la terra, e lo stellante regno.

Stupido APOLLO fisse  
Le luci riverente  
Nel Padre, e così disse  
Mentre la terra lieta  
Al bel lume di lui, tornò quieta.

Espoſto hà fuor dal seno  
\* La BRITANNA GIVNONE  
Parto: non già terreno;  
Mà quel novello MARTE  
Promesso al mondo in non \* mentite carte.

\* ANNA Regina,

\* Gildam et Metlinum fortasse intelligit.

Da vn tronco DANO altiero,  
Fiorito è 'l PRENCE HENRICO  
Ritratto illustre, et vero  
D' ARTV. cui sorte accerba  
Tolse quello; chi à questi il Ciel riserba.



## ODE.

*Viſto' l' novello parto ,  
Illuminar la terra :  
Invido dal ciel parto ,  
Bramando dar in luce  
Altro parto chi ſervi al novo Duce .*

*Dal capo di P E A C H A M O ,  
Lieto diſcopro al mondo  
Quel che cotanto bramo ,  
Che quegli uſci d' A N N A  
Queſti produce M I N E R V A B R I T A N N A*

*Giovan : Baſiſta Caſella .*

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AV TRES - EXCELLENT ET TRES - DOC-  
TE POETE MONS. HENRY PEACHAM.

### SONNET.

O n cognoit des grands Dieux ou l' aife ou la douleur ,  
A ces pourtraicts aſtres , que le Ciel nous figure :  
Et leurs fils , ces Herôs de leur noble valeur ,  
En leurs riches blaſons touſiours ont quelque Augure .  
Tel fuſt l' ancien devis , qui premier fuſt parleur  
Des Miſteres plus beaux , la voix et l' eſcriture ,  
Luy ſervoient cômme aux Dieux , d' un ſervile M E R C V R E  
' Truchemens à qui manque et le vray ſens et l' heur .  
P E A C H A M , ce beau devis eſt ton choix , et ta Muſe ;  
Les points Hebreux , le traicts dont le M E M P H I T I Q U E uſe ,  
Ains Diue meſme , et le Ciel , t' apprend ce ſtile vieux  
Que tu peux bien nommer , la M I N E R V E B R E T O N N E ;  
Car par deſſus la Grecque , on luy doit Couronne ;  
Si le filer n' eſt plus , que le ſcavoir de Dieux .

N. M. Fortnaius .

V P O N



VPON THE AVTHOVR AND HIS  
MINERVA.

PALLAS thou hast a second champion bred,  
As great in Artes, as was stout DIOMED  
In Armes; that gainst enraged MARS could stand,  
And dar'd to wound faire VENVS in the hand:  
The ARGIVE fleete his sole Arme could defend,  
And with the Gods he durst alone contend;  
All this thy influence gaue, and more desired,  
Like power thou hast into this braine inspired:  
Thy champion too, whose Artes are fam'd as farre,  
As was TYDIDES for his deedes of warre.  
We know thou art MINERVA that alike  
Hold'st Artes and Armes, canst speake as well as strike.

Tho: Heywood.

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VPON THE AVTHOVR AND HIS  
MINERVA.

---

All eies behold, and yet not all alike,  
Effects, and defects, both are in the eie,  
As when an object gainst the eie doth strike,  
Th' imagination straightwaies doth implie  
Shapes, or what else the object doth present,  
Weaker or stronger, as the sight is bent.

Within the minde two eies there are haue sight,  
To iudge of thinges interiour hauing sence;  
Foresight, and Insight, Iudgment makes them bright,  
And most perspicuous through intelligence.  
Foresight, foreseeth harmes, that may ensue:  
Insight, doth yeild to reason what is due.



VPON THE AVTHOR.

Then let not men deeme all with corp'rall ei'ne,  
Eies may deluded be by false illusions:  
Eies may be partiall, eiesight may decline  
By weakenes, age, or by abusions.  
Pride, envie, folly, may the sight pervert,  
And make the eie transgresse against the heart.

VVith outward ei'ne first view, and marke this booke,  
Variety of objects much will please;  
VVith inward ei'ne then on the matter looke,  
Foresee the Authours care, and little ease  
T'invent, t'imprint, and publish for delight,  
And for reward but craues your good insight.

Peacham my friend, I must confesse to thee,  
My Insight is but weake; such as it is,  
I verdict thus, no better worke I see  
Of this same kinde, nothing I finde amisse,  
If any fault there be, it is not thine,  
The fault shall rest in mens imperfect ei'ne.

*William Segar Garter . Principall king of Armes .*





TO MASTER HENRY PEACHAM.

A VISION VPON THIS HIS  
MINERVA.

**M**e thought I saw in dead of silent night  
A goodly Citie all to cinders turned,  
Vpon whose ruines sate a Nymphe in white,  
Rending her haire of wiery gold, who mourned  
Or for the fall of that faire Citie burned,  
Or some deare Loue, whose death so made her sad:  
That since no ioye in worldly thing she had.

This was that *GENIUS* of that auntient *TROY*,  
In her owne ashes buried long agoe:  
So grieu'd to see that *BRIT AINE* should enioy  
Her *PALLAS*, whom she held and honour'd so:  
And now no litle memorie could show  
To eternize her, since she did infuse,  
Her Enthean soule, into this English Muse.

E. S.





To my dread Sovereigne IAMES, King of great BRITAINNE. &c.



A SECRET arme out stretched from the skie,  
In double chaine a Diadem doth hold:  
Whose circlet boundes, the greater BRITANNIE,  
From conquered FRAVNCIE, to \*THVLE sung of old:  
Great IAMES, whose name beyond the INDE is told:  
To GOD obliged so by two-fold band,  
As borne a man, and Monarch of this land.

Thus since on heauen, thou wholly dost depend:  
And from \* aboue thy Crowne, and being hast:  
With malice vile, in vaine doth man intend,  
T'vnloose the knot that GOD hath link't so fast:  
Who shoot's at \* heaven, the arrow downe at last  
Lightes on his head: and vengeance fall on them,  
That make their marke, the Sovereigne Diadem.

\* Tibi serviet  
ultima Thyte,  
Virgil:  
THVLEM  
procul Axe re-  
motam.  
Claudian.  
Scherland.  
et nautis nostris  
hodie Thilenfel.

Διοπερσε  
καταβιζε.  
Homer.

Basil: Doron.  
lib. 1. pag. 2.

Nubibus en duplici vinctum Diadema catena,  
Quod procul a nostro sustinet orbe manus:

Non alia te lege Deus (IACOBUS) ligavit,  
Quem regere imperio, fecit, et esse vitum.

Initium





**A** POYSONOV'S Serpent wreathed vp around  
 In scalie boughtes, a sharpe two edged Sword,  
 Supported by a booke vpon the ground,  
 Is worldly wisedome grounded on G O D S word,  
 The which vnlesse our proiects doth sustaine,  
 Our plot is nought, and best devises vaine.

What ever then thou hap to take in hand,  
 In formost place, the feare of G O D preferre,  
 \* Else, like the Foole thou buildest on the sand,  
 By this ( the *Lesbian* \* stone ) thou canst not erre,  
 Which who so doth, his \* first foundation lay,  
 Contriues a worke that never shall decay.

Squamiger in gyros gladio se colligit anguis,  
 Naturam signant quæ POLITIA tuam;  
 Effera Iustitia est, Prudentia vana S O L O N I S,  
 Hæc nisi sustentent Biblia sacra D E I.

Timor igitur D E I solus est, qui custodit hominum inter se societatem, per quem vita ipsa  
 sustinetur, munitur, gubernatur. &c.

\* Firmamentum  
 est Dominus ti-  
 mentibus eum.  
 Psalm : 24.

\* Aristot : in E-  
 thicis.

\* Consiliorū gu-  
 bernaculum lex  
 divina sit. Cipri-  
 an in Epistolis.

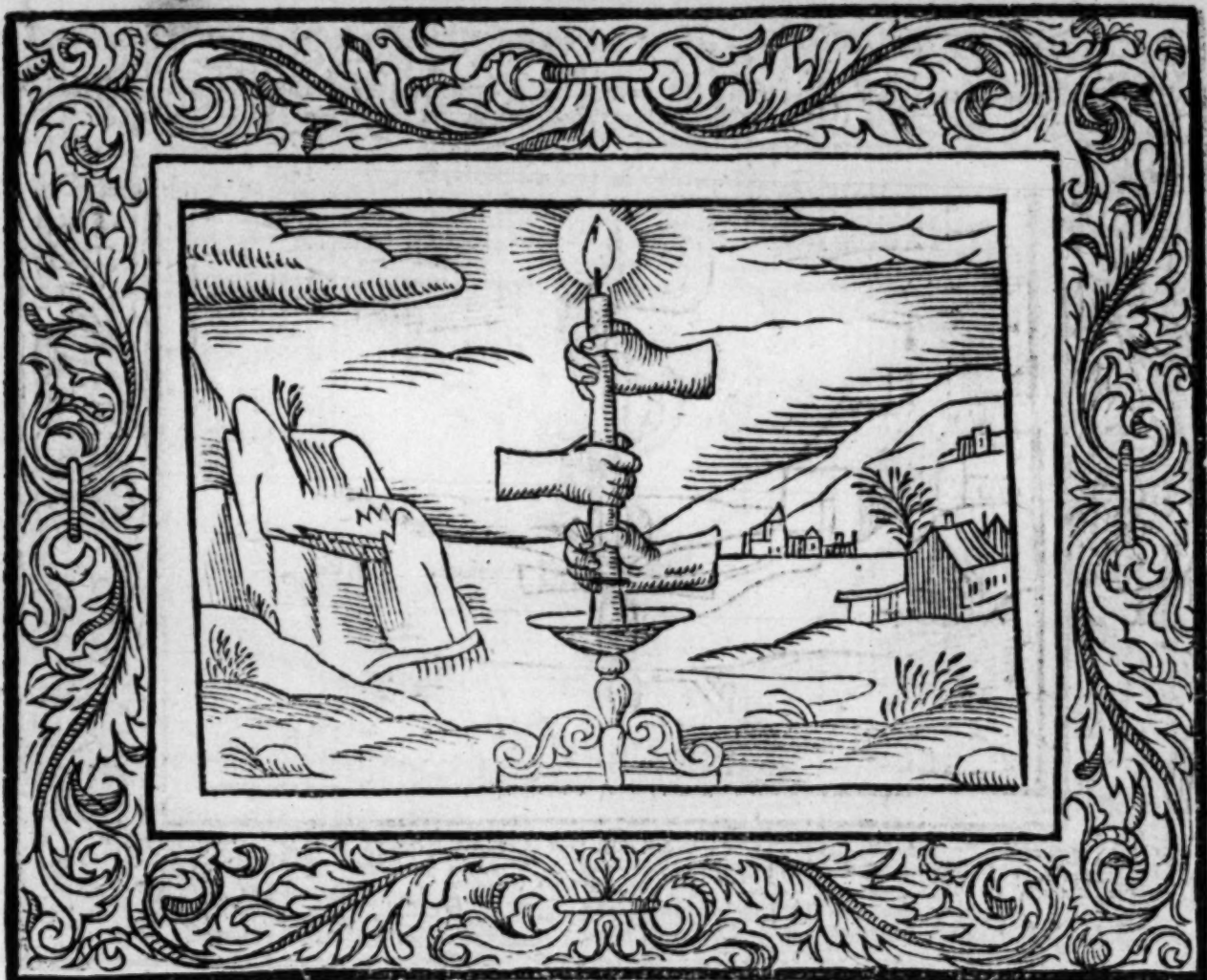
Basili : Doron.  
 lib : 1. pag : 3.

Lactantius de Ira  
 divina. Cap 21.

C I.

Cui





**T**wo handes together heere with griping hold,  
 And all their force, doe striue to take away  
 This burning Lampe, and Candlestick of Gold,  
 Whose light shall burne in spite of Hell for ay:  
 And brighter then the beames of PHOEBVS shine,  
 For tis the Truth so holy and divine.

Which foule Ambition hath so often vext,  
 And swelling pride of Prælates put in doubt,  
 With Covetuousnes that greedie Monster next,  
 That long I feare me since it had bene out,  
 Did not thy hand (deare Saviour) from aboue  
 Defend it so, that it might never moue.

Quoties homini-  
 bus præesse defi-  
 dero, toties Deo  
 meo præire con-  
 tendo. August:  
 super Psalm:

Basil: Doron.  
 lib: 2: pag: 38.

Perdita Avarities, et dira Superbia, Pestis  
 Christiadum infælix, Ambitioque simul:

Certatim vt tentent extinguere lampada verbi,  
 Ni tua succurrat (CHRISTE miserte) manus.

Gregor: Moral:  
 26.

Summus locus bene regitur cum is qui præest, vitiis potius quam fratri-  
 bus dominatur.

Omnis adeundi honoris ecclesiastici abscinderetur ambitio, si se iudican-  
 dos, potius quam iudicatuos hi qui præesse volunt populis cogitarent.

Origen: super E-  
 pist: ad Roman:

*Nusquam*





The silly Hind among the thickets Greene,  
While nought mistrusting did at safetie goe,  
His mortall wound receiu'd with arrow keene  
Sent singing from a Sheepeheard's secret bowe;  
And deadly peirc'd, can in no place abide,  
But runnes about with arrow in her side.

So oft we see the man whome Conscience bad  
Doth inwardly with deadly torture wound,  
From \* place to place to range with Furie mad,  
And seeke his ease by shifting of his ground  
The meane neglecting which might heale the sinne,  
\* That howerly ranckles more and more within.

Dictæus volucris quam fixit arundine pastor  
Cerva fugit, nullis convalitura locis;  
Conscia mens sceleris quem torquet, ubique pererrat,  
Vulnere neglecto quod miser intus alit.

Tranquillitate conscientie nil beatius excogitari potest.  
Conscientia affectuum corrector et animi pedagogus.

C 2.

Philantia Origen.

\* Mala conscientia in solitudine  
anxia, et sollicita est. Seneca  
Epist: 14.

\* Perfecto demum  
scelere magnitudo eius intelligitur. Tacitus 14.

Basil: Doron.  
lib: 1. pag: 15.

Augustin: 21. de  
civitate DEI.





Vide Alciatum.  
Embl: 69.

**A** VIRGINS face with Robes of light aray,  
Why hath ( Self-loue ) our Poets thee assign'd?

*Philaut:* Loue should be young, and fresh as merry **MAY**,  
Such clothing best agreeth with my mind.

*What meanes that poisonous Serpent in thy hand?*

*Philaut:* My bane I breed, by this you vnderstand.

*I' th other hand say why that looking glasse?*

*Since in thee no deformitie I find,*

*Philaut:* Know how in Pride Selfe-loue doth most surpasse,  
And still is in her Imperfections blind:  
And saue her owne devises \* doth condemne,  
All others labours, in respect of them.

\* Quod volumus  
sanctum est.  
Augustin: contra  
Cresconium  
Grammat:

*Cur Virgo incedis Philantia? PHILA:* Virginis ora  
Malit amor. *Serpens quid sinuosa manu?*

Basili: Doron.  
lib: 3. pag: 65.

*Philaut:* Pectore virus alo. *Speculum sed consulis.* *PHI:* inde  
Cætera dedignor, dum mea sola placent.

*Humana*





**A**T last my braunch doth wither and decay,  
And with the ruine downe my selfe doe fall,  
Whose pride did loath on surer ground to stay,  
But needes would raigne as KING vpon the wall,  
To overlooke in scorne the shrubs below,  
That did ( I find ) in greater safetie growe.

By this same tree, are all Traditions ment,  
And what else hammer'd out of humane braine,  
That on the Rocke, to rest are not content,  
But puffed vp with pride, and glory vaine;  
Vnto their shame, doe moulder downe, and fall,  
As doth this Elder growing on the wall.

Spreta cado tandem lapidum compage soluta  
Nec terræ ramos rebar egere meos:  
Sic freta elanguent humano cuncta cerebro,  
Vt stabilis fugiant fœdera firma DEI.

Omnis plantatio  
quam non plāta-  
verit pater meus  
coelestis, eradica-  
bitur. Math: 15.

Si ad divina tra-  
ditionis caput, et  
originem rever-  
tamur, cessat o-  
nis error huma-  
nus. Ciprian ad  
Pompeianum.

Basilii: Doron.





**M**y hope is heauen, the crosse on earth my rest,  
 The foode that feedes me is my Saviours bloud,  
 My name is FAITH to all I doe protest,  
 What I beleuee is Catholique and good,  
 And as my Saviour strictly doth commaund,  
 My good \* I doe with close and hidden hand.

\* Tunc veraciter  
 fideles sumus, si  
 quod verbis pro-  
 mittimus, operi-  
 bus adimplemus.  
 Gregor: Homil:  
 29.

Nor Heresie, nor Schisme, I doe maintaine,  
 But as CHRIST's coate so my beliefe is one,  
 I hate all fancies forg'd of humane braine,  
 I let contention and vaine strifes alone;  
 If ought I neede I craue it from aboue,  
 And liue with all in Charitie and Loue.

Basil: Doron.  
 lib: 1. pag: 11.

Crux mihi grata quies, sola et fiducia, celo  
 Me terris lactant vulnera (CHRISTE) tua:

Sancta Fides dicor, cunctis mea dogmata pando  
 Abdo sed occulte Religionis opus.

Titus .3.

Curent bonis operibus praeesse qui credunt Deo.

Bernar: in Cant  
 Sermon: 24.

Mors fidei est separatio charitatis, credis in Christum? fac Christi opera  
 vt vivat fides tua.

Nec





**T**he Æthiopian Princes at their feastes,  
 Did vse amid their cates, and costly cheere  
 A deadmans head, to place before their guesstes,  
 That it in minde might put them what they were:  
 And PHILIP dayly caused one to say,  
 Oh King remember that thou art but clay.

If Pagans could bethinke them of their end,  
 And make such vse of their mortalitie,  
 With greater hope their course let christians bend,  
 Vnto the haven of heavens foelicitie;  
 And so to liue while heere we drawe this breath,  
 We haue no cause to feare, or wish for death.

Perge tuo laute genio indulgere PHILIPPE,  
 Imperium cernis quam brevis hora manet:  
 Non properans timeo lethum mens conscia recti  
 Inculcat quouis tempore CHRISTE veni.

Sed hoc meditatum ab adolescentia esse debet, mortem vt negligamus, sine qua meditatione,  
 tranquillo esse animo nemo potest.

Memorare noviss-  
 ima et non pec-  
 cabis in eter-  
 num. Ecclesiast  
 7.

Timor futuræ  
 mortis quasi cla-  
 vis carnis omnes  
 motus superbia-  
 ligno crucis affi-  
 git. Aug: lib: 2  
 de doct: christi-  
 ana.

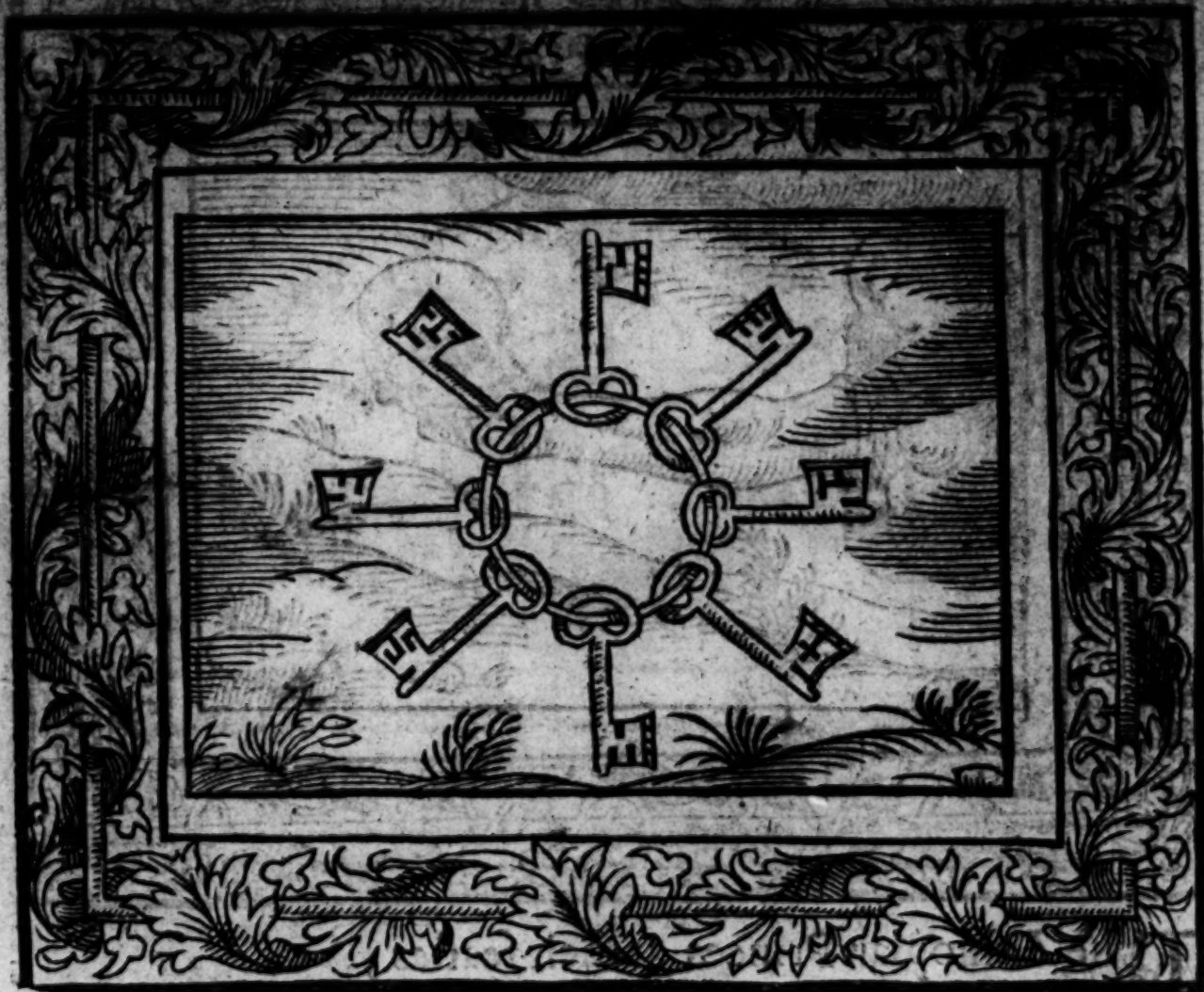
Basil: Daron.  
 lib: 1. pag: 17.

Mortem optare  
 malum timere  
 peius. Seneca in  
 Oedipo.

Cicero in lib: de  
 senectute.

*Psalmi*





Basilic: Doron.  
lib: 1. pag: 11.

\* Liber omnis  
Psalmorum simi-  
lis est urbi pul-  
chræ, atque mag-  
næ, cui ædes cõ-  
plures diversæque  
sint, quarum fo-  
res propriis cla-  
vibus diversisque  
claudantur, quæ  
cum in unum lo-  
cum cõgestæ per-  
mixtæque sint. &c.  
Hilar: in prolog:  
psalmor explanat

ὁ δὲ πᾶσι διηγή-  
σατο λέγοντες,  
ὅτι δὲ καὶ παλαι-  
ότερον οἱ δὲ ἐν  
προφητεῖαι. οἱ  
δὲ ὡς ἐν εὐχῇ.  
ὅτι δὲ ὡς [ἐν]  
ἐξομολογήσει.  
Athanasius como-  
primo in Epist: ad  
Marcellinum de  
interpreta: psal-  
morum.

**T**O sundry keies doth \* HILARIE compare  
The holy Psalmes of that prophetique King;  
Cause in their Natures so dispos'd they are,  
That as it were, by sundry dores they bring,  
The soule of man, oppress'd with deadly sinne,  
Vnto the Throne, where he may mercy winne.

For wouldst thou in thy Saviour \* still reioyce,  
Or for thy finnes, with teares lament and pray,  
Or sing his praises with thy heart and voice,  
Or for his mercies giue him thanks alway?

Set DAVIDS Psalmes, a mirrour to thy mind,  
'But with his Zeale, and heavenly spirit ioin'd.

Clavibus innexis hincq; HILARIVS aptat,  
Iesai cecinit quos pia Musa senis;

Et vere, innumeros aditus hi quippe recludant  
Mens quibus ætherei pulsant Asyla D E T.

Prius





**W**H O takes in hand to turne this sacred booke,  
And heavenly wisedome, doth from hence require,  
His handes be cleane, I wish him first to looke:  
No Dog or Swine, that walloweth in the mire,  
Let dare to come, this pretious lewellnigh,  
The foe to filth, and all impuritie.

Δὴ λαβεῖν καρ-  
σὶν ἐνιπλοῖς.  
Hesiod :

But if thou needes wilt launch into this sea,  
Where Lambes may wade, and Elephants may swimme,  
Cast all vncleane affections away,  
And first with heartie prayer call on him,  
Whose holy Spirit must guide thee in the sence,  
A thousand times else better thou wert thence.

Sacra tuis manibus quicunque volumina versas  
Sordibus immunis quære salutis iter :  
Quoque volutaras carnis prius exue cœnum,  
Aut Sus consiliū linque lutoſa D E I.

Basil : Doron .  
lib : 1 . pag : 10 .

Veluti in coronis flores esse puros et suaves, nisi pura sit et casta manus contexens: sic non satis est  
ut in sacrarum literarum lectione verba fiat sancta et pia nisi pura etiam ac sanctissima mente hæc  
legantur, ac animo concipiantur.

\* Ad Divos caste adeunto. \* Cicero .

D I.

Sic

excludant  
et.

*Prius*



To the High and mightie *IAMES*, King of greate Britaine,



*Scilicet Anglicus  
et Scoticus.*

**T**WOO Lions stout the Diadem vphold,  
Of famous Britaine, in their armed pawes:  
The one is Red, the other is of Gold,  
And one their Prince, their sea, their land and lawes;  
Their loue, their league: whereby they still agree,  
In concord firme, and friendly amitie.

**BELLONA** henceforth bounde in Iron bandes,  
Shall kisse the foote of mild triumphant **PEACE**,  
Nor Trumpets sterne, be heard within their landes;  
Envie shall pine, and all old grudges cease:  
Braue Lions, since, your quarrell's lai'd aside,  
On cominon foe, let now your force be tri'de.

*Vnum sustentant gemini Diadema Leones,  
Concordes vno Principe, mente, fide.*

*Fœdere iunguntur simili, cœloque, faloque,  
Nata quibus Pax hæc inviolanda manet.*





**T**HE Thistle arm'd with vengeance for his foe,  
And here the Rose, faire CYTHERÆAS flower;  
Together in perpetuall league doe growe,  
On w'home the Heavens doe all their favours power;  
" For what \* th' Almightyes holy hand doth plant,  
" Can neither cost, or carefull keeping want.

\* 1. Cor 3. 6.

Magnifique PRINCE, the splendour of whose face,  
Like brightest PHOEBVS vertue doth reviuē;  
And farre away, light-loathing vice doth chase,  
These be thy Realmes; that vnder thee doe thriue,  
And which vnite, Gods providence doth blesse,  
With peace, with plentie, and all happines.

Terror hic hostilis, Cypriæ sacra illa puellæ,  
Carduus vnanimēs, et rosa vernia virent.  
Quæ gelidus cælo fecundans imber ab alto  
Omina dat regnis (summe Monarcha) tuis.



13 TO THE THRICE-VERTVOVS, AND  
FAIREST OF QUEENES, ANNE QUEENE  
OF GREAT BRITAINE.

Anagramma D:  
Gul: Fouleri.

In ANNA regnantium arbor.

ANNA Britannorum Regina.



AN Oliue lo, with braunches faire dispred,  
Whose top doth seeme to peirce the azure skie,  
Much seeming to disdaine, with loftie head  
The Cedar, and those Pines of THESSALIE,  
Fairest of Queenes, thou art thy selfe the Tree,  
The fruite \* thy children, hopefull Princes three.

\* Non classes,  
non Legiones,  
seriade firma im-  
perii munimenta  
quam numerum  
liberorum. Ta-  
citus. 4. Hist:

\* parcere subiec-  
tis, &c.

Which thus I ghesse, shall with their outstretcht armes,  
In time o'respread Europa's continent,  
\* To shield and shade, the innocent from harmes,  
But overtop the proud and insolent:  
Remaining, raigning, in their glories greene,  
While man on earth, or Moone in heauen is seene.

Fatum



To the most excellent Princeſſe ELIZABETH, onely Daughter to  
our Sovereigne Lord King JAMES, King of great BRITAIN.

ELIZABETHA Steuarta.

*Has Artes beata velit.*

Anagramma.



FAIRE Princeſſe, great, religious, modest, wiſe,  
By birth, by zeale, behauour, iudgment ſound,  
By whoſe faire arme, my Muſe did firſt ariſe,  
That crept before full lowly on the ground,  
And durſt not yet from her darke ſhade aſpire,  
Till thou ſweete Sunne, didſt helpe to raiſe her higher.

Thus ſince by thee, ſhee hath her life and ſappe,  
And findes her growth by thy deere cheriſhment,  
In thy faire eie conſiſtes her future hap:  
Heere write her fate, her date, her baniſhment,  
Or may ſhe that day-laſting Lillie be,  
Or \* SOLI-SEQVIVM e're to follow thee.

\* The flower  
of the Sunne  
(ſome take it  
for the Mari-  
gold) continu-  
ally following  
the ſame.



To the most Christian King LOVIS, XIII. King of  
FRANCE and NAVARRE.

Anagram, Henr-  
III. occisi a  
scolettissimo illo  
Ravillac. G. F.

Henricus IV Galliarum Rex.  
In Herum exurgis Ravillac.



MOST Christian King, if yet hast turn'd away,  
Those kindly rivers, from thy royall eies  
For Fathers losse, this little view I pray  
Our Muse reserves from his late Exequies:  
The least of littles, yea though lesse it be,  
It's thine, and signe, of her loves loyaltie.

Which, wheresoe're presented to thy view,  
(For all thinges teach vs) thinke a heavenly mind  
Is meant vnto thee, by that cullour Blew,  
The Gold, the golden plentie thou dost find;  
The number of thy \* Heaven-sent Lillies, three,  
Is concord's ground, the sweetest harmonie.

\* Trix lilia, celi-  
tus delata. S.  
Clichoyeo.



To the high and mightie PHILLIP King of Spaine &c.



**T**O you great Prince, strong stay, and powerfull prop  
Of Christian state, who by thy feared might,  
And restless care; the same supportest vp;  
From neighbour MAHOVNDs vndermining spight;  
From thy GADE's pillars, to the west as farre,  
As THETIS leades vs to the Southerne starre.

I offer vp these Arrowes, with the Tree  
Of thy \* Grenade, the Symbole long agoe  
Of great FERNANDO's famous \* victorie,  
What Time he gaue the MOORES their overthrow:  
Though here it may impart, the fruite that springes  
By Peace and concord of all Christian Kinges.

\* In the time  
of King HENRY  
the 7. in me-  
mory of which  
bataile wonne  
by Archerie,  
the sheefe of  
Arrowes is yet  
giuen on the  
Spanish coine



27 TO THE MOST RENOWNED, AND  
 Hopefull, HENRIE Prince of WALES, &c.

Βρεταννία & σὲ γὰρ εἶ.

HENRICVS Wallie Princeps.  
 Par Achilles, Puer vne vinctes.



THVS, thus young HENRY, like Macedo's sonne,  
 Ought' st thou in armes before thy people shine.  
 A prodigie for foes to gaze vpon,  
 But still a glorious Load-starre vnto thine:  
 Or second PHOEBVS whose all piercing ray,  
 Shall cheare our heartes, and chase our feares away  
 That (once as \* PHILLIP) IAMES may say of thee,  
 Thy BRITAIN scarcely shall thy courage hold,  
 That whether TURKE, SPAIN, FRANCE, OR ITALIE,  
 The RED-SHANKE, or the IRISH Rebelle bold,  
 Shall rouze thee vp, thy Trophies may be more,  
 Then all the HENRIES ever liu'd before.

\* Plutarch in A-  
 lexandro.

Basil: Doron.

Macte tua virtute decus, spes alma BRITANNVM Provocei Hispanus, seu Turca, rebellis Hibernus  
 Alibi ALEXANDER conspiciende tuis: Herulus a tergo, siue laceffat inops.  
 E corpore



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND MOST  
TOWARDLY YOUNG PRINCE, CHARLES  
DUKE OF YORKE.



SWEETE Duke, that bear'st thy Fathers Image right  
Aswell in \* bodie, as thy towardly mind;  
Within whose cheek \* me thinkes in Red and white  
Apppeare the Roles yet againe conioind;  
Where, howfoe're their warres appeased be,  
Each, striues with each, for Soueraignitie.  
Since Nature then in her faire - Angell mould,  
Hath framd thy bodie, shew'd her best of art:  
Oh let thy mind the \* fairest virtues hold,  
Which are the beautie of thy better part:  
And which, (braue CHARLES) shall make vs \* loue thee more,  
Then all thy state we outwardly adore.

videtur mihi Ve-  
nus quæpiam, ac  
gratia conomi-  
tari principem.  
Xenoph: in Hien

\* Et diuitiarum,  
et formæ gloria,  
fluxa atque fragi-  
lis est, virtus cla-  
ra æternaque ha-  
betur. Salust:  
Cat:

Ως ἡδὺ γὰρ ὁ  
ὁ ταί εἰς τὴν  
σάφειαν.  
Menander.



19 TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT,  
 EARLE OF SALISBURY AND LORD HIGH  
 TREASURER OF ENGLAND, &c.

Anagramma Au-  
 thoris.

ROBERTVS CAECILIVS.  
*Is caelebs, Vrit cura.*



**T**H' Arabian PHOENIX heere, of golden plumes,  
 And brieve brest, vpon a sacred pile  
 Of sweetest odors, thus himselfe consumes;  
 By force of PHOEBVS fiery beames, the while,  
 From foorth the ashes of the former dead,  
 A faire, or fairer, by and by is bred.

\* Alia ex aliis cu-  
 ra fatigat, vexat  
 animos nova,  
 tempestas. Seneca.

You, you (Great Lord) this wondrous PHOENIX are,  
 Who wast your selfe in Zeale, and whot desire,  
 Of Countries good, till in the end \* your care  
 Shall worke your end, as doth this PHOENIX fire.  
 But while you are consuming in the same,  
 You breede a second, your immortall Fame.



To the Right Honourable and my singular good Lord HENRY  
HOVWARD Earle of Northhampton, Lord Privie Seale. &c.

HENRICVS HOVWARDVS Comes Northamptoniensis.  
*Pius, Castus huic mentis honor, merè honorandus.*

Anagramma Au-  
thoris.



A SNOW-WHITE Lion by an Altar sleepes,  
(Whereon of Virtue are the Symboles plac't,)   
Which day and night, full carefully he keepes,  
Least that so sacred thing might be defac't  
By Time, or Envie, who not farre away,  
Doe lurke to bring the same into decay.  
Great Lord, by th' Altar Pietie is ment,  
Thus, wherevpon is virtue seated sure;  
Which thou protectest with deare cherishment;  
And dost thy best, their safetie to procure  
By howerly care, as doth this Lion white  
Type of thy mildnes, and thy feared might,



To the right truly Noble, and most Honourable Lord  
 WILLIAM, Earle of Penbrooke.



In med: Adriani  
 Imp:

**A** LADIE faire, who with Maiestique grace,  
 Supportes a huge, and stately Pyramis.  
 (Such as th old Monarches long agbe did place,  
 By NILV's bankes, to keepe their memories;) A  
 Whose brow (with all the orient Pearles beset,) W  
 Begirte's a rich and pretious Coronet. L

Shee Glorie is of Princes, as I find  
 Describ'd in Moneies, and in Meddailes old;  
 Those Gemmes are glorious projectes of the mind,  
 Adorning more their Royall heades, then Gold.  
 The Pyramis the worldes great wonderment,  
 Is of their fame, some lasting Monument. W

\* Ingenii præ-  
 clara facinora fi-  
 cat Anima Im-  
 mortalia sunt.  
 Salust:

Ovid: ad Liviam.

Facta Ducis vivens operosaque gloria rerum  
 Hæc manet hæc avidos effugit vna rogos.

Ragione



To the right Honourable Sir IULIVS CAESAR, Knight.



**W**HO sits at sterne of Common wealth, and state  
Of's charge and office heere may take a view,  
And see what daungers howerly must amate,  
His ATLAS-burden, and what cares accrew.  
At once, so that he had \* enough to beare,  
Though HERCVLES, or BRIAREVS he were.

He must be strongly arm'd against his foes  
Without, within, with hidden Patience:  
Be seru'd with \* eies, and listening cares of those,  
Who from all partes can giue intelligence  
To gall his foe, or timely to prevent  
At home his malice, and intendiment.

That wand is signe of high Authoritie,  
\* The Poppie heads, that wisdom would betime,  
\* Cut of ranke weedes, by might, or pollicie,  
As mought molest, or over-proudly clime:  
The Lion warnes, no thought to harbour base,  
The Booke, how lawes must giue his proiectes place.

E 3.

\* Princeps sua  
scientia non po-  
test cuncta com-  
plecti. Tacitus.  
Annal: 3. Nec  
vnus mentem  
molis tantæ esse  
capacem. An-  
nal: 1.

\* πολλοὶ βασι-  
λεὺς ὀφθαλμοὶ  
καὶ πλᾶντα.  
Xenophon. in  
Pædia. Cyri.

\* Rex velut deli-  
berabundus in  
hortum ædium  
transit &c.  
Livi: lib: primo  
Decad: 1.

\* Ne patiatu-  
r hescere aciem  
suae authoritatis.  
Tacitus  
Annal: 1.

His



*His ornari aut mori .*

*To the right Honourable, and most noble Lord, HENRY,  
Earle of Southampton .*



*Cesar Ripa in  
Iconol :*

**T**HREE Girlandes once, COLONNA did devize  
For his Impresa, each in other ioin'd;  
The first of OLIVE, due vnto the wise,  
The learned brow, the LAVRELL greene to bind:  
The OKEN was his due aboue the rest,  
Who had deserued in the Battaile best.

His meaning was, his mind he would apply  
By due desert, to challenge each, his prize:  
And rather choose a thousand times to die,  
Then not be learned, valiant, and wise.  
How few alas, doe now adaies we finde  
(Great Lord) that beare, thy truely noble mind.

*Merenti*





**W**HEN Troian youth went out into the field,  
 With courage bold, against the Greekes to fight;  
 With \* naked Sword they marched, and their Shield  
 Devoide of charge, saue only painted white:  
 Herein the Captaine with his hand did write,  
 (The Battaile done,) some Ensigne of his fame,  
 Who had by valour, best deseru'd the fame.

\* Ense levis nuda  
 parmaque inglo-  
 rius alba. Virg.  
 Aeneid:

Oh Age of Iustice, yet vnlike to this  
 Wherein wee liue, where **MOME** and **MIDAS** share  
 \* In vertues merit, and th' inglorious is  
 Allow'd the place sometimes in Honours chaire,  
 Wherein Armes, ill, but worser, Artes doe fare,  
 Times hast, be gone, with all the speede ye may,  
 That thus we liu'd, no after Age may say.

\* Virtutis Honos  
 vberimum ali-  
 mentum. Valeri  
 Max: de institutis  
 antiquis.

*Fælicitas*



To my Honourable Lord OLIVER Lord Saint IOHN  
of Bletnesbo.



Iulia Mammea.

**F** OELICITIE by IULIA once devis'd  
This shape doth beare, a Ladie louely bright  
With Mercuries Caduceus, enthroniz'd,  
Her golden haire with flowery girlonds dight:  
The horne of plentie, th'other hand doth hold  
With all the fruites, and dainties may be told.

For why? content, she raigneth like a Queene;  
Richest in Quiet, and the Muses skill,  
Without the which, wee most vnhappie beene  
The \* plentie that her horned cup doth fill;  
Our labours fruite, the which when we possesse  
Wee haue attaind our worldly happines.

Quæ (tamen)  
alia res civiles  
peperit furores  
quam nimia fœ-  
licitas. Flo: 3.  
Cap: 12.

Doctrina





**H** E E R E Learning sits, a comely Dame in yeares;  
 Vpon whose head, a heavenly dew doth fall:  
 Within her lap, an opened booke appeares:  
 Her right hand shewes, a sunne that shines to all;  
 \* Blind Ignorance, expelling with that \* light:  
 The Scepter shewes, her power and soveraigne might.

Her out \* spread Armes, and booke her readines,  
 T' imbrace all men, and entertaine their loue:  
 The shower, those sacred graces doth expresse  
 By Science, that do flow from heaven aboue.  
 Her age declares the studie, and the pain;  
 Of many yeares, ere we our knowledge gaine.

Via ad Deum est Scientia quæ ad institutionem recte et  
 honeste vivendi pertinet.

\* Exemplum om-  
 nia iacerent in  
 tenebris nisi lite-  
 rarum lumen His-  
 toriæ accederet.  
 Cicero. pro Ar-  
 chia Poeta.

\* Studiis ac lite-  
 ris res secundæ  
 ornantur adversa  
 iuvantur: Cic: ad  
 Luceium Epist. 5  
 famil: vide plura  
 in orat: pro Ar-  
 chia poeta.

Hugo.



To the honourable Lord, the L: Harrington.



Philippi Sydenhami.

THE CASPIAN Sea, as Histories do show,  
 (Whome Rocky Shores, on every side surround,)  
 Was never seene by man, to ebbe and flow:  
 But still abides the same, within his bound;  
 That drought no whit, diminisheth his store,  
 Nor neighbour streames, augment his greatnes more.

Thus should we beare, one and the selfe-same faile,  
 In what ere fortune, pleaseth God to send,  
 In mid'st of trouble, not of courage faile,  
 Nor be to proude, when fortune is our frend:  
 And in all honest actes, we take in hand,  
 Thus constant, in our resolutions stand.

*Nec tamen hic mutata quies, probitasve secundis  
 Intumuit, tenor idem animo, moresq; modesti  
 Fortuna crescente manent.----*

Seacius 5 filvay 2.

His



TO the honourable the Lord Wootton.



YEE Noblest sprightes, that with the bird of I O V E,  
 Haue learnt to leaue, and loath, this baser earth,  
 And mount, by your inspired thoughtes aboue,  
 \* To heaven-ward, home-ward, whence you had your birth:  
 Take to you this, that Monarches may envie,  
 Your heartes content, and high foelicitie.

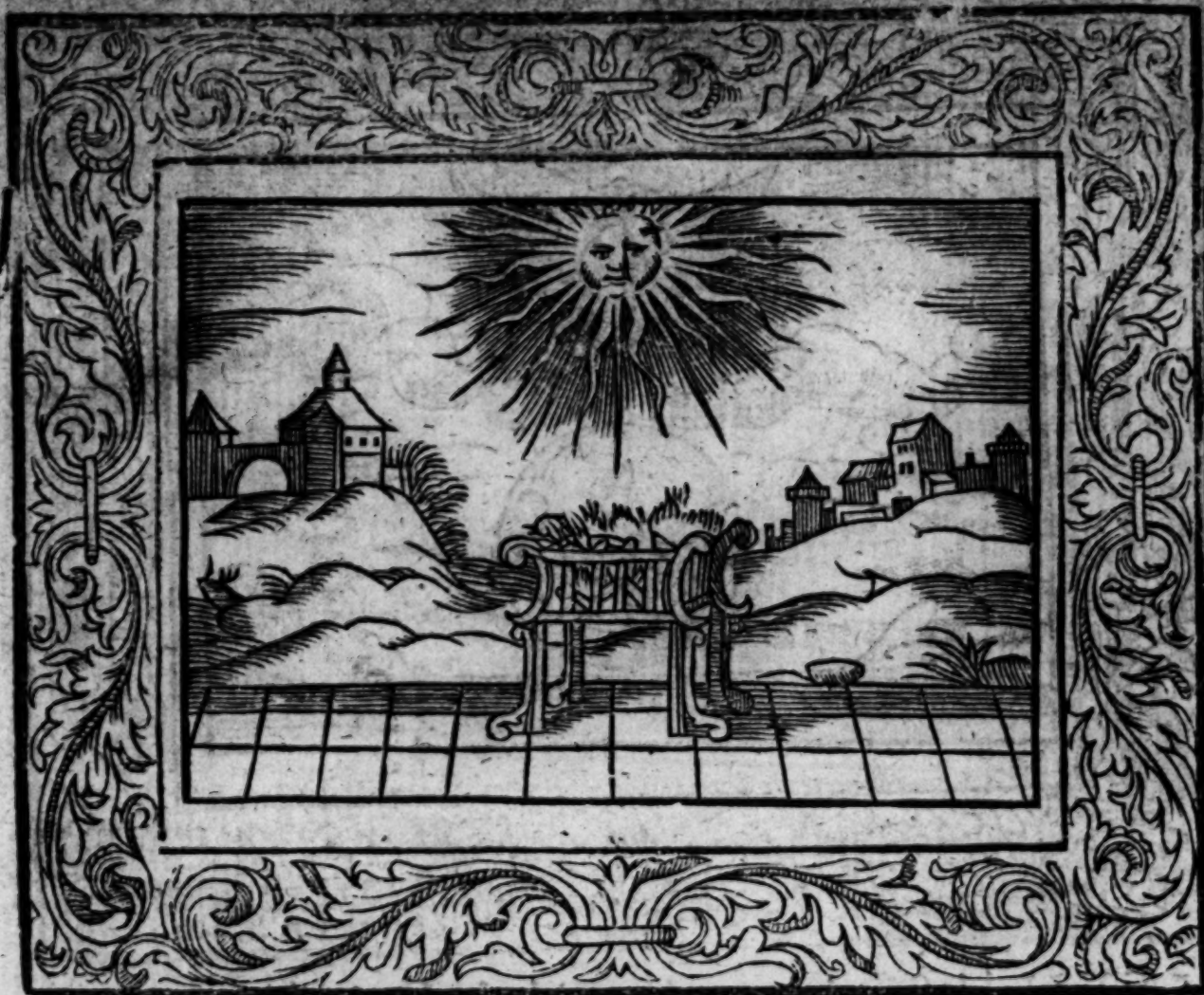
You, you, that over-looke the cloudes of care,  
 And smile to see a multitude of Antes,  
 Vppon this circle, striuing here and there,  
 For THINE and MINE, yet pine amid their wantes;  
 While yee your selues, sit as spectators free,  
 From action, in their follies tragædie.

\* Virtus recludens immentis mori  
 Cœlum, negata tentat iter via  
 Cœtu. que vulgares, et vdam spernit humum  
 fugiente penna:  
 Horat: 3 carm:  
 ode. 2.





To the Honourable Sir EDWARD COKE, Lordcheife  
Iustice of the commen Pleas.



**T**H E fiery Coales, that in the silent night,  
(When vaile of darknes, all had overspred)  
With glowing heate, about did giue their light,  
Since glorious PHOEBVS hath discovered  
Doe loose foorthwith their splendor, at his sight:  
And of themselues, doe fall to Cinders quite.

\* Indices istis da-  
ror qui sacrile-  
gis solent.

So \* traiterous proiectes, while they lie obscure,  
They closely feede the plotter, with their light,  
Who thinkes within, he hath the matter sure,  
Not dreaming how, the Truth that shineth bright;  
Will soone reveale the secret of his thought;  
And bring his ripest practises to nought.

*Nulla esse potest in tantisceleris imminitate punienda crudelitas.*  
Cicero. 4. in Catilin.





A DRAGON lo, a Scepter grasping fast  
Within his paw : doth shew a King should be  
Like Æsculapius, ev' er watchfull plac't;  
Amongst his subiects, and with skill to see,  
To what ill humors, of th'infectious mind.  
The multitude, are most of all inclin'd.

Metam : 35.

And when he findes corruption to abound,  
In that Huge body, of all vices ill,  
To purge betimes, or else to \* launch the wound,  
Least more, and more, it ranckles inward still :  
Or when he would, it bring to former state,  
Past all recure, his phisick comes to late.

\* Immedicabile  
vulnus ense rese-  
candum est ne  
pars sincera tra-  
hatur. Ovid.

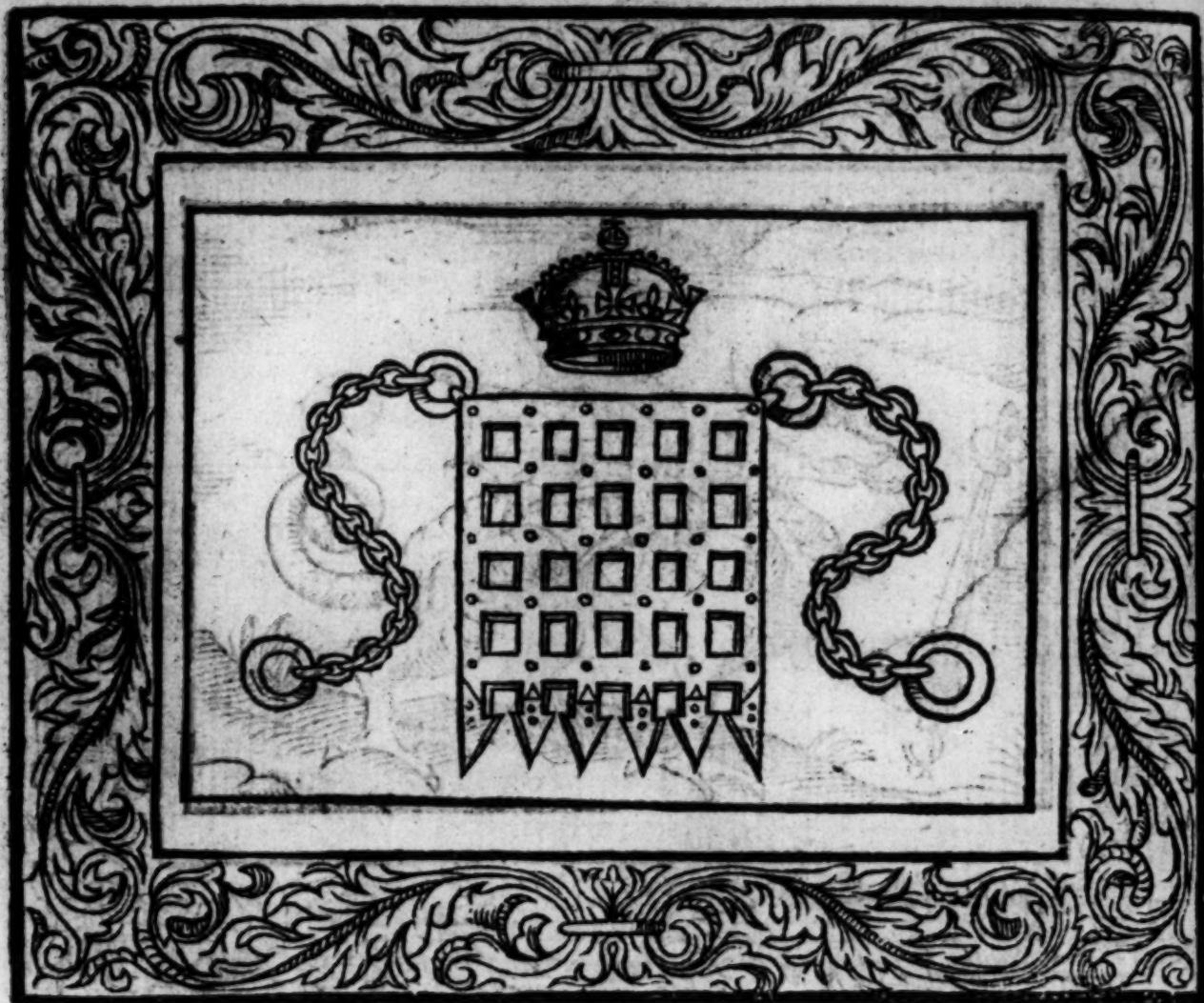
Quæ mala contraxit populus contagia morum,  
Ne pigeat medica tot ressecasse manu :  
(Et Reges olim iuvit medicina) venenis,  
Hinc citus occurras quæ valuere mora.

F 3.

Protegere

Rex





**W**HILE deadly foes, their engines haue prepar'd,  
 with furie fierce, to batter downe the walles,  
 My dutie is the Citie gate to guard,  
 And to rebate their Rammes, and fierie balls:  
 So that if firmly, I do stand without,  
 Within the other, neede no daunger doubt.

Dread Soueraigne *IAMES*, whose puissant name to heare,  
 The Turke may tremble, and the Traitor pine:  
 Belou'd of all thy people, farre and neere:  
 Bee thou, as this Port-cullies, vnto thine,  
 Defend without, and thou within shalt see,  
 A thousand thousand, liue and die with thee.

Obsessis ut opem certo munimine praestem,  
 Quæ non sustineo damna creata mihi.  
 Sis cataraeta tuis (animose Monarcha) Britannis,  
 Inus et inuenies pectora firma tibi.

Si status Imperii, aut salus provinciarum  
 in discrimen vertatur, debet (Princeps) in acie stare. Tacit: 4. Hist.

*Dies*



To the vertue of the Ladie the L. E. W. M. O. T.



**T**H E feircest natures; whome in youthfull prime,  
Nor counfel good, nor reasons rule, could tame,  
Are by their owne experience, and in time;  
To order brought, and \* taught themselves to frame,  
To honest courses, and to loath the waies;  
So well they liked, in their youthfull daies.

Why, then dispaire yee Madame, of your sonne,  
Whose wit, as in the sappe, doth but abound:  
\* These braunches prun'd, that over rancklie runne,  
You'll find in time, the bodie inward sound:  
When Dullard sprighes, like fenny flagges belowe,  
Or fruitles beene, or rot while they do grow.

*Eximit ipsa dies omnes de corpore mendas,  
Quodq; fuit vitium, desinit esse, mora.*

\* Ingenia nostra  
vt nobiles et ge-  
nerosi equi, me-  
lius facili freno  
reguntur: Sene-

\* cades clementia.

\* Vellem inada-  
lescente quod  
amputem.  
Cicero: de ora-  
tore.

Ovid: 2. de arte  
amandi.

Labor



To the most Honorable Lord, the L. Dingwell.



Hugonis Capeti  
Symbolum.

primus sumptus  
sile labores  
primus iter sumptus  
sile pedes. Sil: 1.

ipse manu sua  
pila gerens praece-  
dit anbeli militis  
orapedes monstrat  
tolerare labo-  
rem, non subet.  
Luce de Cato-  
ne.

Munditias mulie-  
ribus laborem vi-  
ris convenire.  
Marius apud Sa-  
lufium.

Virgil AEneid: 2

**W**HO thirsteth after Honor, and renowne,  
By valiant act, or lasting worke of wit:  
In vaine he doth expect, her glorious crowne,  
Except by labor, he atcheiveth it;  
And sweatie brow, for never merit may,  
To drousie sloath, impart her living bay.

\* **HAMILCARS** sonne, hence shallthy glory live,  
Who ore the Alpes, didst foremost lead the way,  
With Cæsars eeke, that would the onser giue,  
And first on foote, the deepest soor,ds assay:  
cc\* Let Carpet Knightes, of Ladies favours boast,  
cc The manly hart, brave Action loveth most.

*Disce puer virtutem ex me veramq; laborem  
Fortunam ex alijs: nunc te mea dextera bello  
Defensum dabit, et magna inter pramia ducet,*

10021

Ex



To the most iudicious, and learned, Sir FRANCIS BACON, Knight.



**T**HE Viper here, that stung the shepheard swaine,  
 (While careles of himselfe asleepe he lay,)  
 With Hysope caught, is cut by him in twaine,  
 Her fat might take, the poison quite away,  
 And heale his wound, that wonder tis to see,  
 Such soveraigne helpe, should in a Serpent be.

By this same Leach, is meant the virtuous King,  
 Who can with cunning, out of manners ill,  
 Make wholesome lawes, \* and take away the sting,  
 Wherewith foule vice, doth greeue the virtuous still:  
 Or can prevent, by quicke and wise foresight,  
 Infection ere, it gathers further might.

*Afra venenato pupugit quem vipera morsu,  
 Dux Gregis antidotum læsus ab hoste petit:  
 Vipereis itidem leges ex moribus aptas  
 Doctus Apollinea conficit arte SOLON.*

*vitiis quæ plurima menti  
 Fœminez natura dedit humana malignas*

*Cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit  
 Invida iura negant &c.*

GI.

*\* vitiorum emen-  
 datricem legem  
 esse oportet Cic:  
 1. de legibus.*

*Salus Civitatis in  
 legibus. Arist:*

*Ovid Metamor:  
 lib 10.*

TO



Anagramma Au-  
thoris.

*Est hac almus honor.*  
Thomas Chalonerus.



**H** E E R E Virtue standes, and doth impart a scroule,  
To living fame, to publish farre and neere:  
The man whose name, she did within enroule,  
And kept to view, vnseene this many yeare,  
That erst me thought, she seemed to envie,  
The world his worth, his faine, and memorie.

But since she sees, the Muse is left forlorne,  
And fortune fawning, on the worthles wight,  
And eke her selfe, not cherisht as beforne.  
She bringes Mœcenas once againe to light:  
The man (if any else) a frend to Artes,  
And good rewarder, of all best desertes.

*Virtus*



*To the right worshipfull Sir DAVID MYRRAT Knight.*



**T**HVS *HERCVLES*, the Romanes did devise,  
And in their Temples, him a place assignd:  
To represent vnto the peoples eies,  
The image of, th' Heroique virtuous mind:  
Who like *ALCIDES*, to her lasting praise,  
In action still, delightes to spend her dayes.

Within whose hand, three apples are of gold,  
The same which from th' Hesperides he fetcht,  
These are the three Heroique vertues old,  
The Lions skinne, about his shoulders stretcht,  
Notes fortitude, his Clubbe the crabbed paine,  
To braue atcheiuelements, ere we can attaine.

Mecum honor et laudes, et lato gloria vultu,  
Et decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis:  
Me cinctus Lauro perducit ad astra triumphus,  
Casta mihi domus, et cello stant colle penates.

G 2

*Virtus hominis  
proprium bonum  
Tacitus lib: 4.*

1. Moderation  
of anger.
2. Contempt of  
pleasure.
3. Abstinence  
from covetous-  
ness.

*Silius Ital: lib 1.  
Virtus loqui-  
tur*

*Sic*



*Ad generosissimum et opt: spei iuvenem Nobilem D.C.M. in Italiam  
nuperrime profectum.*



**T** HE Spartan virgines, ere they had composed;  
 Their Girlands, of the fairest flowers to fight:  
 The wholesom'st herbes, they heere withall inclosed,  
 And so their heades, full iollily they dight,  
 In memorie of that same leach they wright:  
 Who first brought simples, and their vse to light.  
 So ye braue Lord, who like the heavenly Sphære,  
 Delight in motion, and aboute to roame:  
 Must learne to mixe in travaile farre and neere,  
 With pleasure profite, that returning home;  
 Your skill, and Iudgment, more may make you knowen;  
 Then your French suite, or locke so largely growen.

in Epist: ad  
pium.

For who's he, that's not ravisht with delight,  
 Farre Countries, Courtes, and Cities, straung to see;

To



To haue old *Rome*, presented to his sight:  
*Troy*-walls, or Virgils sweete *Parthenope*.

\* Yet nothing worth, vnles ye herewith find,  
 The fruites of skill, and bettering of your mind.

Omnis peregrinatio obscura et fordida est iis, quorum industria in patria potest  
 esse celebris. Cicero ad cælium. Epist.

Congressus sapi-  
 tum confert pru-  
 dentiam non  
 montes aut  
 maria. Erasmus

*Tandem divulganda.*



**T**HE waightie counsels, and affaires of state,  
 The wiser mannadge, with such cunning skill,  
 \* Though long lockt vp, at last abide the fate,  
 Of common censure, either good or ill:  
 And greatest secrets, though they hidden lie,  
 Abroad at last, with swiftest wing they flie.

Omnia facta  
 etque Principis  
 rumor excipit,  
 nec magis ei quæ  
 soli latere conti-  
 git. Seneca de  
 Clementia.



To the right worshipfull and my singuler good frend Mr:  
**ADAM NEWTON** Secretarie to Prince Henry.



**T**HE Laurel ioyned to the fruitefull vine,  
 In frendly league perpetually doe growe,  
 The Laurell dedicate to wits divine,  
 The fruite of Bacchus that in clusters growe,  
 Are such as doe enioy the world at will,  
 And swimme in wealth, yet want the muses skill.

\* *Studia recipi-  
 ant spiritum et  
 sanguinem sub te  
 Plin: in panegy.*

(ita) temporibus  
 tuis dicendis non  
 deerunt ingenia.  
*Tacitus 1 Annal:*

*Omnis ratio et  
 institutio vitæ  
 adiumenta homi-  
 num desiderat.  
 Cicero in offic:*

This frendship should inviolate remaine,  
 The \* rich with Bountie should rewarde the Artes,  
 The living muse should gratefully againe,  
 Adorne Mœcenas with her learned partes:  
 And when his branch is drie, and withered seene,  
 By her support, preserue him alway greene.

*Salomonis*



To the right worshipfull Sir DAVID FOVLIS Knight.



THE meanes of wisedome, heere a booke is seene,  
 Sometime the glory of great Salomon,  
 A Cedar branch, with Hysope knotted greene,  
 The heart and eie withall, plac'd herevpon:  
 For from the Cedar saith the Text he knew,  
 Vnto the Hysope, all that ever grew.

The eie and heart, doe shew that Princes must,  
 In weightiest matters, and affaires of state,  
 Not vnto others over rashly trust,  
 Least with repentance they incurre their hate,  
 But with sound iudgment, and \* vnpartiall eie,  
 Discerne themselves twixt wrong and equitie.

*Vis consilij expers mole ruit sua.*

\* Qualis Poeta-  
 rum ille Cyclops  
 amisso oculo, ta-  
 lis Princeps cui  
 dest hic oculus  
 Prudentia. Lip-  
 sius in politicis

Horat. ode 3. 1

Vicinorum





**S** VCH frendly league, by nature is they say;  
 Betwixt the Mirtle, and Pomegranate tree,  
 Who, if not planted over-farre away,  
 They seeke each others mutuall amitie:  
 By open signes of Frendship, till at last,  
 They one another haue with armes embrac't.

\* Melior est vicini  
 iuxta, quam  
 frater procul.  
 Proverbe

Which doth declare, how \* neighbours should vnite  
 Themselves together, in all frendly loue;  
 And not like Tyrants, excercise their spight,  
 On one another, when no cause doth moue:  
 But letting quarrels, and old grudges cease,  
 Be reconcild, to liue, and die, in peace.

Ovid 3. Trist: 4.

Vive sine Invidia, mollesque inglorius annos  
 Exige, amicitias et tibi iunge pares.



Edmund Ashfeild .  
*I fledd vnshamed .*

Anagramma Au-  
thoris .



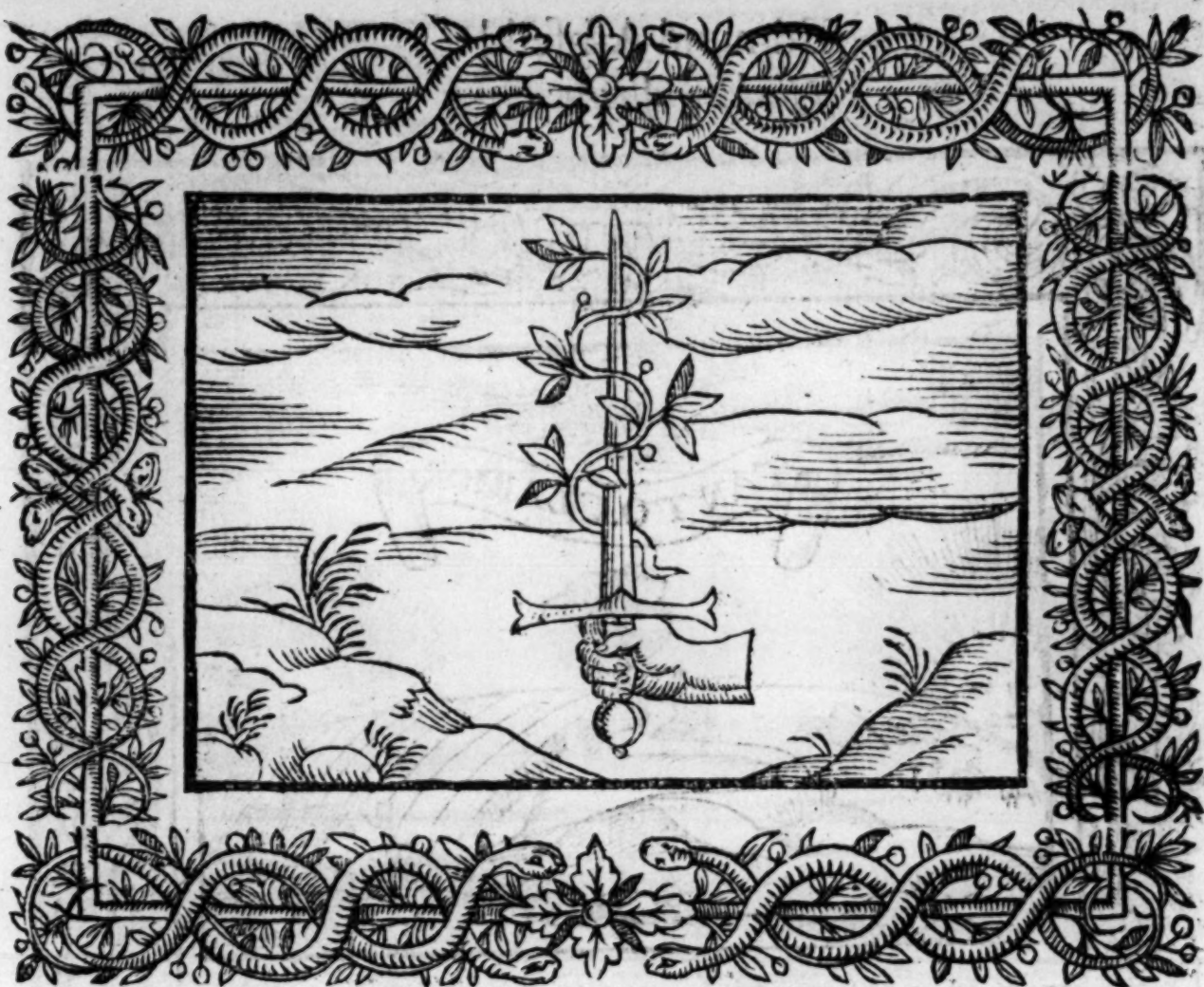
**T**HE clouded Sunne, that westward left our sight ,  
And for a night, in *THE TIS* lap had slept ,  
Againe's return'd , with farre more glorious light ,  
“ To cheere the world , that for his absence wept :  
• His beames retaining , vncorrupt and pure ,  
Although he lay imprison'd and obscure .

Noctes rorulen-  
tas volo .

\* So , Sir , although the cloudes of troubles , had  
A while conceald you , from your louing frendes ;  
You doe appeare at length to make them glad ,  
And so much higher still your name ascendes ,  
By how much Envie , seeketh to oppresse ,  
And dimme the splendor of your Worthines .

\* Adversus virtu-  
tem hoc possunt  
calamitates, et  
damna, et iniuriæ  
quod aduersus So-  
lem Nebula po-  
test : Seneca E-  
pist : 113 .





**T**HE vernant Bay, with liuing fame shall crowne,  
 Victorious *Cæsar*, or sweete *Maro's* brow,  
 As due reward of Learning, and renowne:

To Iustice hand, we do the Sword allow:

For by these two, all common-wealthes doe stand,  
 And virtue is \* vpheld in every land.

For Honor, Valour drawes her sword to fight,

\* Devoide of feare, or cuts the foamy surge:

The Muse for glorie labours day and night,  
 To braue attempts, yea this doth cowards vrge:

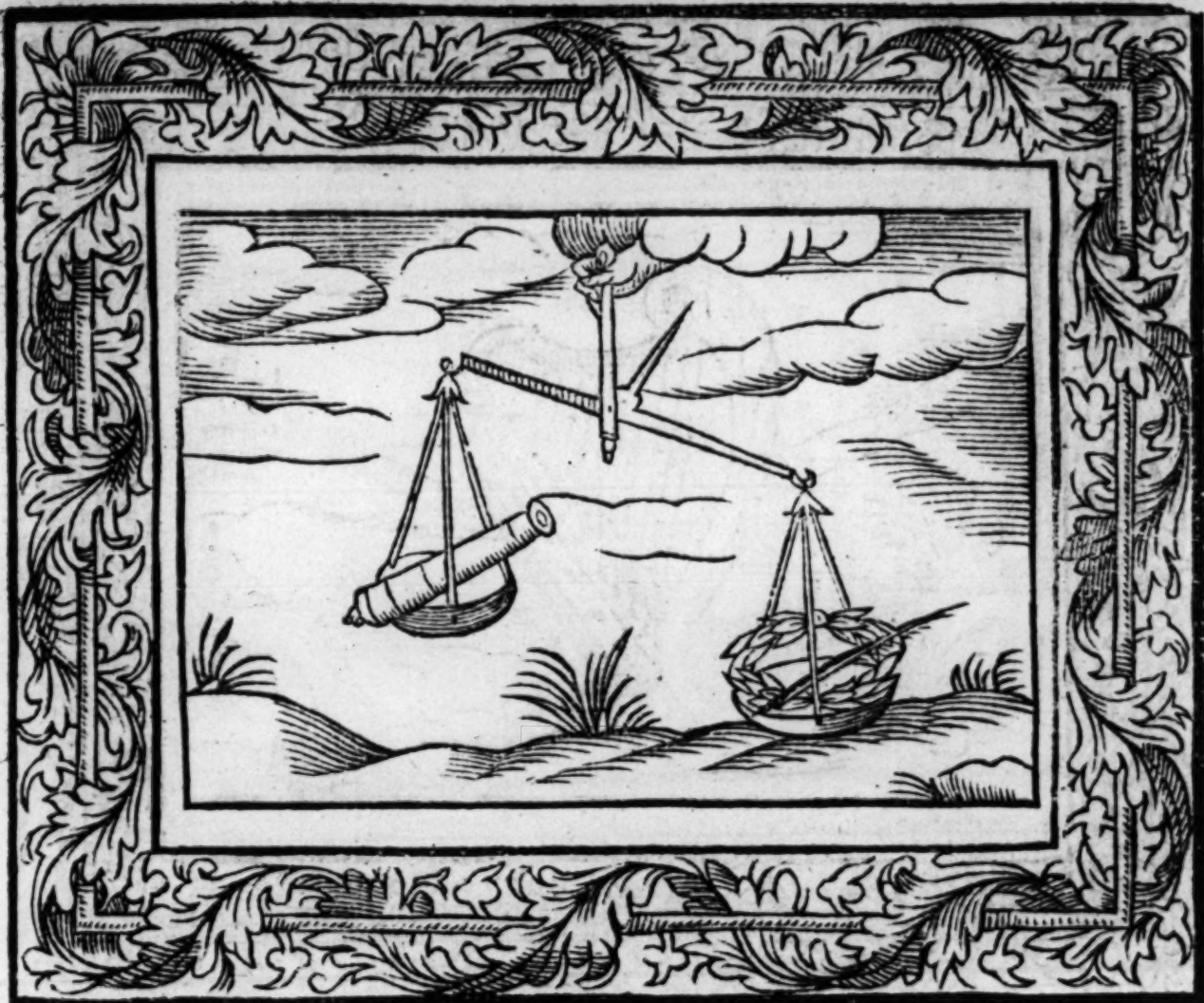
When Iustice sword, th' inglorious and the base,  
 Vnworthy life, pursues with all disgrace.

\* Nec Domus,  
 nec Respublica,  
 stare potest, si in  
 ea nec recte factis  
 præmia extent  
 vlla, nec suppli-  
 cia peccatis  
 Cicer: de natura  
 Deorum.

\* illi æs triplex  
 circa pectus erat  
 Qui fragilem pri-  
 mus pelago com-  
 misit ratem. Ho-  
 ratius.







*Incerti Authoris.*

**B**EHOLD a hand, extended from the sky;  
 Doth steddie a peized ballance hold,  
 The dreadfull Cannon, in one scale doth ly,  
 The Bay ith'other, with a pen of Gold;  
 Due to the Muse, and such as learned are,  
 Th'other Symbole, of th'art Militar.

Though *MARS* defendes the kingdome with his might,  
 And braues abroad his foe, in glorious armes,  
 Yet wiser *PALLAS* guides his arme aright,  
 And best at home preventes all future harmes:  
 Then pardon \* Sovereigne, if the pen and bay,  
 My better part, the other downe doe wey.

\* Regina Ellza-  
 betha. N. m hoc  
 cum pauculis ali-  
 is ex illis Hastilu-  
 dorum tropheis  
 in regia pargula  
 adhuc servatis  
 descripsimus. ut  
 Minerva nostra  
 non vndique non  
 concinna foret.



H 2 .

*Hibernica*





**W**HILE I lay bathed in my native blood,  
 And yeelded nought saue harsh, & hellish soundes :  
 And saue from Heauen, I had no hope of good,  
 Thou pittiedst ( Dread Sovereigne ) my woundes,  
 Repair'dst my ruine, and with Ivorie key,  
 Didst tune my stringes, that slackt or broken lay .

Now since I breathed by thy Roiall hand,  
 And found my concord, by so smooth a touch,  
 I giue the world abroad to vnderstand,  
 Ne're was the musick of old Orpheus such,  
 As that I make, by meane ( Deare Lord ) of thee,  
 From discord drawne, to sweetest vnitie .

Basil : Doron .

Cum mea nativo squallerent sceptrā cruore,  
 Edoque lugubres vndique fracta modos :  
 Ipse redux nervos distendis ( Phœbe ) rebelles,  
 Et stupet ad nostros Orpheus ipse sonos .

*Pœnitentia*





**H** E E R E sits Repentance, solitarie, sad ;  
 Her selfe beholding in a fountaine cleare ,  
 As greeuing for the life , that she hath lad :  
 One hand a fish , the other birch doth beare ,  
 Wherewith her bodie , she doth oft chastize ;  
 Or fastes , to curbe her fleshly enimies .

Her solemne cheare , and gazing in the fount ,  
 Denote her anguish , and her greife of soule ,  
 As often as her life , she doth recount ,  
 Which Conscience doth , with howerly care enroule ,  
 The cullor greene , she most delightes to weare ,  
 Tells how her hope , shall overcome dispaire .

*Pœnitentia aboleri peccata indubitanter credimus , et in vltimo vitæ spiritu  
 si admissorum pœniteat .*

*In tribunal mentis tuæ ascende contra te , et reum te constitue ante te , noli te  
 ponere post te , ne Deus te ponat ante te .*

*Vtile propositum est sævas extinguere flammæ ,  
 Nec servum vitiis pectus habere suum .*

**H 3 .**

*Septies in die ca-  
 det iustus et re-  
 surget : impii au-  
 tem corruent in  
 malum . Pro-  
 verb : 24 .*

*Augustin : de Ec-  
 clesi : dog : 48 .*

*Idem in libro de  
 vtilitate agenda  
 pœnitentiam .*

*Ovid : 1 de reme-  
 dio amoris .*

*Dolus*





O F simple looke, with countenance demure,  
 In golden coate, lo heere *DECEITE* doth stand,  
 With eies to heauen vpcast, as he were pure,  
 Or never yet, in knau'ry had a hand,  
 Whose nether partes, resemble to our sight,  
 The figure of a fearefull Serpent right.

And by his side, a Panther close you see,  
 Who when he cannot easily catch his pray,  
 Doth hide his head, and face, with either knee,  
 And shew his back, with spots bespeckled gay  
 To other Beastes: which while they gaze vpon,  
 Are vnawares, surprized every one.

Iob. 30.

Simulatores et callidi provocant Iram Dei  
 Neque clamabunt cum vineti fuerint, morietur in tempestate anima  
 eorum, et vita eorum inter effœminatos.

Proverb: 4.

Abominatio Domino est omnis illusor.

*Crimina*





V P O N a Cock, heere *Ganimede* doth sit,  
 Who erst rode mounted on *IOVE'S* Eagles back,  
 One hand holdes *Circes* wand, and ioind with it,  
 A cup top-fil'd with poison, deadly black:  
 The other Meddals, of base mettals wrought,  
 With sundry moneyes, counterfeit and nought.

These be those crimes, abhorr'd of God and man,  
 Which Iustice should correct, with lawes severe,  
 In \* *Ganimed*, the foule Sodomitan:  
 Within the Cock, vile incest doth appeare:  
 Witchcraft, and murder, by that cup and wand,  
 And by the rest, false coine you vnderstand.

\* O fuge te tene-  
 re puerorum cre-  
 dere turba,  
 Nam causam in-  
 iusti  
 semper amoris  
 habent.  
 Tibullus.

Ista a te puniantur (ô Rex) ne tu pro illis puniaris. Ciprian.  
 de vtilitate Pœnitentiæ:

*Virtutem*





D : Bright in his  
treatise of melau-  
chollie.

A FAMILIE in Libia's said to be ;  
For prowesse , farre renown'd aboue the rest :  
With whome no wholesome diet can agree ,  
But easilie , all poison they digest :  
The Aspe , the Adder , and the vipers broode ,  
Are said to yeeld their ordinarie foode .

To these infected races , I resemble ,  
Of Traitors vile , as Gourie and the rest ,  
To tell whose legend , each good heart may tremble ,  
While *Psilli-like* , they suck from Mothers brest ,  
The poison of the fires infected mind ,  
Transmissing it , to theirs that come behind .

Horatius lib : 4  
ode 4 .

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,  
Est in iuvenis , est in Equis patrum  
Virtus : nec imbecillem feroces  
Progenerant Aquilæ columbam .

Vos





**T**HE painefull Bee, when many a bitter shower,  
 And storme had felt, farre from his hiue away,  
 To seeke the sweetest Hunny-bearing flower,  
 That might be found and was the pride of May:  
 Heere lighting on the fair'st he mought espie,  
 Is beate by Drones, the waspe and butterflie.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,  
 Who painfully haue labour'd for the hiue,  
 Yet must they with their merit stand apart,  
 And giue a farre inferior leaue to thriue:  
 Or be perhaps, (if gotten into grace)  
 By waspish *Envie*, beaten out of place.







THE Hyosciamæ, that about the plaines  
Of *Italie*, doth in abundance grow,  
Doth beare a flower, wherein a feed remaines,  
Of Birdes the most desir'd, (as Herballs show :)  
Which tasted by them, giddie downe they fall,  
And haue no power, to flie away at all.

\* Magnæ opes  
possessori fastum  
et supercilium  
conciliant. Eras-  
mus.

\* Fœlix qui simul  
opes et mentem  
habet. Demof-  
then : in Olynth.

Sed plures ni-  
mia congesta pe-  
cunia cura  
Strangulat --- Ju-  
venal: Satyr. 10.

Seneca de pau-  
pertate.

To this same fruite, I riches doe compare,  
Which though at first, with sweetnes they bewitch :  
Within a while, they breede our bane of care,  
Or else we surfet, cloyd with overmuch :  
Or with their poison, \* breede out frantique fits :  
Or with their losse, \* bereaue vs of our wits.

Divitiæ inflant animos, superbiam et arrogantiam pariunt,  
invidiam trahunt, et eodumque mentem alienant, vt fama  
pecuniæ, nos etiã nocitura delectet.





**W**H O ever dost a Roiall Scepter sway,  
 Or sit'st at sterne of publique gouernment,  
 So beare thy selfe, that all Inferiours may,  
 Behold thee as, a bright example sent;  
 From God aboue, and clearest light to show,  
 The virtuous pathes, wherein they ought to goe.

For people, are like busie Apes inclin'd,  
 To imitate the Soveraignes manners still,  
 And to his Actions, frame their varieng mind:  
 So that he standes, as Torch vpon a hill,  
 In open view, and ever shining bright,  
 In good or ill, to thousandes giuing light.

Quo fugis imperii, quisquis moderaris habênas?  
 Ceu' procul illucens flamma benigna tuis,  
 Lumina quæ reddas hinc inde imitamina morum  
 Regis ad exemplum plebs numerosa rapit.

Magnum est per-  
 sonam in Repub:  
 tueri Principis,  
 qui non animis  
 solum debet, sed  
 oculis servire ci-  
 vium. Cic: Phi-  
 lip: 8.

Basil: Doron. 1610





**O** F all the vertues, that doe best beseeme;  
 Heroique valor, and high Maiestie,  
 Which sooner loue, and Honor winne, I deeme,  
 None may compare, with Liberalitie:  
 Which well the mightie *ALEXANDER* knew,  
 As by this *Impre'se* following heere I shew.

Melius beneficiis  
 Imperium custo-  
 ditur quam armis.  
 Seneca de breui-  
 tate vitæ.

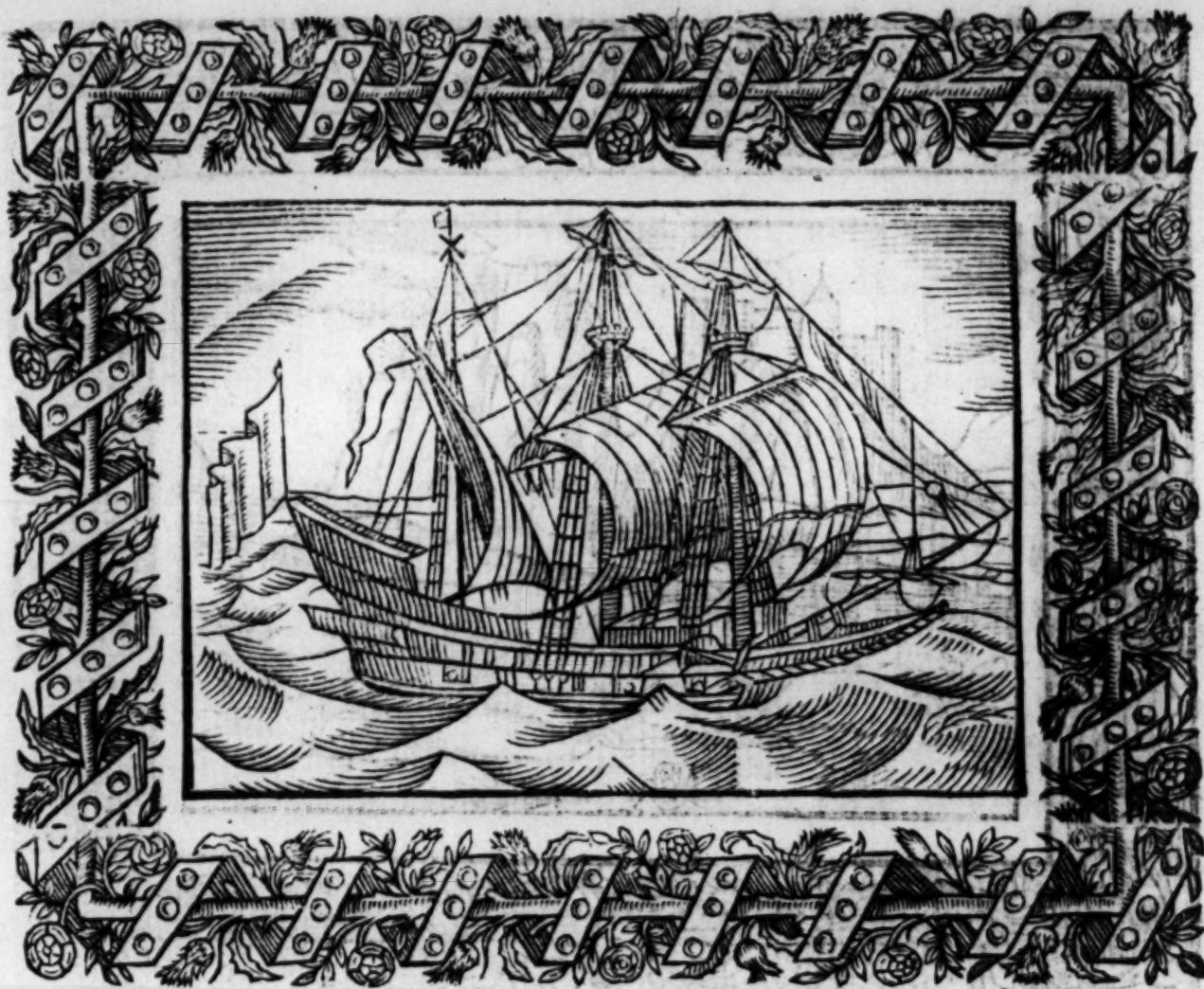
Ere to the charge, he did himselfe advance,  
 His purse by giving he would emptie quite;  
 And cause the same be borne vpon a launce,  
 Throughout the campe, in all the armies fight:  
 And heerewithall proclaime, see, all is gone,  
 " We liue in hope, to purchase more anon.

" Spes superest:  
 dictum Alexandri

Cic: 2 de finibus

Liberalitate qui vtuntur, benevolentiam sibi conciliant, et quo  
 aptissimum est ad quietè vivendum caritatem.





**T**HE Dread-nought Argo, cuts the foaming surge,  
Through daungers great, to get the golden prize,  
So when our selues, Necessitie doth vrge,  
We should avoide ignoble Cowardize,  
And vndertake with pleasure, any paine,  
Whereby we might our wealth, or honour gaine.

For all in vaine, our partes we keepe within,  
Vnlesse we act, or put the same in vre:  
Or hope heereafter, Fame our frend to winne,  
If can no labour, constantly endure:  
Which from aboue, is with abundance blest,  
When slothfull wightes, by nature we detest.

*Ipsemet plerun-  
que in opere, in  
agmine gregario  
militi mixtus in-  
corrupto Ducis  
honore: Tacitus  
5. Histor:*

*Facta, non dicta mea vos milites sequi volo.  
Quibus fudor, pulvis, et alia talia, epulis iucundiora sunt.*

*T: Livius lib: 7.*

*Salust: Iugurth:*





**T**HE Mountaines huge, that seeme to check the sky,  
 And all the world, with greatnes overpeere,  
 With Heath, or Mosse, for most part barren lie:  
 When valleis low, doth kindly Phoebus cheere,  
 And with his heate, in hedge and groue begets,  
 The virgin-Primrose, or sweete Violets.

So God, oft times denies vnto the greate,  
 The giftes of Nature, or his heavenly grace,  
 And those that high, in Honor's chaire are set,  
 Doe feeble their wantes, when men of meaner place,  
 Although they lack, the others golden spring,  
 Perhaps are blest, aboue the richest King,

Bernard: in Epif.  
 tola ad Socrum.

*Humilitas meretur vt homo virtutes occuper, Quia humilibus Deus dat gratiam.  
 Servat accepta, quia non requiescit spiritus sanctus nisi super quietem et humilem.*

*Candor*





**T**HE burning glasse, that most doth gather fire,  
 While *Sirian* Dog doth parch the meddowes greene,  
 Doth never burne (a thing we much admire)  
 The cloth, or stufte, that perfect white is seene:  
 But soone enflames, all cullors else beside,  
 The black, the blew, the red, and motley pide.

To this same glasse, I flaunder still compare,  
 That by degrees, doth subtilly gather heate,  
 And doth not with malicious envie spare,  
 The good, the bad, the little or the greate,  
 Who though she hath, o're other vertues power,  
 The conscience cleere, she never shall devoure.







præter  
stulta  
isælix.

--nonumque pre-  
mantur in annum  
Horatius .

**B**Y worke of wit, who thirsteth after Fame :  
And by the Muse, wouldst liue a longer day ,  
What ere thou writ'st, see carefully the same ,  
Thou oft peruse, and after pause, and stay ;  
Mend what's amisse, with *ARGVS* hundred eies ,  
I meane advice, and Iudgment of the wise .

For as in Children, easily we behold ,  
Some neere resemblance of the mouth, or eie :  
Of Parents likenes : so our workes vnfold,  
Our mindes true Image, to posteritie .  
Beside, lew'd lines, our loues, and leasinges vaine  
Doe die: when wise wordes ever doe remaine .



*Pulchritudo*





A VIRGIN naked, on a Dragon sits,  
One hand out-stretch'd, a christall glasse doth show:  
The other beares a dart, that deadly hits;  
Vpon her head, a garland white as snow,  
Of \* print and Lillies. Beautie most desir'd,  
Were I her painter, should be thus attir'd.

\* Alba ligustra  
cadunt.

Her nakednes vs tells, she needes no art:  
Her glasse, how we by sight are mooud to loue,  
The woundes vnfelt, that's giuen by the Dart  
At first, (though deadly we it after prooue)  
The Dragon notes loues poison: and the flowers,  
The frailtie (Ladies) of that pride of yours.

Cumque aliquis dicet, fuit hæc formosa, dolebis;  
Et speculum mendax, esse querere tuum.

Ovid: 2. de Ar.  
te amandi.

Nec semper violæ, nec semper Lilia florent:  
Et riget amissa spina relicta rosa.

Idem.





A SILVER Salt, heere on the Table standes,  
 On which the peace-full Turtle Doue doth sit,  
 Who at the bord, a\* silent tongue commaundes:  
 The Salt, that we should season still with it  
 Discourses honest, not with idle tongue,  
 Speake what we list, to doe another wrong.

\* Nec magnæ res  
 sustineri possunt  
 ab eo, cui silere  
 grave est. Cur-  
 tius lib: 4.

Arist: 4. Ethic.

Imminuunt Dic-  
 teria Maiestatem.

Ad vinum disert.  
 Cicero pro M:  
 Calio.

Some men there are, whose glorie's to depraue,  
 With ill report, a man behind his back,  
 And then suppose, their credits best they saue,  
 With slaunders vile, when they anothers crack:  
 When wisdome staide, will let such leasings rest,  
 And speake even of, her enimie the best.







WHO wouldst dispend in Happines thy daies,  
And lead a life, from cares exempt and free,  
See that thy mind, stand irremou'd alwaies,  
Through reason grounded on firme constancie,  
For whom opinion doth \* vnstaiedly sway,  
To fortune soonest, such become a pray.

\* Maximum indi-  
cium malæ men-  
tis fluctuatio. Se-  
necca in proverb.

Ye loftie Pines, that doe support the state  
Of common wealthes, and mightie government,  
Why stoope ye soon'st, vnto the blast of fate,  
And fawne on Envie, to your ruine bent:  
Be taught by me, to scorne your worser happe,  
The waue by Sea, or land the Thunderclap.







**T**HEY tell me *Tusser*, when thou wert aliue,  
 And hadst for profit, turned euery stone,  
 Where ere thou cammest, thou couldst never thriue,  
 Though heereto best, couldst counsel every one,  
 As it may in thy Husbundry appeare,  
 Wherein a fresh, thou liu'st amongst vs heere.

So like thy selfe, a number more are woont,  
 To sharpen others, with advice of wit,  
 When they themselues, are like the whetstone blunt,  
 And little care, to keepe or follow it:  
 Eeke heere I must, the careles Pastor blame,  
 That teacheth well, but followes not the same.



*Quicquid*





IT was the Custome of the *Thracians* once, Plutarch :  
 Ere they would ore a frozen river passe,  
 To take a Fox, and turne him for the Nonce,  
 Vpon the Ice, to try how thick it was,  
 Who to the streame, by laieng downe his eare,  
 Could heare the noise, and know the thicknes there.

Which if he found to tender for his weight,  
 He back returnd, and thank't them, he would none,  
 Which sheweth vs of some, the subtile sleight,  
 Who hazard first, the poore, and weaker one  
 To serue their turnes, whome God preserueth oft,  
 When they themselues, within the pit are caught.





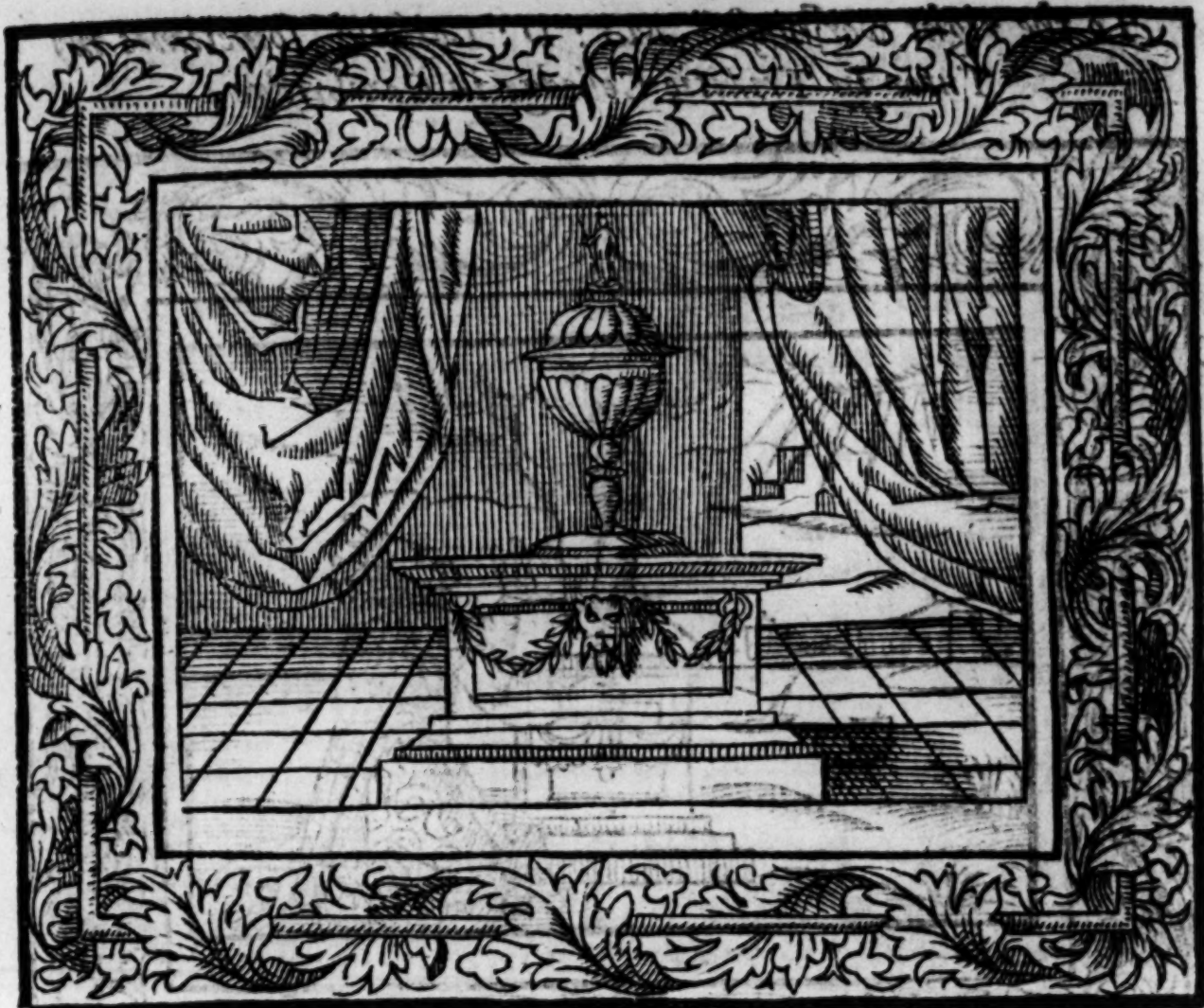


**T**HE Fenny Bitter, that delightes to breede  
 In thickest sedge, by moore, and river side,  
 By thrusting low his bill into a reede,  
 All summer long, at morne and eventide:  
 Though neere, yet makes farre seeming such a sound,  
 That oft it doth, the Passenger astound.

This Figure fits, two sorts of people base,  
 The Coward one, that will with wordes affright,  
 When dares not looke, true Valor in the face:  
 The other is, the proude vaine-glorious wight,  
 Who where he comes, will make a goodly show  
 Of wit, or wealth, when it is nothing so.







THE Romane Ladies, yearely did present  
 Their Jewells, and the best attire they wore  
 To *Delphos*, which were by commandement  
 Into a Goblet turnd, and plac't before  
 The *Pythian* God, as offering for the sinne  
 Of loathed pride, they fear'd they liued in.

Plutarch in Synop:  
 pos: sap:

A mirror for such wightes, as will allow  
 Religion, or the church, the least of all,  
 Nay, from the same purloine they care not how,  
 Till Church perforce, hath stript them out of all:  
 This also tells our gallant Dames beside,  
 No vice offends the Lord, so much as pride.

*Quod in divinis rebus sumas sumptus sapienti lucro est.*

Plautus in Milite  
 Glor:



To the right worshipfull, Mr: D: Laifeild, sometimes my  
Tutor in Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge.



WHEN Priam saw his Citie set on fire,  
At once and drowned, in his Peoples blood,  
To pacifie the heavens enkindled ire,  
(Since humane helpe, doth faile to do him good :)  
Creusa warnes him to the Altar flie,  
Although he were assured there to die.

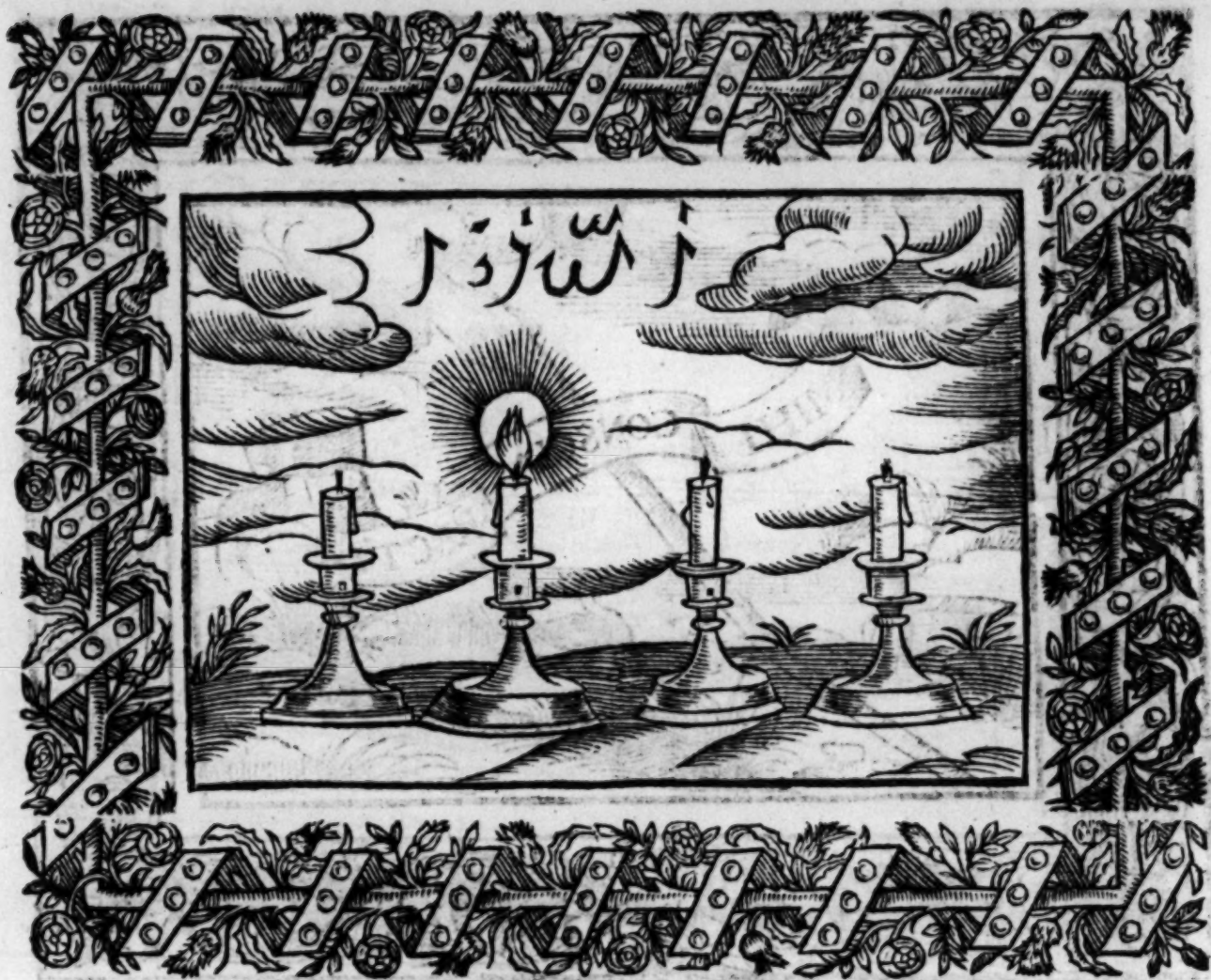
The case is every christians in distresse,  
Who to the Lord, himselfe should recommend,  
As who can best the wrongfull cause redresse,  
And patiently abide, what he shall send:  
Fall'n into handes of foes, onr freedome thence,  
Or glorious death, to crowne our innocence.

Augustin: super  
Psalm: 74.

*Non est quo fugias a Deo irato, nisi ad Deum placatum.*

Allah





**P**ROVDE Empresse, of the prouder Tyrant mind,  
Of *Soliman's* high boundles-swelling thought:  
When like the Ocean, boyling with the wind,  
Of vaine Ambition, all in vaine he wrought,  
To vndermine our Christian happie state,  
And drowne her in, a deluge of his hate.

But as our God, hath giu'n the Sea his bound:  
So (*Pagan*) scatterd he, thy froathy Ire:  
And while thou dream'st, of compassing this round,  
Thy Snuffe went out, and yet thou want'st no fire:  
Not that same which, thy fat Ambition fed,  
But that of Hell, that eates thee, living-dead.



Qui tot armato-  
rum millibus vi-  
ennam Austriae  
patrum memoria  
obsidebat, fortiter  
tamen vi et virtu-  
te Caroli quinti  
et Gennanorum,  
re infecta disce-  
dere coactus.





**A**LTHOUGH the staffe, within the river cleere,  
Be straight as Arrow, in the *Persian* bow:  
Yet to the view, it crooked doth appeare,  
And one would sweare, that it indeede were so:  
So soone the Sence deceiu'd, doth iudge amisse,  
And fooles will blame, whereas none error is.

1 Cor: 11. 31.

\* Bona conscientia  
quotidie vire-  
cit, laboribus  
non affligitur, af-  
ficit gaudio vi-  
ventem, ater-  
numque durat  
Bernard: in lib:  
de conscientia.

Ovid: 1. Fasto:

This staffe doth shew, how oft the honest mind,  
That meaneth well, and is of life vpright,  
Is rashly censur'd, by the vulgar blind,  
Through vaine *Opinion*: or vile envious spite:  
But if thou know'st, thy \* conscience cleere within,  
What others say, it matters not a pinne.

Conscia mens vt cuique sua est, ita concipit intra  
Pectora, pro facto spemque metumque suo.





**I**F that the Well we draw, and emptie oft:  
 The water there remaineth sweete and good:  
 But standing long, it growes corrupt and naught,  
 And serues no more, by reason of the mudde,  
 In Summer hot, to coole our inward heate,  
 To wash, to water, or to dresse our meate.

So, if we doe not excercise our wit,  
 By dayly labour, and invention still:  
 In little time, our sloth corrupteth it,  
 With in bred vices, foule and stincking ill:  
 That both the glories of our life deface,  
 And stoppe the source, and head of heavenly grace.







Homer: Odyss:  
lib :

**L**O *Pallas* heere, with heedfull eie doth leade;  
*Ulysses* in his travaile farre and neere:  
That he aright, might in his Iourney treade,  
And shunne the traine of Error, every where:  
N' ought had *Ulysses*, ever brought to passe,  
But this great Goddesse, his directresse was.

Wisedome is on-  
ly the Princes  
vertue. Arist: 3.  
politic:

Though *Homer* did invent it long agoe,  
And we esteeme it as a fable vaine:  
While heere we wander, it doth wisely show,  
With all our actions, *Wisedome* should remaine;  
And where we goe, take *Pallas* still along  
To guide our feete, our eares, and lavish tongue.

Euipides.

Mens vna sapiens plures vincit manus.

Valerius Flaecus  
9. Argonaut:

--- Non solis viribus æquum  
Credere, sæpe acri potior prudentia dextra.



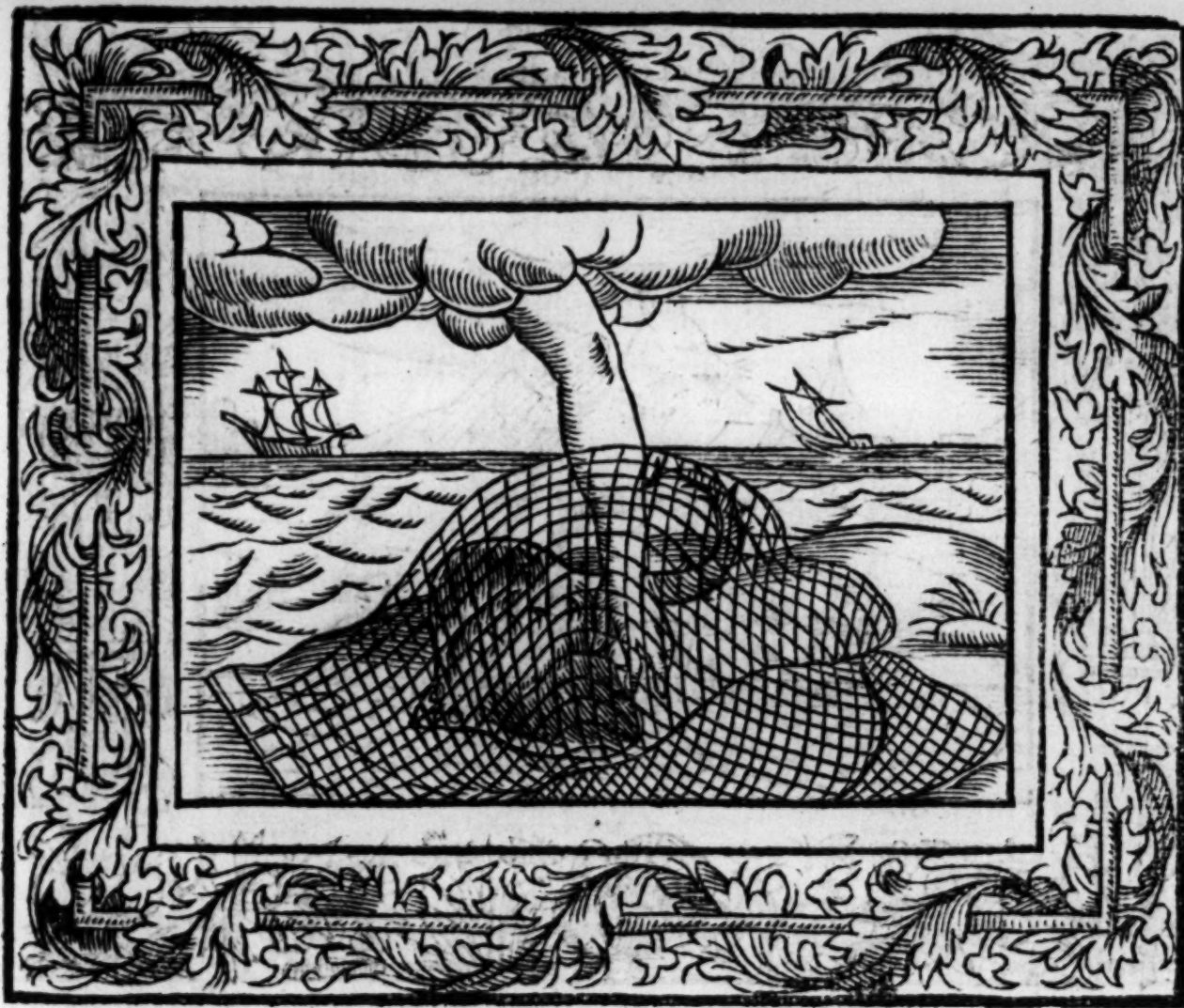


**T**HE Houndes, sometimes the Fox had put in trust,  
From Towne, to Towne, to beg for their releife:  
Who was a while in's office very iust,  
But shortly after, proou'd an errant theife:  
By eating, or embezzling, of the best,  
And casting to, the sterued Houndes the rest.

Of Regnards kind, there is a craftie crew,  
Who when at death of frendes, are put in trust,  
Doe robbe the Church, or Infantes of their dew,  
Disposing of anothers as they lust:  
Whome being bound, in Conscience to preserue,  
They suffer oft, in open streete to sterue.







**W**HO lightly sets his enimie at nought,  
And feares him not because he is too weake:  
Or that he is thy pray, alreadie caught,  
Within such net, he cannot eas'ly breake:  
Repents him often, and doth prooue too late,  
No foe so dang'rous, as the desperate.

Wherefore saith one, giue passage to his Ire,  
Abuse him not with too much intolence:  
Least hopeles backe, he doth againe retire,  
With Furie arm'd, in stead of Patience:  
And prooues the Victor, when with cunning skill,  
Thou might'st before, haue rul'd him at thy will.





## Ad Sidoniam virginem nobilem.



**T**HOV greeu'st *Sidonia*, that I thus divide,  
 My Loue so largely, to a severall frend:  
 While thou, thou think'st, remainedst vnespide:  
 Or takest thy fortune, at the latter end:  
 And certes who his loue, impartes to all,  
 Affectes but coldly; nay loues not at all.

With wonder rapt, though much I doe admire  
 Some Starres for lustre, and their glories best:  
 You are that Arctick; most I doe desire,  
 Whereon my hope, hath wholly set her rest:  
 And who (sweete Maide,) when others downe do slide,  
 To vnknowne Fate, must be my surest guide.





Vis magna men-  
tis. Seneca.

TWO Columnes strong, heere little Loue doth beare,  
Vpon his shoulders bare: though Lillie white,  
As if another *Hercules* he were:  
And would erect them, in a deepe despite,  
Of that *Colosse*, or *Pharos* fiery bright  
Th' *Egyptian* Piles, proude *Mausoleus* toombe  
*Spaines* Pillars, or great *Traians*, yet in Roome.

Nor may you lesse imagine *Cupids* might:  
Though (Ladies) he, but seeme a child in show;  
Since hand to hand, himselfe in single fight,  
Hath giuen the great'st *Hero'es* their overthrow:  
Ne could the wisest man auido his bow:  
Whose *Trophees*, & braue triumphes, were they sh  
Thy Sonne *Alcmena*, never had beene knowne.

Seneca in Medea

Cæcus est ignis, stimulatus ira  
Nec regi curat, patiturve frænos  
Haud timeret mortem, cupit ire in ipsos  
Obuius enses.

toin. 27.

Ad



Ad amicum suum Iohannem Doulandum Musices peritissimum.

Iohannes Doulandus.

*Annos ludendo hausi.*

Anagramma Au-  
thoris.



**H**EERE *Philomel*, in silence sits alone,  
In depth of winter, on the bared brier,  
Whereas the Rose, had once her beautie shoven;  
Which Lordes, and Ladies, did so much desire:  
But fruitles now, in winters frost, and snow,  
It doth despis'd, and vnregarded grow,  
So since (old frend,) thy yeares haue made thee white,  
And thou for others, hast consum'd thy spring,  
How few regard thee, whome thou didst delight,  
And farre, and neere, came once to heare thee sing:  
Ingratefull times, and worthles age of ours,  
That let's vs pine, when it hath cropt our flowers.

MI.

Cui



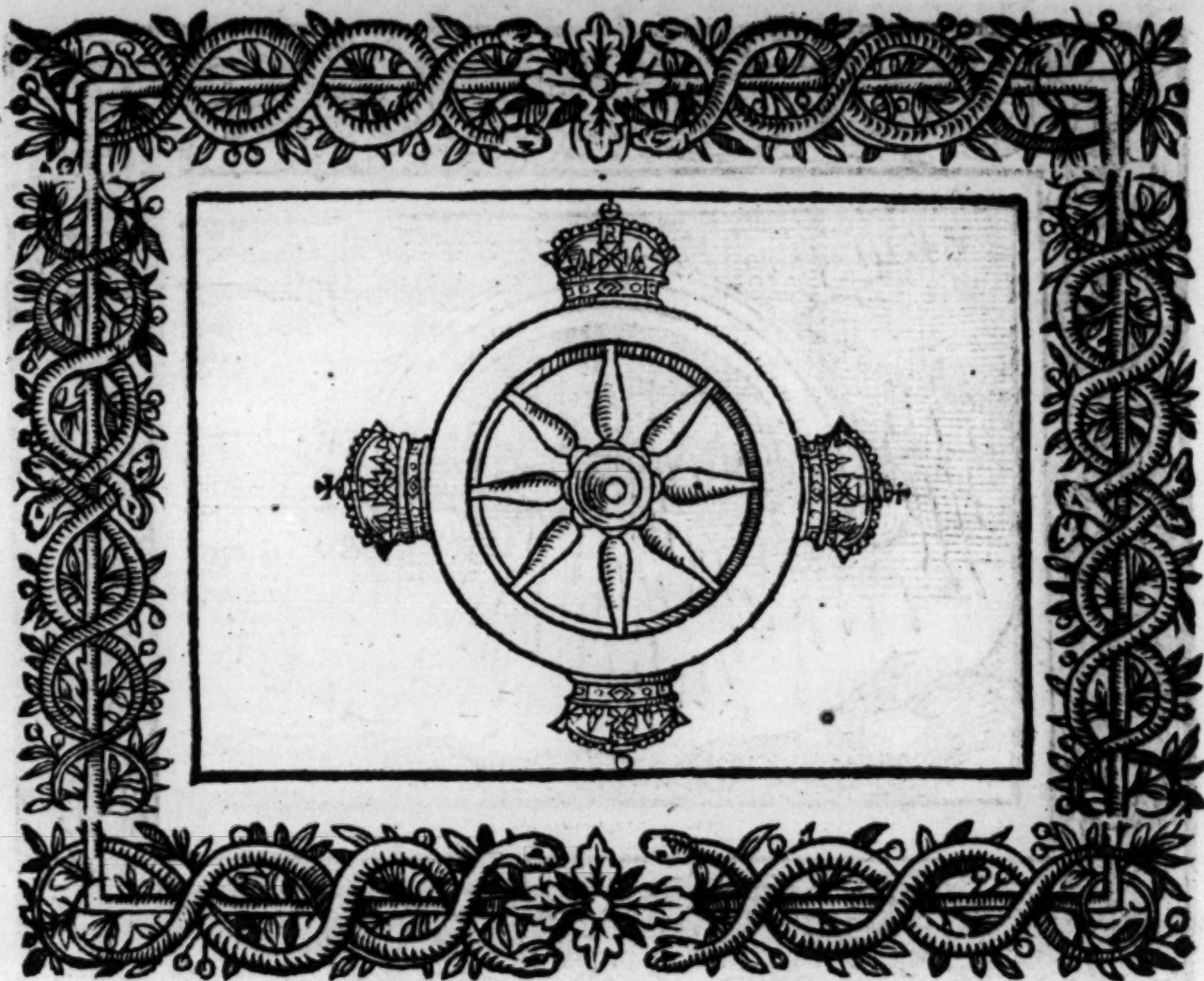


**T**HE *Ermin* heere, whome eager houndes doe chase,  
 And hunters haue, around environ'd in,  
 (As some doe write) will not come neere the place,  
 That may with dirt, defile his daintie skinne:  
 But rather chooseth, then the same should soile,  
 Be torne with dogges, or taken with the toile.

Me thinkes even now, I see a number blush,  
 To heare a beast, by nature should haue care,  
 To keepe his skinne, themselues not care a rush,  
 With how much filth, their mindes bespotted are:  
 Great Lordes, and Ladies, turne your cost and art,  
 From bodies pride, t' enritch your better part.







**F**OWER Captiue Kinges , proud *Sesostris* did tie ,  
And them compeld his charriot to draw ,  
Whereof the one , did ever cast his eie  
Vnto the wheele : which when the Tirant saw ,  
And ask'd the cause , the chained King repli'de ,  
Because heerein , my state I haue espi'de .

For like our selues , the spoke that was on high ,  
Is to the bottome , in a moment cast ,  
As fast the lowest , riseth by and by ,  
All humane thinges , thus find a change at last :  
The Tyrant fearing , what his hap might be ,  
Releas'd their bandes forthwith , and set them free .

*Æstuat ambiguis vita hæc agitata procellis ,  
Fertque refertque vices fors male fida suas ;  
Hunc de plebe creat , regnantem deprimit illum :  
Vel rota tot casus vna S E S O S T R I S habet .*

*In tranquillissimis rebus interdum existit periculum quod nemo expectat .  
Vita Fortuna regitur , non Sapiencia .*

M 2 .

*Fortunam tuam  
( Princeps ) pres-  
sis manibus tene  
lubrica est nec in-  
uita teneri potest  
Curt : lib : 7 .*

*Vidi cruentos  
carcere includi  
Duces , et impo-  
tentis terga ple-  
beia manu scindi  
Tyranni-- Seneca  
in Heres*

*Basil : Doron .*

*Erasmus .*

*Cic: in Tusculani*

*Cum*





**O** f orient hew, a Rainebow doth containe,  
 An hideous shower, within her Circlet round,  
 Resembling that great punishment of raine,  
 The Lord inflicted when the world was drown'd:  
 The Rainebow, of his Mercy, heere a signe,  
 Which with his Iustice, he doth ever ioine.

For though we howerly, doe the Lord provoke,  
 By crieng Sinnes, to bring his vengeance downe,  
 The salve he tempers, while he strikes the stroke,  
 And ioines his favor, with a bitter frowne:  
 To let vs know, that wrath he keepes in store,  
 And grace for such, as will offend no more.

Quintil : declam:  
 12.

Oh quam difficile hominibus misereri et sapere.

Claudian :

---- Peragit tranquilla potestas  
 Quod violenta nequit, mandataque fortius vrget  
 Imperiosa quies ----

*Sine*





**T** HIS warlick Helme, that naked doth appeare,  
 Not gold-enchased, or with Gemmes beset,  
 Yet doth the markes, of many a battaile beare,  
 With dintes of bullets, there inprinted yet,  
 No featherie creast, or dreassing doth desire,  
 Which at the Tilts, the vulgar most admire.

For best desert, still liveth out of view,  
 Or soone by Envie, is commaunded downe,  
 \* Nor can her heauen-bred spirit lowly sue,  
 Though t'were to gaine, a kingdome, and a crowne:  
 Beside it tells vs, that the valiant heart,  
 Can liue content, though wanteth his desert.

\* -- Emitur sola  
 virtute potestas.  
 Claudian:







**T**HE *Platane* Tree, that by the bankes of *P O*,  
 With gentle shade refresheth man and beast,  
 Of other Trees, doth beare the goodliest show,  
 And yet of all, it is the barrenest:

But Nature though, this tree of fruite bereaues,  
 It makes amendes, in cooling with the leaues.

This *Platane* Tree, are such as growe aloft,  
 \* Ore-dropping others, with their wealth or might,  
 And yet, they of themselves, are barren oft,  
 Wanting th' endowments, of the meaner wight:  
 Who many times, in vertue doth excell,  
 When these but haue, the shadow, or the shell.

\* Contemptor  
 animus et super-  
 bia commune no-  
 bilitatis malum.  
 Salust: Ingueth:







O F all our life, behold the very summe,  
Which as this flower, continues but a day:  
Our youth is morne, our middle age is come  
By noone, at night as fast we doe decay,  
As doth this Lillie flowring with the Sunne,  
But withered ere, his race be fully runne.

Wherefore our life's resembled to a shippe,  
Which passeth on, though we doe what we please,  
A shade, a flower, that every frost doth nippe,  
A dreame, a froath, a waue vpon the Seas,  
Which hath a while his being, till anon,  
Some else intrude, and hee's forgot and gon.

Chrysostom.

Cuncta mortalium incerta, quantoque plus adeptus sis, tanto te magis  
in lubrico censeas.

Tacitus 1 Annal.

Brevis est vita, et breuitas ipsa semper incerta.

August: de ver-  
bis Domini.

*Divitia*





THE country Swaines, at footeball heere are scene,  
 Which each gapes after, for to get a blow,  
 The while some one, away runnes with it cleane,  
 It meetes another, at the goale below  
 Who never stirrd, one catcheth heere a fall,  
 And there one's maimd, who never saw the ball.

\* Caduea hæc  
 fragilia, puerili-  
 busque consenta-  
 nea crepundiis,  
 quæ vires atque  
 opes humanæ vo-  
 cantur: Valerius  
 lib 6. cap vltimo.

This worldly wealth, \* is tossed too and fro,  
 At which like Brutes, each striues with might and maine,  
 To get a kick, by others overthrow,  
 Heere one's fetch't vp, and there another slaine,  
 With eager hast, and then it doth affront  
 Some stander by, who never thought vpon't.



Arbiter





V NTO his life , who lookes with heedie eie ,  
 And labors most to keepe a conscience pure ,  
 And doubtles to treade , in errors pathes awrie :  
 That man is blest , and deemed happie sure :  
 When vicious persons , even vnto their graues ,  
 Are lewde affections , and their vices slaues .

For as the Lion , that hath slipt his band ,  
 Or shear'd the chaine , that did his courage hold ,  
 Doth not in awe , of churlish keeper stand ,  
 But since is waxen , more couragious bold :  
 The righteous man , so from hells bondage free ,  
 Hath heartes content , ioind with his libertie .

Basil : Doron .

Ardua res Caesar gentes domuisse rebelles ,  
 Ferrea Sauromatum et colla dedisse iugo :  
 Latus regnes avidum domando  
 Spiritum ; quam si Lybiam remotis  
 Gadibus iungas et vterque Poenus  
 Serviat vni .

Verius at vincis tua cum vindicta lacessit ,  
 \* Pectora , et hanc poteris sumere nolle tamen .

\* Duo , advertissimè  
 ma rectæ menti  
 Celeritas et Ira .  
 Thucydides .

Horat . carn :  
 lib : 2 . Ode 2 .

N I .

Vulnerat





**T**HIS Sword, a Symbole of the Law, doth threate  
 Perpetuall death, to all of *Adams* race:  
 But yet th' Almighty, of his mercie'greate,  
 Sendes, after sentence, pardon of his grace:  
 For when he found vs, maimed on the ground,  
 With wine, and oile of grace, he heald the wound.

Our partes it is, since by the Law we see,  
 The fearefull state, and daunger we are in,  
 To doe our best, then to his mercie flee,  
 And new againe, our sinfull liues begin:  
 Not trusting to our deedes, and merits vaine,  
 Since nought but death, doth due to these remaine.

Basil: Doron.

Iusta licet seros Adæ sub lege nepotes  
 Impetat a tergo vindicis Ira Dei,

Vnius hæc præstat medicamina gratia Christi,  
 Vulnere ne pereas quam redivivus habes.

August: de ver-  
 bis Apost:

Si levis morbus esset, medicus non quæreretur, si medicus non quæreretur, morbus non  
 finiretur: ideo ubi abundavit peccatum, superabundavit et gratia:

D: Bernard: serm  
 super Cant: 54.

Gratia balsamum purissimum est, et ideo purum, solidum et profundum vas requirit:

In





**T**HE watry willow, growing by the shore,  
 Of trees the formost, forth her fruite doth send,  
 But laden with her bee-desired store,  
 Ere ten daies fully come vnto an end,  
 Her Palme's so sweete, we lou'd and look't vpon,  
 With *Boreas* breath, are blowne away and gone.

To this same tree, did *Homer* once compare,  
 Such heires as straight, their Patrimonie wast,  
 In ri'tous wise: and such as Artistes are,  
 Who getting much, doe let it fly as fast:  
 Eeke such of wit, or wealth, that make a show,  
 In substance when, we find it nothing so.

Frugi perda.

Dilapidare cave nummos ceu nescius vti  
 Pelle tamen sordes, modus optima regula rerum.

Vrsinus velusd





Perdices fœminæ  
vocem sequuntur.  
Xenophon.

Nunquam decep-  
tus est princeps  
nisi qui prius ipse  
deceperit. Livi:  
lib: 4 in panegyri:

\* vnus invidia et  
culpa ab omni-  
bus peccatur.  
Tacitus Annal 3.

\* Hæc conditio  
principū vt quic-  
quid faciant præ-  
cipere videantur.  
Quintilia: decla-  
mat: 4.

\* Tyranni Dei  
voluntate præfūt.  
Ierem: 27. 8.

Basil: Doron.

**T**HE Partrich young, in Foulers net ycaught,  
Too late the error of their damme repent,  
For why? her call them into daunger brought,  
And taught at first, the heedeles way they went:  
Heereby are kinges our common nurses ment,  
When to their lustes, themselues become a pray,  
And by \* example, thousandes cast awaie.

Not heerevpon, as may of most be thought,  
We should our Prince, like Rebells disobey,  
When they be Tyrants, or with \* vices nought,  
Do hasten others, and their owne decay:  
But to the Lord, like Christians rather pray  
For mercie, who hath in his anger sent  
\* Such wretches vile, to be our punishment.

Dum tua qua ducis legimus vestigia passim  
Alma parens, capimur præda misella plagis,

Proh dolor, innocuos quã multos perdis, ab vno  
Te, modo diductum principe crimen erit.



*To the Hon: and most worthy Ladie, E: L:*

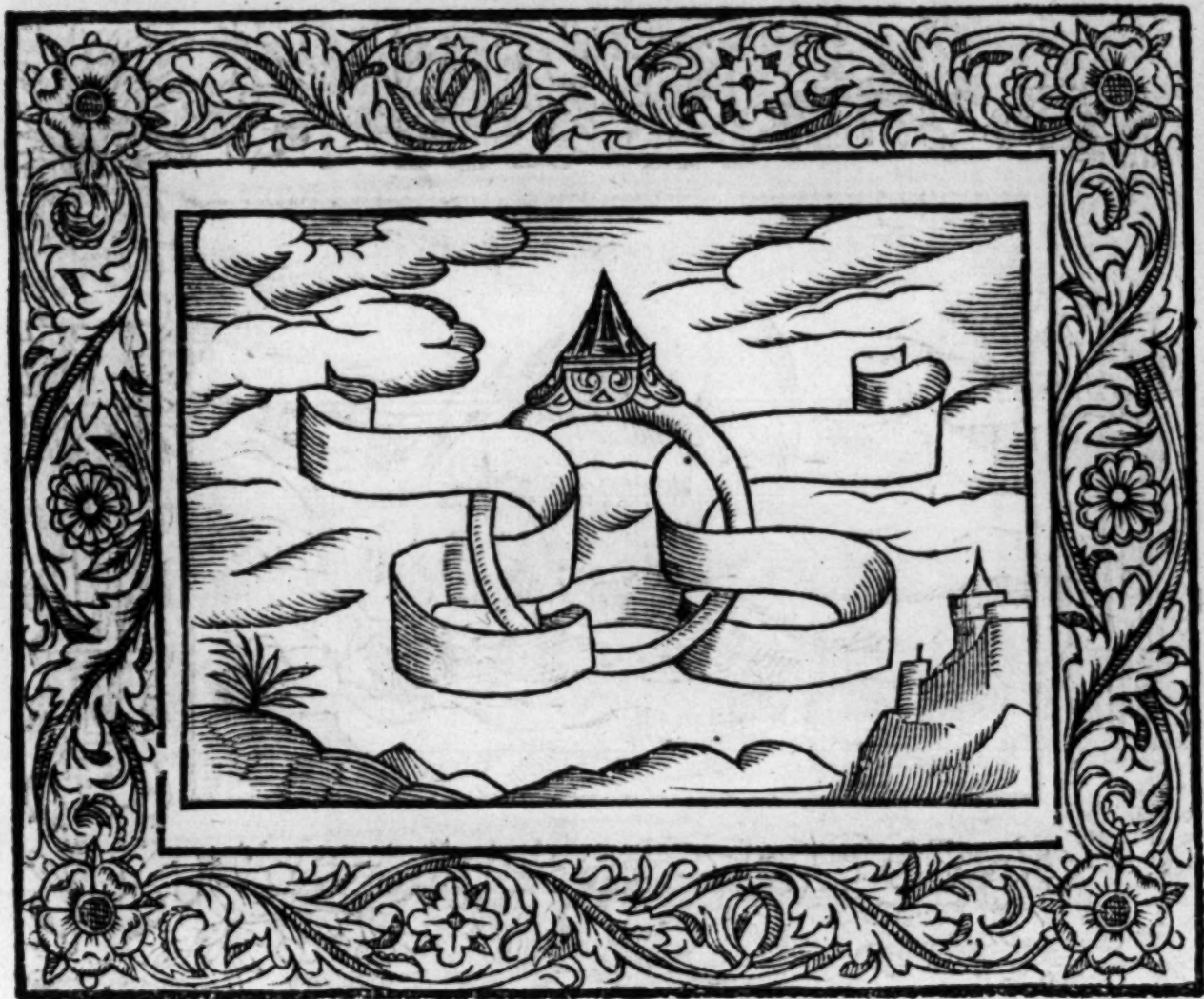


**T** HE frendly *Dolphin*, while within the maine,  
 At libertie delightes, to sport and play,  
 Himselfe is fresh, and doth no whit retaine  
 The brinish saltnes of the boundles Sea  
 Wherein he liues. Such is the secret skill,  
 Of Nature working, all thinges at her will.

So you great Ladie, who your time haue spent,  
 Within that place, where daungers oft abound,  
 Remaine vntainted of your Element,  
 And to your praise; yet keepe your honor sound  
*Diana-like*, whose brightnes did excell,  
 When many starres, within your climate fell.



*To the most Honorable and worthie Ladie the Ladie Alicia D :*



**A**ND ye great Ladie, that are left alone,  
 To merc'les mercie, of the worldes wide sea,  
 Behold your faire, though counterfeited stone,  
 So much you ioi'd in, on your wedding day,  
 And tooke for true, how after it did prooue,  
 Vnworthy Iewell, of so worthy loue.

Ah how can man, your sexe ( faire Ladies ) blame,  
 Whose brests, are vertues pretious Carcanets,  
 When he himselfe, first breakes the boundes of shame,  
 And dearest loue, and loialtie forgets:  
 Yet heerein happie, ye aboue the rest,  
 Belou'd of Heauen, and in your children blest.





**B**Y violence who tries to turne away,  
 Strong natures current, from the proper course,  
 To mooue the Earth, he better were assay,  
 Or wrest from *Ioue*, his thunderbolts perforce,  
 Bid the Sphaeres stay, or ioine by art in one,  
 Our *Thames* with *Tyber*, *Pinde* with *Pelion*.

For nought at all heerein preuailes our might,  
 With greater force she doth our strength withstand,  
 The River stopt, "his banke downe-beareth quite,  
 And seldome boughes, are bent with stubborne hand:  
 When gentle vsage, feircenes doth allay,  
 And bringes in time, the Lion to obay.

"Et ab obices  
 vior ibat Ovidi  
 Metamor:





*To my worshipfull and kind frend Mr. William Stallenge,  
searcher of the Port of London, and first Author of  
making Silke in our Land.*



**T** H E S E little creatures heere, as white as milke,  
That shame to sloth, are busie at their loome.  
All summer long in weauing of their their Silke,  
Doe make their webs, both winding sheete and toombe,  
Thus to th' ingratefull world, bequeathing all  
Their liues haue gotten, at their funerall.

Even so the webs, our wits for others weaue,  
Even from the highest to the meanest, worne,  
But Siren-like it'h end, our selues deceiue,  
Who spend our time, to serue anothers turne :  
Or painte a foole, with coate, or cullors gay,  
To giue good wordes, or thanks, so goe his way.





**W**HEN valiant *Richmond*, gaue the overthrow  
 T'vsurping *Richard*, at that fatall feild  
 Of *Bosworth*, as our Histories doe show,  
 This \* Embleme he devised for his sheild,  
 (For when the battaile, wholly was his owne,  
 He found his crowne, within a Hawthorne throwne.)

\* Passim in fenestris vere regi jillias operis apud Westmon: inuenitur.

Whereat he sigh'd they say, and vttered this,  
 A \* Kingdome easeth not, the guiltie mind,  
 Nor Crowne contents, where inward horror is,  
 Withall it showes, how I am like to find,  
 With Honor, and this dignitie I beare,  
 My part of greife, and thornes of heauie care.

\* Multa illi manus tibi vna cervix. Ex dicto Cæculæ.



O I.

Innocentia





Plutarch: in libello  
de utilitate capiēda  
ab inimicis.

**T**HE *Lion* once, whome all the Beastes did dread,  
Doth in a thicket deadly wounded lie,  
About whose carkas, yet not fully dead,  
Doe flock the *Vultur*, *Puttock*, and the *Pie*,  
And where the woundes are greene, and freshly bleede,  
They light thereon, and most of all doe feede.

Such carrion Crowe, thinke thou thine enimie,  
Who seldome dare assault thee being found,  
But where he doth thy guiltines espie,  
With eager hate, he præies vpon thy wound:  
But wisely if thou lead'st thy life vpright,  
He leaues thee then with sterued appetite.

Innocentia est puritas animi omnem iniuriæ illationem abhorrens.

Cicero in officiis



Amor



To my Louing and most kind frendes , Mr Christopher Collarde , and  
Mrs Mabel Collarde his wife , of St Martines in the feildes .

Mabella Colarde .

*Bella , alma corde .*

Anagramma An-  
thoris .



**D**EAREST of frendes , accept this small device ,  
Wherewith I would your curtesies requite ,  
But that your loues invaluable price ,  
Must hold me debter , while I view this light ,  
Nor can my heires , these papers dead and gone ,  
Repay the favors for me , you haue done .

A \* Turtle heere , vpon an Oliue sits ,  
Vpon whose branch , depends a Ring of gold ,  
As best the loue of Matrimonie fits ,  
Thus ever endles , never waxing old ,  
The branch and bowes , the fruite that from you spring ,  
The Doue your selfe , your wife that golden RING .

\* Exemplo lan-  
ta tibi sint in a-  
more Columbae  
Proper: 2. 15.

Aurum rubigine  
non corrumpitur  
quocirca in maxi-  
mo pretio semper  
habebatur .





**H** E E R E *Temperance* I stand, of virtues, Queene,  
 Who moderate all humane vaine desires,  
 Wherefore a bridle in my hand is seene,  
 To curbe affection, that too farre aspires:  
 I'th other hand, that golden cup doth show,  
 Vnto excesse I am a deadly foe.

For when to lustes, I loosely let the raine,  
 And yeeld to each suggesting appetite,  
 Man to his ruine, headlong runnes amaine,  
 To frendes great greife, and enimies delight:  
 No conquest doubtles, may with that compare,  
 Of our affectes, when we the victors are.

Quæ rego virtutes placido moderamine cunctas  
 Affectusque potens sum Dea SOPHROSYNÆ  
 Effrænes animi doceo cohibere furores,  
 Sustineo, abstineo, displicet omne nimis.

Nihil est tam præclarum, tamque magnificum, quod non moderatione  
 temperari debeat.

Basil: Doran.

Max: 1611.

*Servire*





**T**HE Princely *Faulcon*, that hath long beene man'd ,  
 And taught to stoope, vnto the tossed lure ,  
 Is now escaped from his Maisters hand ,  
 And will no more such servitude endure ,  
 But better likes the feilde , and forrestes spray ,  
 And for himselfe , in elder age to pray .

The virtuous mind , and truely noble spright ,  
 Can seldome brooke , in bondage base to serue ,  
 But most doth in his libertie delight ,  
 Still rather choosing , by himselfe to sterue ,  
 Then eate some caterpillar's envied bread ,  
 Or at anothers curtesie be fed .

*Durum , invisum , et grave est , Servitia ferre .*

Species ipsa gra-  
 tiosi liberti , aut  
 servi dignitatem  
 nullam habere  
 potest.  
*Sic: ad 2: fratrem  
 Epist: 1: lib: 8.*

*Seneca in Troade  
 Act: 4.*





ALCIDES heere, hath throwne his Clubbe away,  
 And weares a Mantle, for his Lions skinne,  
 Thus better liking for to passe the day,  
 With *Omphale*, and with her maides to spinne,  
 To card, to reele, and doe such daily taske,  
 What ere it pleased, *Omphale* to aske.

Si temperata ac-  
 cesserit Venus nō  
 alia Dea est adeo  
 gratiosa. Euripi-  
 dos in Medea.

That all his conquests wonne him not such Fame,  
 For which as God, the world did him adore,  
 As Loues affection, did disgrace and shame  
 His virtues partes. How many are there more,  
 Who hauing Honor, and a worthy name,  
 By actions base, and lewdnes loose the same.

Propert.

Quicquid amor iussit, non est contemnere tutum,  
 Regnat et in superos ius habet ille Deos.





**H** EERE *Bacchus* winged, midst his cups doth sit,  
 With *Mercuries* Caduceus in his hand,  
 As God of wine no more, but God of wit,  
 And Eloquence, which he hath at commaund,  
 (Since he hath drawne, his bowles and bottles drie,)  
 Wherewith he seemes, to mount about the skie.

For when his liquor hath possess'd the braine,  
 The foole himselfe, the \* wisest thinkes to be,  
 And then so giues his lavish tongue the raine,  
 You'ld sweare ye heard another \* *Mercurie*,  
 For lies of Ladies loues, or trauailes farre,  
 His birth, his woundes, or service in the warre.

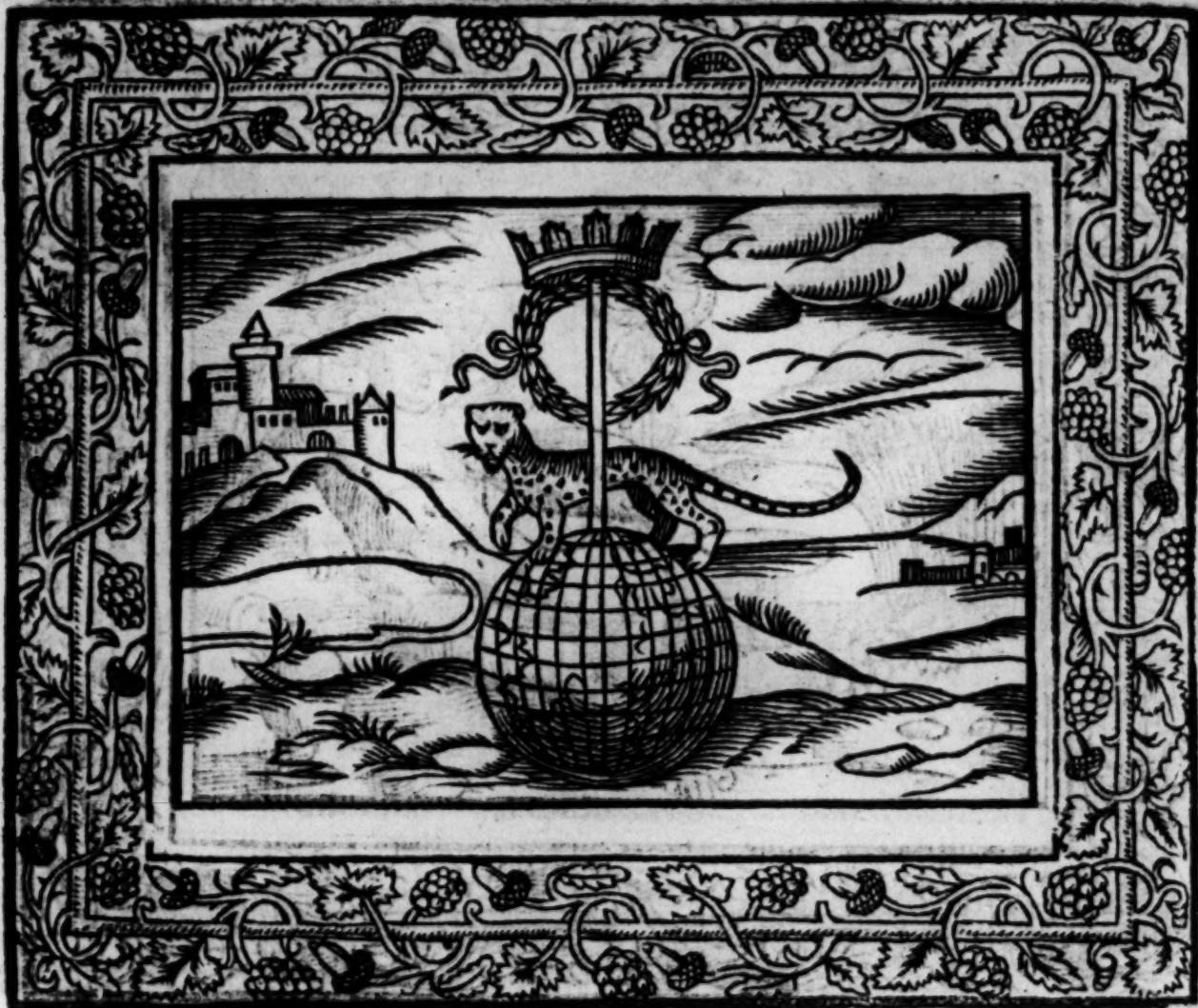
\* Ad vini disert.  
 Sic: pro M: Caelio.

\* Fecundi cali-  
 oes &c.



Honos





**W**HOM seekst Promotion through iust desert,  
 And thinkst by gift, of bodie, or of mind,  
 To raise thy fortune, whosoere thou art,  
 This new *Impresa* take to thee assignd,  
 To warne thee oft, such labour is in vaine,  
 If heereby thinkst, thy merit to obtaine.

Fas ubi maxima  
 merces. *Lucan*:

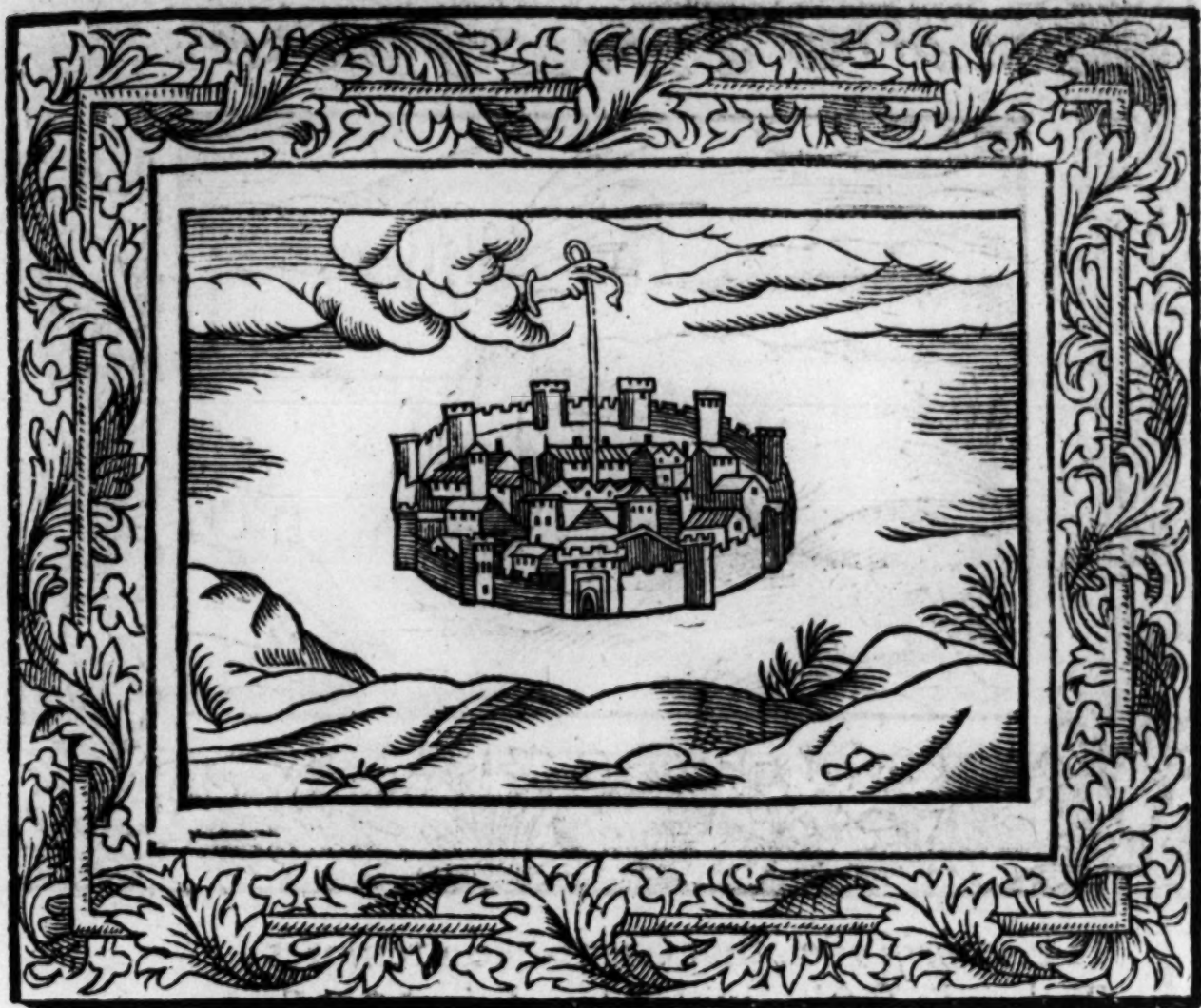
Numorum Felis  
 Emb: apud Plu-  
 tarchi Græci  
 nim (eodē teste)  
 huius effigie sua  
 numismata cude-  
 bant.

For now the golden time's returned back,  
 And all's kept vnder, by th' *Athenian Cat*,  
 Whose helpe, and favour, whosoere doth lack,  
 May coole his heeles, with *Homer* at the gate:  
 Such is our age, where virtue's scarce regarded,  
 And artes with armes, must wander vnrewarded.





To the thrice famous and farre renowned Vniversitie of Oxford.



**D**EARE Sister of my ever-loued \* Mother,  
 From whome this little that I haue I drew,  
 Ingratefully greate light I cannot smother,  
 Some lesser sparkes, which I deriu'd from you,  
 Which first inflam'd to this, my duller spright,  
 And lent in darke, my Muse her candle light.

Cambridge and  
 heerein Trinitie  
 Colledge.

Faire Academe, whome Fame and Artes conspire,  
 To make thee mirror to all mortall eie,  
 Within our Sphære, that *Europe* may admire,  
 The gracious Lampe that on thy brow doth shine:  
 And shewes the TRUTH around by land and sea,  
 Directing thousandes erring, in their way.







**T**HE *Atheist* vile, that Giant-like attempts,  
 To bandie faction with Almighty *IOVE*,  
 And thinkes this fraile worlds priviledge exemptes,  
 All Faith, and Feare, due vnto heauen aboue:  
 Vnto his terror, let him heere behold,  
 What Histories of *IVLIAN* haue told.

For after that he had his Lord defi'de,  
 And wounded deadly lay in deepe dispaire,  
 Thou, *GALILÆAN* now or'ecom'st, he cri'de,  
 Wherewith he cast his blood into the Aire:  
 A fit example, for the faithles wight,  
 And such as in prophanenes doe delight.







**T**HE *Roses* sweete, that in the Garden grow,  
 If that not often drest where they abide,  
 Become as wild as those, we see doe blow  
 In every feild, and hedge-row as we ride:  
 And though for beautie, once they did excell,  
 They now haue lost, both cullor and the smell.  
 So many men, whome Nature hath endu'de,  
 With rarest partes, of bodie, or the mind,  
 Do in themselves by Sloth, grow rancke and rude,  
 Not leauing any memorie behind,  
 Saue that they liued heere, and sometime were,  
 \* A needeles burthen which the Earth did beare.

Cernis vt ignavum corrumpant otia corpus  
 Vt capiant vitium ni moveantur aquæ,

Et mihi si quis erat, dicendi carminis vsus  
 Deficit, estque minor factus inerte sitis.

Ite nunc fortes vbi celsa magni  
 Ducit exemplis via, cur inertes  
 Terga nudatis? Superata tellus  
 Sidera donat.

P 2 .

\* Telluris inutile pondus.

Ovidius.

Boetius. 4. 7.





M

O  
C  
b







MINERVA BRITANNA:  
*THE SECOND PART*  
OR A GARDEN OF HEROY-  
CAL Devices: furnished, and adorned with Em-  
blemes, and *Impresa's* of sundry natures. Newly devised,  
*moralized, and published,*

BY HENRY PEACHAM, Mr, of Artes.









# The Author to his Muse .



OW strike wee Saile, and throw aside our oare,  
My wearie Muse, the worst is well nie past:  
And take a while, our pleasure on the shore,  
Recounting what wee overcame at last:  
To what deepe danger were our fortunes cast:  
What Rocks, the greatest, & unknownen shelues,  
We dar'd to touch, and yet did saue our selues.

HENRY, who art both Load-stone, and the starre,  
Of Heartes and Eies, our wished Loue and Light:  
By thee conducted, we arriue thus farre;  
That now OPINIONS vttermost despight,  
Nor ENVIE, that the iustest one doth bite,  
We doubt at all; but forth into the maine,  
With doubled courage, put our selues againe.

And you great PRINCESSE, through whose Christall brest,  
ELIZAS Zeale, and Pietie doe shine,  
Heire of her Name, and Virtues, that invest  
You in our Heartes, and Loues immortall Shrine:  
Oh send from that pure Maiestie of thine,  
Those beames againe, from whence (as PHOEBVS bright)  
Our feeble Muse, deriues her life and light.

Eeke pardon (PEERES,) that heere my ruder verse,  
Vnto your worthes, and greatnes dares aspire;  
Or out of course, if I your rankes reherse:  
But as i'th Presence, twixt the Lord and Squire,  
(He neere the state, the other by the fire,)  
Small difference seemes; so heere most Honord traine,  
Ye take your lots about your Soveraigne.

And whatsoever EIE shalt else peruse,  
These ruder lines, devoid of skill and Art;  
Reserue thy good opinion of our Muse,  
That may heereafter worke of worth impart:  
And though she tastes of Countrey and the Cart,  
(As that DICTATOR) all in time she may,  
Within the Citie beare a greater swey.

CINCINATVS  
a noble romane,  
cald from his  
plough, to the  
Dictatorship.



*Illustrissimo et potentissimo Principi ac Domino, D: Mauritio Hesse  
Lantgravio, Comiti in Catzenellenbogen Dietz, Zigenhain, et Nidda &c*



This most noble Prince beside his admirable knowledge in all learning, & the languages, hath excellent skill in musick. Mr Douland hath many times shewed me 10 or 12 severall sets of Songs for his Chappel of his owne composing.

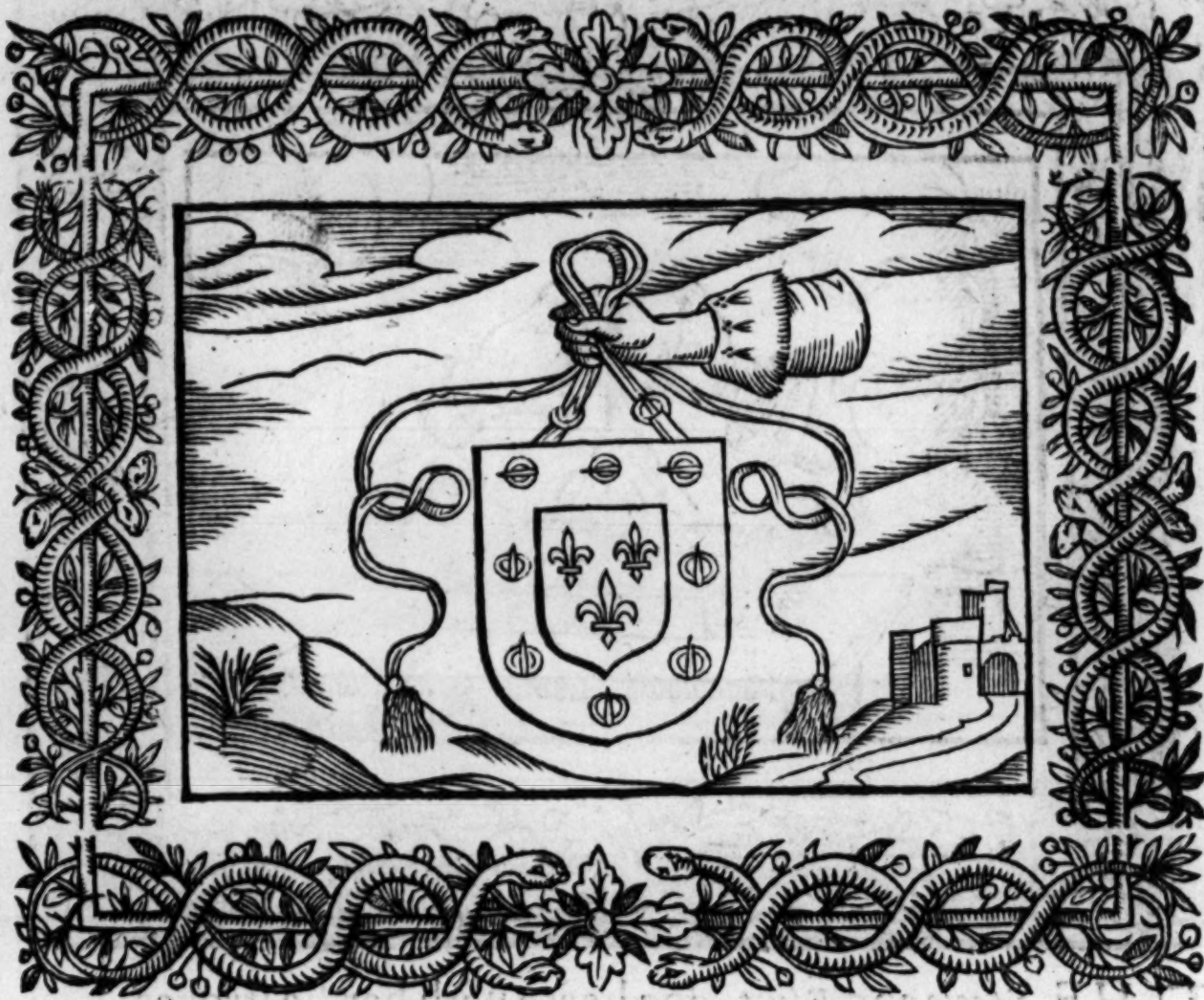
**T**O you great *Prince*, who little neede be knowne,  
By me or by my worthles *Poësie*,  
Since those admired virtues of your owne,  
Haue made you obiect of the worldes wide eie,  
Your bounteous mind, your matchles Pietie,  
Your languages, and learning in all artes,  
That gaine you millions of remotest heartes.

I consecrate in gentle Muses name  
This Monument; and to your memorie,  
Which shall outweare the vtmost date of Fame,  
And wrestle with the worldes Eternitie:  
For as Artes glorie is your *GERMANIE*,  
For rar'st invention, and designe of wit,  
So ye braue *Maurice* are the pride of it.

*Distantia*



To the thrice Noble, and excellent Prince: *Ludowick Duke of Lennox*.



**N**OR may my Muse greate *Duke*, with prouder saile,  
 Ore-passe your name, your birth, and best deserts:  
 But lowly strike, and to these cullors vaile,  
 That make ye yet belou'd in forrein partes,  
 In memorie of those disioined heartes:  
 Of two great kingdomes, whom yōur grandsire wrought,  
 Till Buckle-like, them both in one he brought.

\* Mild *Peace* heerein, to make amendes againe,  
 Ordaines your daies ye shall dispend in rest,  
 While *Horror* bound, in hundred-double chaine,  
 At her faire feete, shall teare her snakie crest,  
 And *Mars* in vaine, with Trumpet sterne molest  
 Our Muse, that shall her lostiest numbers frame,  
 To eternize your *STEVVARTS* Roiall name.

\* -- Pax optima  
 rerum  
 Quas homini no-  
 visse datum est,  
 pax vna triūphis  
 Immeritis potior  
*Silius lib: 11.*

Quod proavum virtus discordia iunxit in vnum  
 Regna duo, hæc facto præmia digna tulit:

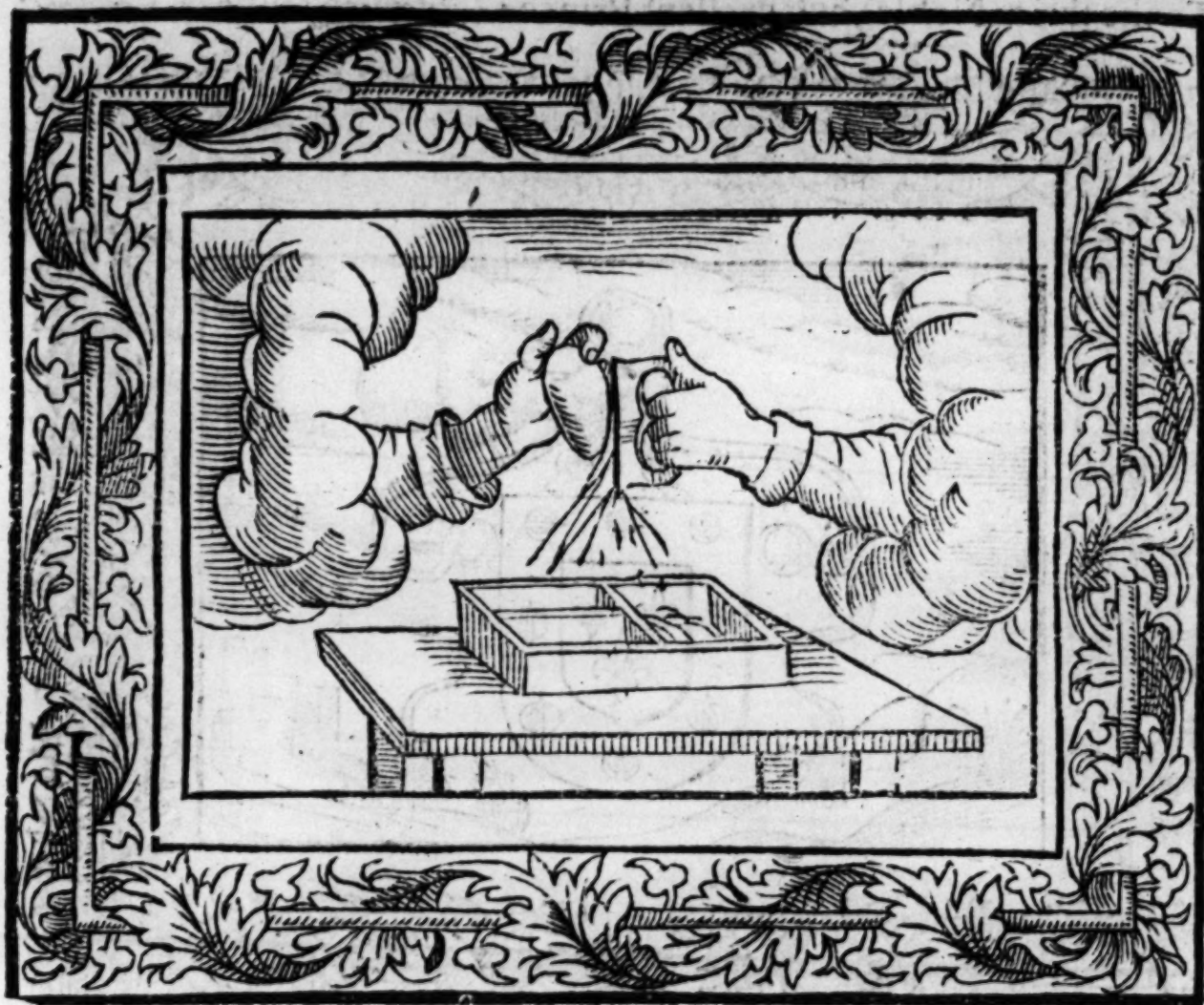
Cui *LVDOVIC* vices iterum *PAX* alma rependens,  
 Tempora dat rebus *DIVA* quieta tuis.

*Basilic: Doron.*

*QI.*

*Nostro*





**T**HE *Steele* and *Flint*, doe heere with hardie strokes,  
 And mutuall hewing, each the other wast:  
 While vnderneath the open *Tinderboxe*,  
 Vnto his gaine, consumes them both at last:  
 And to the backs, when they are spent and worne,  
 He throwes them by, for he hath seru'd his turne.

So, when the *Paifant* with his neighbour warres,  
 They weare awaie themselues, in golden sparkes;  
 The *Boxe*, are *Pettifoggers* from their *Iarres*,  
 Who walke with *Torches*, vsher'd by their *Clearkes*:  
 While blind by *Owle-light*, *Hoidon* stumbling goes,  
 To seeke his *Inne*, the *Windmill*, or the *Rose*.







**T**HE hand that gripes, so greedily and hard,  
 What it hath got by long vnlawfull gaine;  
 Withall for Battaile ready is prepar'd,  
 Still to defend, what it doth fast retaine:  
 (For wretches some, will sooner spend their bloods,  
 Then spare we see, one penworth of their goods.)

Of *Avarice*, such is the nature still,  
 Who hardly can endure, to liue in Peace;  
 But alwaie prest, to quarrell, or to kill,  
 When sober mindes, from such contention cease:  
 And seeke no more, then quiet and content,  
 With those good blessings, which the Lord hath sent.







**T**HE glorious Sunne, that cheeres vs with his light,  
And giueth life, and growth to every thing:

\* Arduū semper  
eodem loci, po-  
tentiam et con-  
cordiam esse:  
Tacitus lib: 4 An-  
nal:

\* Can brooke no peere, to check his soveraigne right,  
But onely will remaine, the Heauens sole king:  
When lesser starres, that borrow from his light,  
Doe keepe their course, in numbers infinite.

So fares it with the vulgar that doe goe,  
In loue, and mutuall concord most secure,  
When *Paritie* procures the overthrow,  
Of Monarchies, that else might well endure:

\* Εἰ δὲ λαοὶ δύο  
ἔλτοι &c Si duo  
Soles velint esse,  
periculum ne in-  
cendio omnia per-  
dantur. Serrinus.

\* And like moe Sunnes in skie, portendeth still,  
The Princes ruine, or a worser ill.

Tacitus 1. Hist:

Et Pacis interest, potestatem omnem ad vnum conferri.

Basilic: Doron.

Nulla ferat cœlo præter sua lumina Titan,  
Innumeris gaudent astra minora choris.  
Infima plebs hominum melius numerosa vagatur:  
Cum mancant Reges inuida fata pares.

Non



To my Scholler Mr. HANNIBAL BASKERVILE.



This Embleme  
was devised as  
first by Paulus  
Iovius.

**T** HIS *Indian* beast, by Nature armed so,  
That scarce the Steele can peirce his scalie side:  
Assaulteth oft the *Elephant* his foe,  
And either doth the conqueror abide,  
Or by his mightie combatant is flaine,  
For never vanquisht, he returnes againe.

So you that must encounter Want, and Care,  
To overcome your hard, and crabbed skill,  
Take courage, and treade vnder foote dispaire,  
For better hap, attendes the vent'rous still:  
And sooner leaue, your bodie in the place,  
Then back returne, vnletter'd with disgrace.



A Rhinoceros  
was set to Rome  
by Emanuel king  
of Portingal who  
fought with it co-  
ming on land tho  
rough Provence:  
but by the waie,  
by hard fortune  
it was drowned  
neere Porto Ve-  
nere: seeking a  
long time to saue  
it selfe amog the  
Rocks. Paulus  
Iovius.





V AINE man who think'st, that happines consistes,  
 In great commaund, and Roiall dignitie;  
 And Kinges with Scepters hold within their fistes,  
 The perfect summe of all Foelicitie:

No no, their Crownes are lin'd with pricking thorne,  
 And fable cares, with crimson Robes are worne.

Who list describe the motion of the Sphaere,  
 Another, some rare, beauteous modell draw;  
 With Eloquence, let him goe charme the eare,  
 Thy onely art, must be to keepe in aw,  
 And curbe with *Iustice*, the vnrule crew,  
 To favor skill, and giue the good their due.

Virgil AEneid: 6.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra  
 Credo equidem et vivos ducent de marmore vultus  
 Orabunt causas melius &c.

Quem



*Ad BRITANNIAM.*



WITH haire dishevel'd, and in mournfull wise,  
 Who spurnes a shippe, with Scepter in her hand:  
 Thus *BRITAIN*'s drawn in old Antiquities,  
 What time the *Romanes*, overran her land:  
 Who first devis'd her, sitting in this plight,  
 As then their captiue, and abandon'd quite.

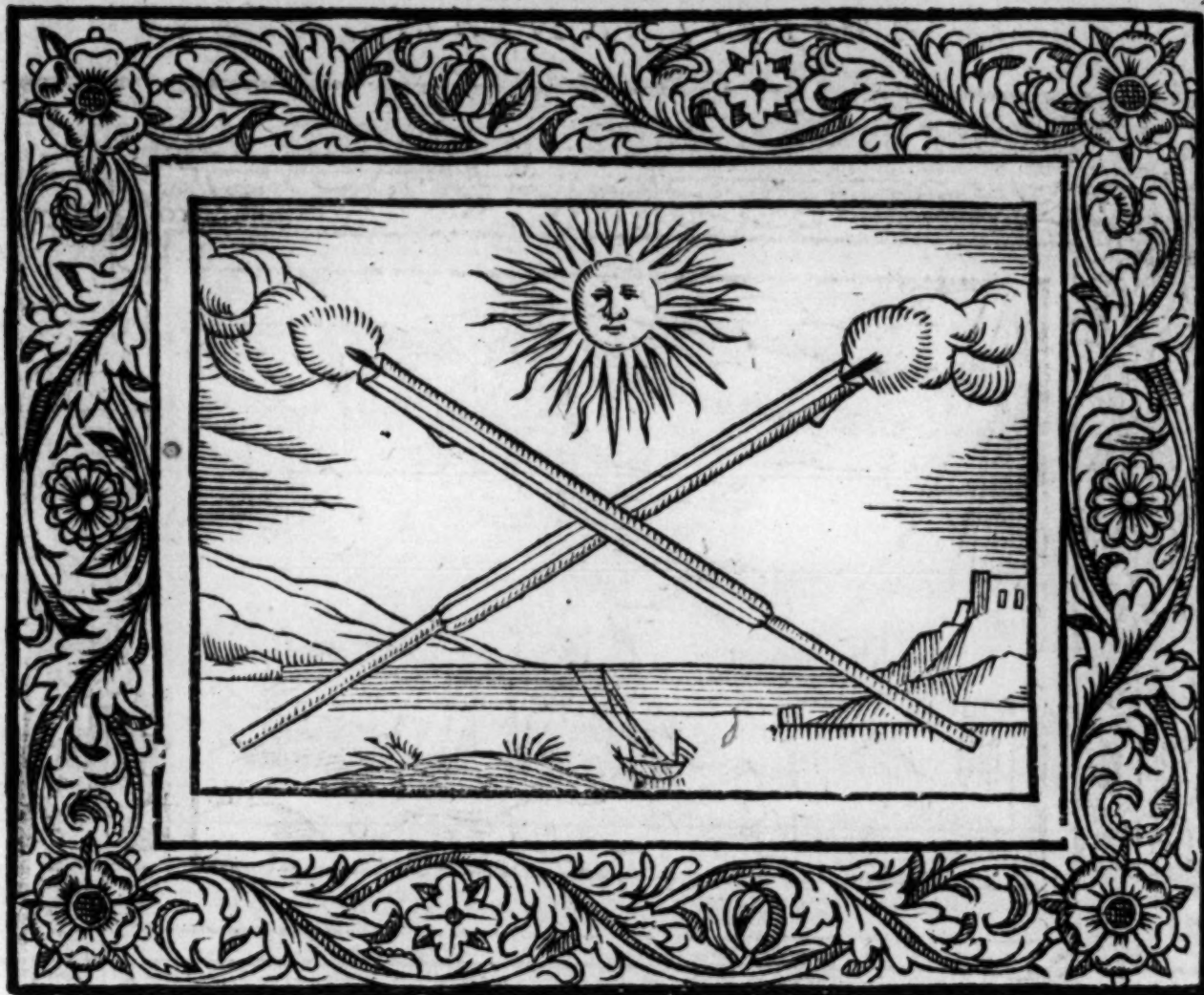
*Inter Claudi Iu-  
 mismata.*

But what can long continue at a stay,  
 To all things being, Fates a change decree:  
 Thrice-famous *Ile*, whome erst thou didst obey,  
 Vsurping *Roome*, standes now in aw of thee:  
 \* And trembles more, to heare thy Soveraignes name,  
 Then thou her Drummes, when valiant *Cesar* came.

\* Qui Sceptra du-  
 ro saevus imperio  
 regit Timet ci-  
 mentes, metus  
 in auctorem redit  
*Seneca Trag:*







\* Compescat se  
Humana temeri-  
tas et id quod est  
non quærat, ne il-  
lud quod est non  
inveniat: *Augus-  
tin: de Gent: con-  
tra Manic: lib: 1.*

**W**H Y doth vaine man, with \* rash attempt desire,  
To search the depth, of Misteries divine:  
Which like the Sunne vpon his earthy fire,  
With glorie inaccessible do shine:  
And with the radiant splendor of their ray,  
Chase all conceived Ignorance away.

Multo facilius  
invenit syderum  
conditorem hu-  
milis pietas, quã  
syderum ordinem  
superba curiositas  
*Idem de Ecclesijs:  
Solis.*

What mortall man might ever comprehend,  
Gods sacred essence, and his secret will,  
Or his soules substance, or could but intend,  
Least while to view, this glorious creature still:  
\* Be wise in what the word doth plainly teach,  
But meddle not, with things aboue thy reach.

\* Imo, Deus  
melius nesciendo  
scitur: *Augusti-  
lib: 11 de ord:*

Quid volucris tentas humana scientia penna  
Quærere inaccessi Mystica sacra Dei:  
Caligans oculis, obtusæ et acumine mentis,  
Dum petis igniculis alta negata tuis.

*Basilic: Doron.*

*Piorum*



To the modest and virtuous minded, Mrs. Elizabeth Apsley, attending  
vpon the most excellent Princeesse, the Ladie Elizabeth her grace.



**W**HILE that the *Mavis*, and the morning *Larke*,  
Doe cheerely warble their delicious straines,  
The *Turtle* likes the shade, and thickets darke,  
And solitarie by herselfe remaines,  
Recording in most dolefull wise her woe,  
Letting the pleasures, of the season goe.

The godly wight, whome no delight of Sinne,  
Doth with vaine pleasure draw: or worldly care,  
Esteemeth not, these fleeting Ioies a pinne:  
But to the Lord, in private doth repaire,  
With quiet Conscience; when the wicked oft,  
Are in the mid'st, of all their pleasures caught.

Deus vitam annuntiavi tibi, posuisti lachrymas meas in conspectu tuo. *Psalm: 55.*





**B**EHOLD a *Storke*, betweene two *Torches* plac'd,  
 Of milkie hew, with winges abroad displaide;  
 In aunchient time, the marke of wedlock chaste,  
 Because this Bird, a deadly foe is said  
 T' *Adulterie*, and foulest foule *Incest*,  
 The *Vestal* maide, the fire beseemeth best.

Chast *Lowe*, the band of everlasting *Peace*,  
 The best content we haue, while here we liue,  
 That blestest Mariage, with thy sweete encrease,  
 And dost a pledge, of that coniunction giue  
 Twixt Soule, and Body, eke the mutual *Lowe*,  
 Betweene the Church, and her sweete Spouse aboue.

*Horat: 1 carm: 13*

*Fœlices ter, et amplius,  
 Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis  
 Divulsis quærimoniis  
 Suprema citius solvet amor die.*



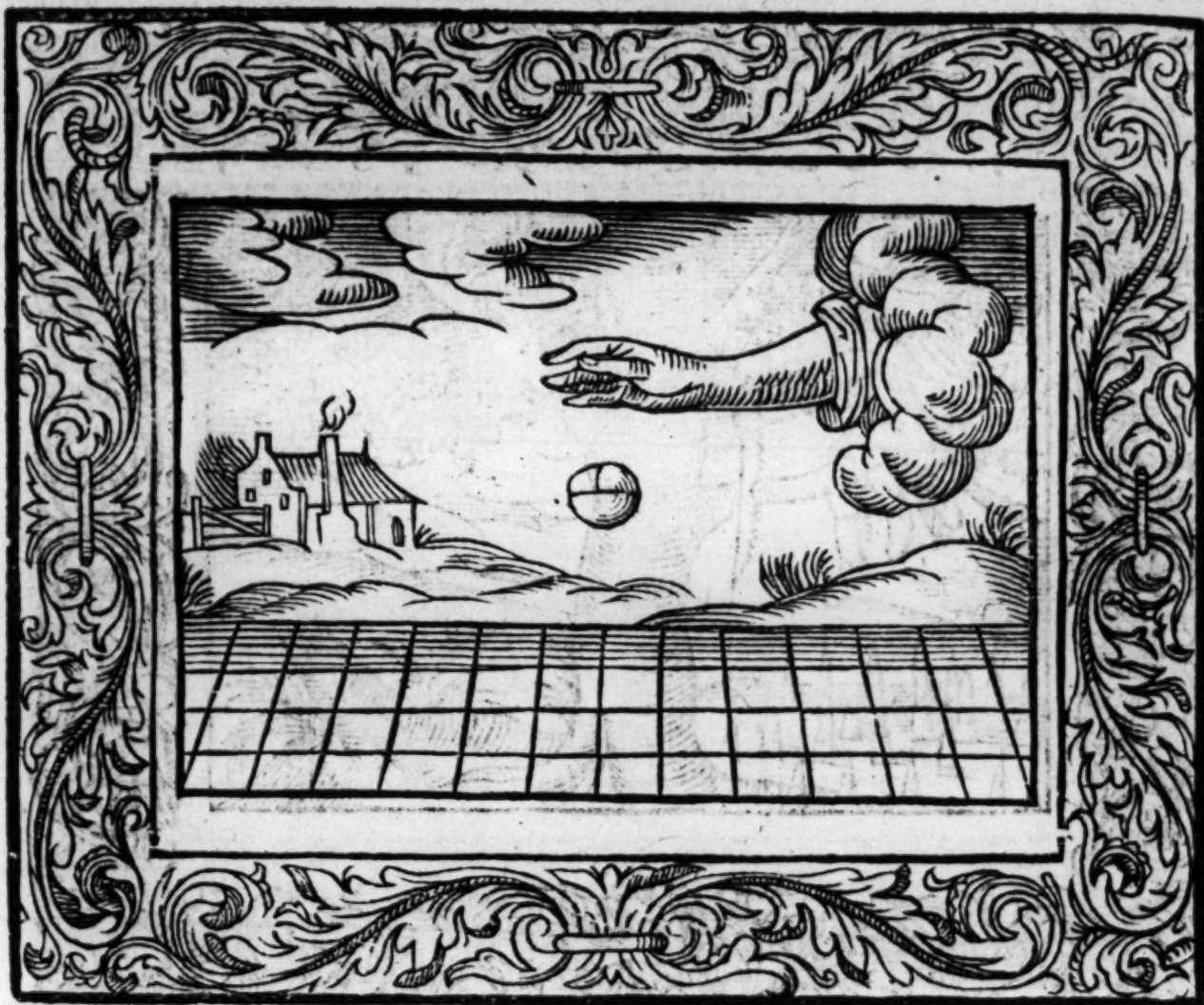


**T**HIS simple Foole, that here bestrides the bow,  
And knowing well, the daunger vnderneath,  
Yet busilie doth saw the same in two,  
Like idle Ape, though to his present death:  
Which if he had forborne, and let it grow,  
He free from harne, had scapt the pikes below.

To this same Idiot, such we liken may,  
Of trustie Frendes as doe not know the vse,  
But while they are their props, and onely stay,  
Will cut them off, by this, or that abuse;  
Or loose their favor, by behaviour ill,  
Who otherwise, might haue vpheld them still.







Caroli Vrsini  
Symbolum Gno-  
mę vero mutata.

**T**HE *Tennis-ball*, when stricken to the ground,  
With Racket, or the gentle Schoole-boies hand,  
With greater force, doth back againe rebound,  
His Fate, (though senceles) seeming to withstand:  
Yea, at the instant of his forced fall,  
With might redoubled, mountes the highest of all.

\* Dignos homi-  
nes quasi pilas ha-  
bent. *Plautus*.  
So the Philoso-  
phers haue here-  
tofore sayd.

So when the \* Gods aboue, haue struck vs low,  
(For men as balls, within their handes are said,)  
We cheifly then, should manly courage show,  
And not for every trifle be afraid:  
For when of *Fortune*, most we stand in feare,  
Then *Tyrant-like*, she most will domineere.





*The device of the late Honorable, Earle of Essex.*



**V**EE eas'ly limme, some louely-Virgin face,  
 And can to life, a Lantscip represent,  
 Afford to Antiques, each his proper grace,  
 Or trick out this, or that compartement:  
 But with the Pencill, who could ere expresse,  
 The face of grieve, and heartie pensuenes.

For where the minde's with deadly sorrow wounded,  
 There no proportion, can effect delight,  
 For like a *Chaos*, all within's confounded,  
 Resembling nothing, saue the face of night,  
 Which in his sheild, this noble *Earle* did beare,  
 The last *Impresa*, of his greife, and care.







O F Virgins face, with winges, and tallants strong,  
 Vpon thy table, *PHINEVS* here behold,  
 A monstrous *Harpie*, that hath praied long,  
 Vpon thy meates, while thou art blind, and old,  
 And at all times, his appetite doth serue,  
 While vnregarded, thou thy selfe dost sterue.

The Courtes of Kings, are said to keepe a crew  
 Of these \* still hungry for their private gaine:  
 The first is he, that carries tales vntrue,  
 The second, whome base \* bribing doth maintaine,  
 The third and last, the Parasite I find,  
 Who bites the worst, if Princes will be blind.

Old: Metam:  
 lib: 6.

\* Hirudines æra-  
 vii. Cicer ad Atti-  
 cum 1.

\* Nihil in penati-  
 bus eius sit vena-  
 le, aut ambitioni  
 pervium. Tacitus  
 Annal: 13.

Basilic: Doron.

B: Mantuan: in  
 AEglog:

Insidit dapibus volucris fœdissima Phineu  
 (Harpyiam vocitant) rigne rapace tuis:

Crimina qui defert, repetundus, Gnato notantur  
 Vile genus fucos, quos alit Aula suos.

Est et apud Reges rudis, invida, rustica turba,  
 Histrio, scurra, quibus virtus odiosa, Poetas  
 Mille modis abigunt, vt quando cadavera corvi  
 Invenere, fugant alias volucresque ferasque.

Salomone





**L**ET Courtly Dames, their costly Jewells boast,  
 And *Rhodopis*, in silkes and fattens shine;  
 Behold the *Lillie*, thus devoid of cost,  
 In flowery feildes, is clothd by power divine,  
 In purest white, fair'st object of the eie,  
 Religions weede, and badge of Chastitie.

Math: 6. 24.

Albedo obiectum  
visus. *Arist.*

Why should ye then as slaues to loathed pride,  
 And frantique fooles, thinke ye are halfe vndone,  
 When that ye goe not in your cullors pide,  
 Or want the grace, of newest fashion:  
 When even the *Lillie*, in glorie doth surpasse,  
 The rich, and roiallst King, that ever was.

Splendida fluctivagos quid iactitat Aula lapillos?  
 Intumet et *Rhodopis* bombycis arte levis?  
 Regibus anteforor, mediis quod vestit in agris  
 Vita oculi candor, virgineumque decus.

*Soboles*





Ex Æsopi fabu:

THE Husbandman, in depth of winter feld,  
 An aged *Willow*, fewell for to burne,  
 But wanting wedges, Grandfire was compeld,  
 To rend with bowes, the bodie for his turne:  
 And while the *Willow*, now was rent in twaine,  
 It gaue a grone, and thus seem'd to complaine.

Oh greife, of greifes! that thus I should be torne,  
 And haue my heart, by those asunder rent,  
 That are my fruite, and of my bodie borne,  
 Who for my stay, and comfort, should be sent:  
 You Parents good, your selues behold in me,  
 Whose Children wicked, and vngratious be.

Cicero post redit: in  
Senatum.

Parentes charissimos debemus habere, quod ab his vita,  
 patrimonium, libertas, civitas data est.

Innocentiam





**T**HE *Cat*, the *Cock* held prisoner in her paw,  
And said of Birdes, he most deseru'd to die,  
For that contrarie vnto Natures Law,  
His kindred he abus'd incestuously:  
His Mother, Sisters, and a noise did keepe,  
With crowing still, when others faine would sleepe.

In his defence, heere to repli'de the *Cock*,  
My fault of lust, is for my maisters gaine,  
I am for crowing, call'd the Plowmans clock,  
Whome I awake betime, to daily paine:  
No doubt (quoth *Pusse*,) of reasons thou hast store,  
But I am fasting, and can heare no more.







SEE here our humane miseries in breife,  
 That doe our life, vnto the last amate,  
 And sawce the sweete, with feare, and howerly grieve,  
 Diseasing oft, the high, and happiest state:  
 A Rod, the world, a Woman, Ages greife,  
 Which fower, the wisest doe account the cheife.

\* Quid prodest  
 manum ferulae  
 minantis  
 Tot pari poenas  
 teneris sub annis  
 Et metu sequi  
 Samium bicerni  
 Tramite callem.  
 Camp:

\* Cereus in viti-  
 um flecti: Horat:

His childish yeares, the \* Rod keepes vnder still,  
 His youth with Loue, and strong affectes is vext,  
 That headlong force him, \* pliable to ill,  
 A retchles wife, and worldly cares are next:  
 And when both youth, and middle age be past,  
 Diseases straunge, doe end him at the last.







THE \* *Semper-vivum*, though from earth remoou'd,  
 His leafe with flower, are fresh and growing seene,  
 And many times, as by experience proou'd,  
 It will abide, in sharpest winter Greene,  
 As faire, and full of life, vnto the view,  
 As if abroad, in fertil't soile it grew.

\* Some would  
 haue it the Or-  
 pine.

So many men, of rarest partes there are,  
 Who though the world afford them not a foote,  
 Yet doe they thriue, within the emptie aire,  
 As well as they, that haue the richest roote:  
 Yea, when as some, that are vpheld like Hops,  
 Doe droope, and die, even vnderneath their props.

In murum cade-  
 eum inclinante





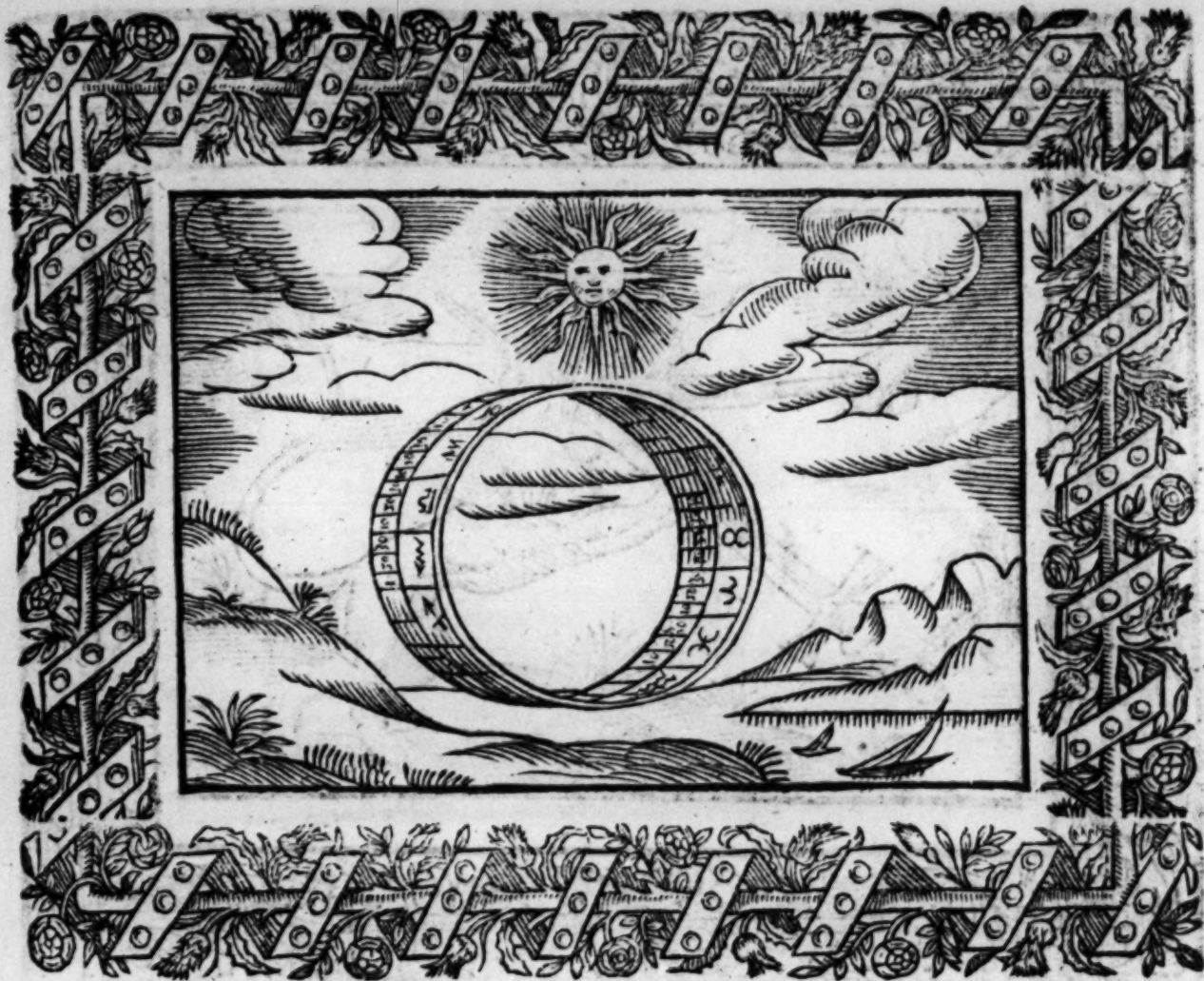


**T**HE slothfull man, that loues in idle seat,  
 And wanton pleasures, to dispend his daies:  
 The Scripture plaine denieth for to eate,  
 And lawes severe, doe punish many waies:  
 And never Heavens, with their bountie blesse,  
 The hand addicted vnto Idlenes.

On th'other side, when for our sweatie paine,  
 To sale they set vs, all the pretious thinges,  
 The Earth within her bosome, doth containe,  
 Gemmes, Herbes of virtue, Diadems of Kinges,  
 All sortes of Girlandes, and the Quill of Fame,  
 To keepe aliue, the honor of our name.







**T**HOUGH life be short, and man doth as the Sunne,  
 His iourney finish, in a little space,  
 The way is wide, an honest course to runne,  
 And great the glories of a virtuous race,  
 That at the last, doe our iust labors crowne,  
 With threefold wreath, *Loue*, *Honor*, and *Renowne*.

Nor can Nights shadow, or the *Stygian* deepe,  
 Conceale faire *Virtue*, from the worldes wide eie,  
 The more opprest, the more she striues to peepe,  
 And raise her *Rose-bound* golden head on high:  
 When *Epicures*, the wretch, and worldly slaue,  
 Shall rot in shame, aliue, and in the graue.







**T**HE valiant heart, that feeles the vtmost spight,  
 Of envious Fortune, who with Sword and fire,  
 Awaites his ruine, with redoubled might,  
 Takes courage to him, and abates her ire,  
 By resolution, and a constant mind,  
 To deede of virtue, evermore inclin'd.

Whose sp'rite, a sparke of heavens immortall fire,  
 Inglorious Sloth, may not in embers keepe,  
 But spite of hell, it will at length aspire,  
 And even by strawes, for want of fewell creepe:  
 When fearefull natures, and the mind vnfound,  
 At every blast, is beaten to the ground.







SWEETE Bird, who taught thee here to build thy nest?  
 (In greater saf'tie then *MED EA*'s shrine,)  
 Did Hap, or that thou knew'st a Crowne the best,  
 From iniurie to shelter thee and thine?  
 How much I did thy happines envie,  
 When first I saw thee singing, hither flie.

Your glories Type, even so ye sacred Kinges,  
 In highest place, the weaker one to sheild,  
 Thus vnder that sweete shadow of your winges,  
 Best loues the Artes, and Innocence to build:  
 And thus my Muse, that never saf'tie knew,  
 With weary wing, great *HENRIE* flies to you.





To the Honorable, Sir Thomas Ridgewaie, Knight, and  
Baronet: Treasurer at warres in Ireland, and  
one of his Maiesties Privie Counsell there &c.

Anagramma.

Thomas Ridgewaie.  
*Mihi gravato Deus.*



THE *Camell* strong, with burthen great opprest,  
Is forc'd to yeeld vnto his loade at last,  
And while he toiles, himselfe enioies the least,  
Of all the wealth, that on his back is cast:  
For why? he must the same, to those impart,  
Whose due it is, by Fortune, or desert.

So honor'd Sir, you, as your *Camell*, beare  
A Treasures charge, that pulls you on your knee,  
And though that thousandes, aske it here, and there,  
To those that ought, and best deseruing be,  
You only giue, their wages, and their due,  
The while the care, and perill lies on you.

*Melancholia*





**H** E E R E *Melancholly* musing in his fits,  
 Pale visag'd, of complexion cold and drie,  
 All solitarie, at his studie sits,  
 Within a wood, devoid of companie:  
 Saue Madge the Owle, and melancholly Puffe,  
 Light-loathing Creatures, hatefull, ominous.

His mouth, in signe of silence, vp is bound,  
 For *Melancholly* loues not many wordes:  
 One foote on Cube is fixt vpon the ground,  
 The which him plodding *Constancie* affordes:  
 A sealed Purse he beares, to shew no vice,  
 So proper is to him, as *Avarice*.







**T**HE Aierie *Sanguine*, in whose youthfull cheek,  
 The *Pestane Rose*, and *Lilly* doe contend:  
 By nature is benigne, and gentlie meeke,  
 To Musick, and all merriment a frend;  
 As seemeth by his flowers, and girlondes gay,  
 Wherewith he dightes him, all the merry May.

And by him browzing, of the climbing vine,  
 The lustfull *Goate* is seene, which may import,  
 His pronenes both to women, and to wine,  
 Bold, bounteous, frend vnto the learned sort;  
 For studies fit, best louing, and belou'd,  
 Faire-spoken, bashfull, seld in anger moou'd.







NEXT *Choller* standes, resembling most the fire,  
 Of swarthie yallow, and a meager face;  
 With Sword a late, vnsheathed in his Ire:  
 Neere whome, there lies, within a little space,  
 A sterne ei'de Lion, and by him a sheild,  
 Charg'd with a flame, vpon a crimson feild.

We paint him young, to shew that passions raigne,  
 The most in heedles, and vnstaied youth:  
 That Lion shoves, he seldome can refraine,  
 From cruell deede, deuoid of gentle ruth:  
 Or hath perhaps, this beast to him assign'd,  
 As bearing most, the braue and bounteous mind.







**H** E E R E *Phlegme* sits coughing on a Marble seate,  
 As Citie-usurers before their dore:  
 Of Bodie grosse, not through excesse of meate,  
 But of a Dropsie, he had got of yore:  
 His slothfull hand, in's bosome still he keepes,  
 Drinkes, spits, or nodding, in the Chimney sleepest.

Beneath his feete, there doth a *Tortoise* crall,  
 For slowest pace, Sloth's Hieroglyphick here,  
 For Phlegmatique, hates Labour most of all,  
 As by his course araiment, may appeare:  
 Nor is he better furnished I find,  
 With Science, or the virtues of the mind.



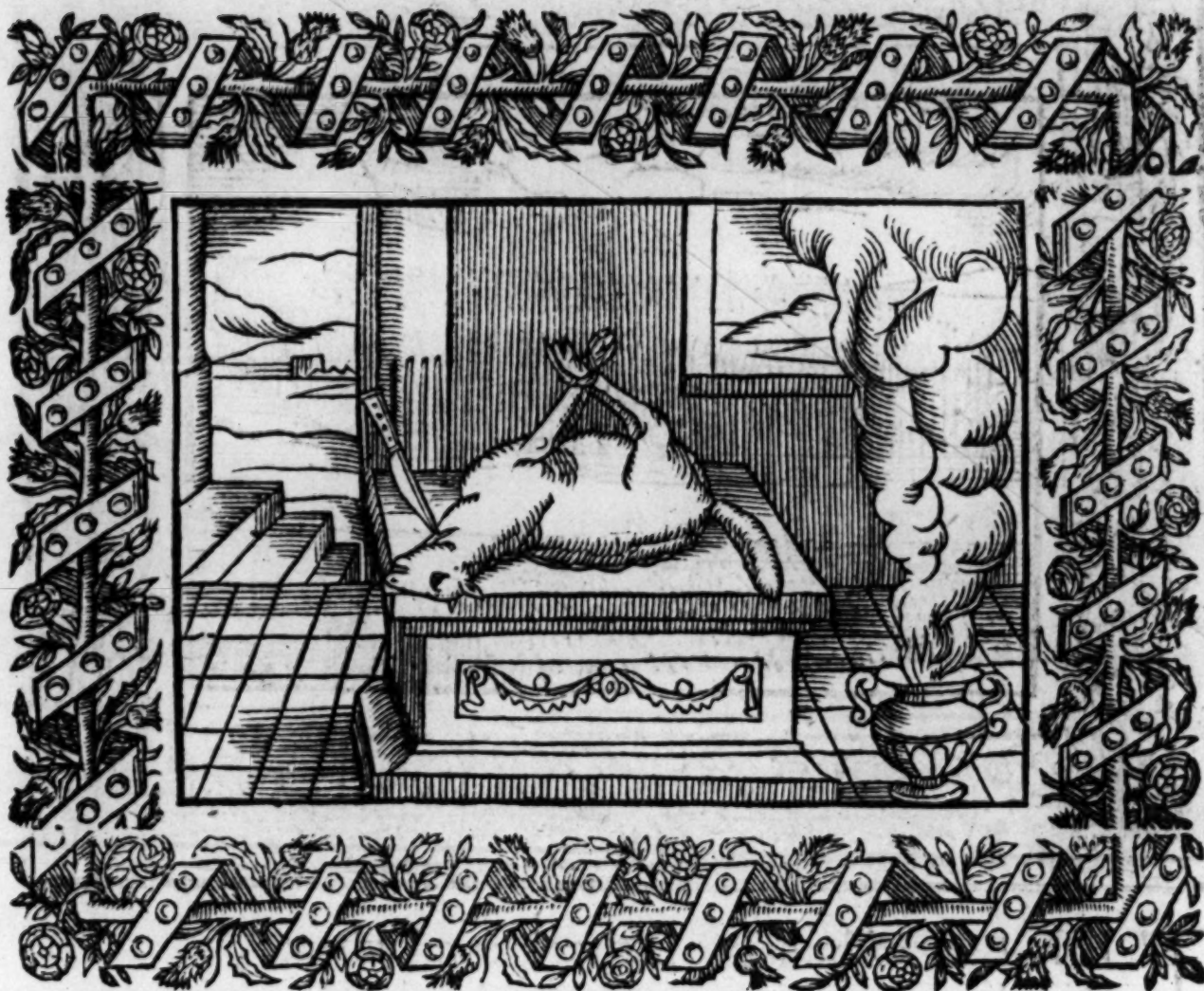


Ἰησους.

Σὺ ἢ οἷς.

Thou art that sheepe.

Anagramma G:  
Camdeni. aut in-  
certi cuiuspiam.



**T** HE fillie *Lambe*, on Altar lieth bound,  
Prepared readie, for the Sacrifice,  
Who willingly awaites his mortall wound,  
Without resistance, or helpe calling cries,  
To mooue the tender hearted to relent,  
Or heauens to heare a dieng Innocent.

Thou art ( deere Lord ) this *Lambe*, who for our guilt,  
Forsook'st the Throne, of highest Maiestie,  
And gau'st thy blood, for sinners to be spilt,  
Frend to thy foes, high in humilitie:  
And is this creature innocent, and dumbe,  
Till Lion-like, thou shalt to Iudgment come.

Esai: 53. 7.

Actus 8. 32.

Redemptor noster homo nascendo, agnus moriendo, Leo resurgendo,  
et ad coelos ascendendo, aquila facta est.





**T**HE *Partrich* building in the ripened wheate ,  
 Did charge her young , ( while she abroad did flie ,  
 With tender care , to search about for meate , )  
 To marke the talke , of those that passed by :  
 Ere long there came , the owner of the corne ,  
 Who said by frendes , next day it should be shorne .

There is no daunger , quoth the old one yet ,  
 Be still a while , I once abroad againe ,  
 Then heard they , he his kinsmen would intreate ,  
 Without delay , to fell that feild of graine :  
 Some feare there is , quoth Damme , but if he saies ,  
 Hee'le come himselfe , then time to goe our waies .







**W**HO loueth best, to liue in *Hymens* bandes,  
 And better likes, the carefull married state,  
 May here behold, how *Matrimonie* standes,  
 In wooden stocks, repenting him too late:  
 The servile yoake, his neck, and shoulder weares,  
 And in his hand, the fruitfull *Quince* he beares.

The stocks doe shew, his want of libertie,  
 Not as he woont, to wander where he list:  
 The yoke's an ensigne of servilitie:  
 The fruitfullnes, the *Quince* within his fist,  
 Of wedlock tells, which \* *SOLOON* did present,  
 T' *Athenian* Brides, the day to Church they went.

\* *Plutarch.*







*Dum licet iniusto  
subtrahe colla iu-  
go Propert: 2. 5.*

**L** E S B I A , that dost th' *Elysian Rose* excell ,  
Or *Cyprian Goddesse* , for a beauteous grace ;  
Forgiue me , here that I so plainlie tell ,  
My loues long errors , wandring in thy face :  
Thy face that takes , like that *Dadalian* maze ,  
All eies thereon , that shall with wonder gaze .

Though fairest faire , thou beest yet like the Snow ,  
Or shamefast Rose , thou inwardly art cold ,  
Nor can the beames , that gentle Loue doth throw ,  
Exhale the sweete , thy bosome doth enfold :  
As thou art faire , so wert thou *Lesbia* kind ,  
My wronges had di'de , and none had knowne thy mind .

*Ouid: Epist: 13 .*

*Sive latet Phœbus , seu terris altior extet ,  
Tu mihi luce dolor , tu mihi nocte venis .*

*Veritas*





A BEAVTEOV S maide, in comly wise doth stand:  
 Who on the Sunnes bright globe, doth cast her eie:  
 An opened booke, she holdeth in her hand,  
 withall the Palme, in signe of victorie;  
 Her right foote treadeth downe the world belowe:  
 Her name is TRVTH, of old depainted so.

Her nakednes beseemes simplicitie:  
 The Sunne, how she is greatest friend to light:  
 Her booke, the strength she holds by \* historie:  
 The Palme, her triumphes over Tyrants spite:  
 The world she treads on, how in heaven she dwels,  
 And here beneath all earthly thing excells.



Historia custos  
 illustrum viro-  
 rum virtutis, test-  
 is malorum sce-  
 leris, benefica in  
 omne humanum  
 Genus: Diodorus  
 Siculus. 1, Biblio-  
 thec:



Inter Augusti  
Numismata.



Vide historiam  
M: Atilii Reguli  
in Cie: officiis.

Fides etiam per-  
fidis præstanda,  
Ambros:

Card: Iulianus:  
vide Boheimorū  
Annales .et Fox-  
ium in suo Mar-  
tyrolog:

Nec regnis post  
ferte fidem  
Silius lib: ii.  
+ optimus ille  
Militiæ cui pos-  
tremum est pri-  
mumque tueri  
Inter bella fidem  
Idem lib: 14.

**O** F CONCORD firme, the Romans in their coine,  
This symbole gaue, their peace about to make,  
That as their hands, in one their hearts should ioine,  
And sooner first, they would their liues forsake,  
Then treachr'ously, their vow and promise breake,  
Though to their foe, if they the word did speake.

For lo, the Lord who secrets all doth knowe,  
With vengeance most, doth plague the faithles wight:  
As that same "Card'nall, prou'd not long agoe,  
Who in the feild against his faith would fight:  
With God and man, the truth accepted is;  
Oh! let not heathen, vs excell in this.

Nam illis promissis standum quis non videt? quæ coactus quis metu, aut deceptus dolo promiserit. Cicero in offic:

Publica Romulides pacturi fœdera iungunt  
Concordes geminas oreque corde manus.  
Ingens crede nefas hostiles fallere dextras,  
Quod pœnas meruit vindice sæpe Deo.

Ex Bas: nostro.

Justitia





**W**HEN *SCAVRVS* forth the Roman youth did lead,  
 To proue their valour on the common foe:  
 Within his Campe, in authors as I read,  
 A pearetree laden with the fruit did grow,  
 Which at's departure, kept the wonted store,  
 As full remaining as it did before.

A mirror for commaunders in our age,  
 Who deeme it honour, and a souldiers guise,  
 To vse on foes all \* villanous outrage:  
 Rapes, murders, rapines, burnings robberies:  
 And greatest part of valour to consist,  
 Like savage brutes, in spoyling what they list.



V 2.

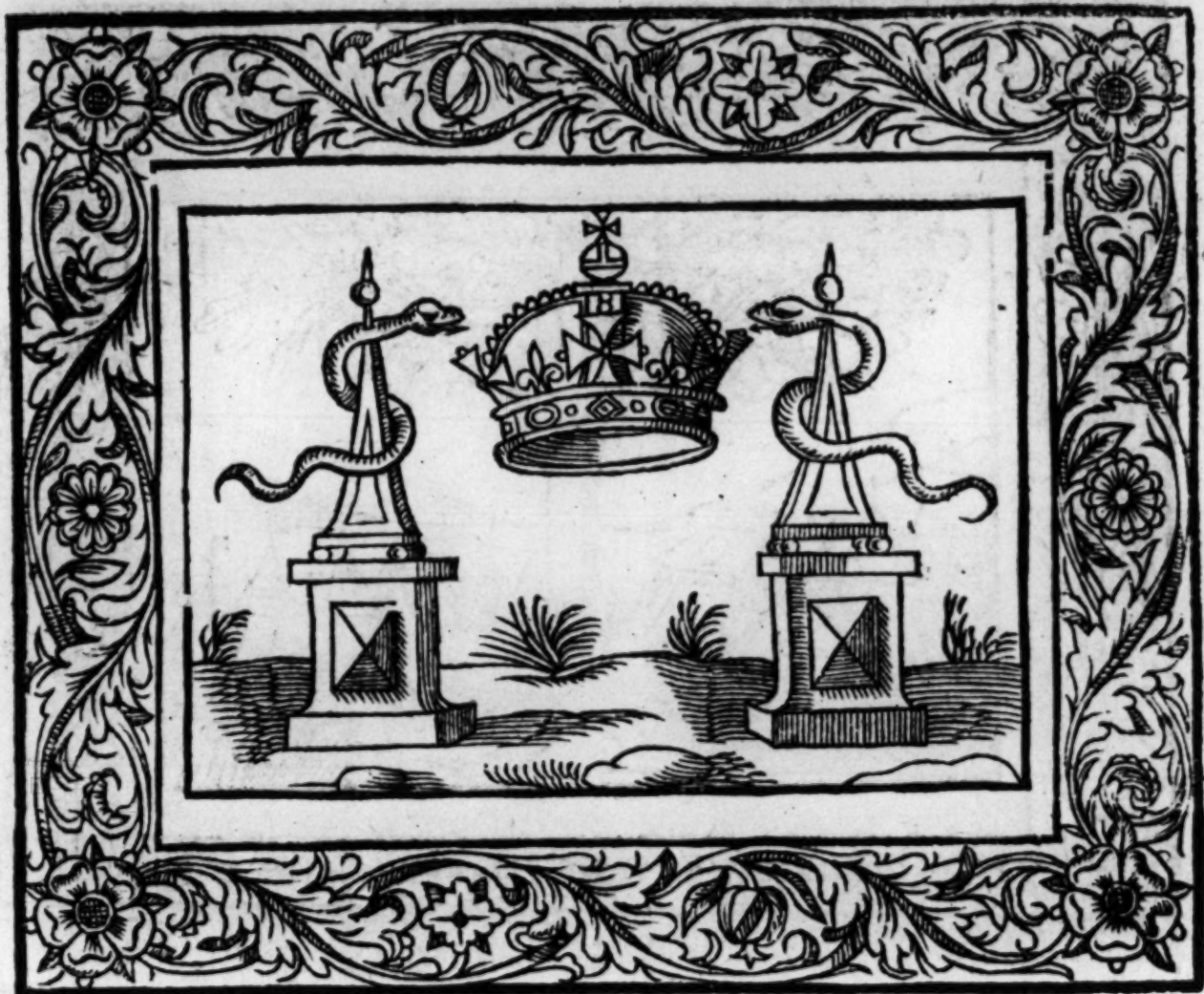
*Memoriae tradi-  
 derit Scaurus po-  
 miseram arbore  
 quam in pede cas-  
 trorum fuerat cō-  
 plexa meratio  
 postero die abeū-  
 te exercitu intac-  
 tis fructibus re-  
 lictam. Front.  
 Stratagem: cap 3.*

\* In omne fas  
 nefasque auidi  
 aut vanales, non  
 sacro non prophā-  
 no abstinentes.  
*Tacitus. 2. hist:*

*Nemo pullum ra-  
 piat, ovem nemo  
 contingat, segetē  
 nemo deterat, o-  
 leum, sal, lignum  
 nemo exigat, an-  
 nona sua conten-  
 tus sit.  
 Vopisc. in Auri*

*Regum*





**T**HE auntient Romans by their Temples vs'd,  
 To paint a serpent, or such hideous thing:  
 That holy places, might not be abus'd  
 By children, whom they told, that these would sting:  
 And made beleue they liu'd, to that intent,  
 To Sacred things they should be reverent.

*pingo meos angues: Persi:*

*Iovi cura est veneranda principis  
Theocritus.*

Vile Traytor, of some Hyrcane Tiger bred,  
 Such Serpents still, thy Soveraignes crowne do guard:  
 But think not as the other, these are dead,  
 Like child or foole: but that they are prepar'd,  
 With mortal stings, to be reueng'd on them,  
 That shall abuse, tha'nointed Diadem.

*Tacitus. 2. Annal:*

*Proditores etiam iis quos ante ponunt invisi sunt.*



*Dolis*





Ex Æsop fab.

THE Cat and Foxe, while that a lone they fate  
 Consulting, Regnard thus began to boast,  
 And soberlie to tel vnto the Cat,  
 His shiftes, when danger did assaile him most:  
 The Cat said, one is proper vnto me  
 If worst should come, that is to take a tree.

Meane time of hounds, there came a yolping crew,  
 Who found the Foxe: Pusse trusting to her clawes,  
 And seeing him torne in peeces, in her view,  
 Said to her selfe, after alitle pause;  
 One honest shift is better now I see,  
 Then all thy cunning in extremitie.







**A** BEACON standing on the Rocky shore,  
 Vpon whose top, a cock to sit you see:  
 Gods Ministers doth shew, should evermore,  
 Stand Sentinell; and howerly watchfull be,  
 Vpon their flock, defending every port,  
 Whereto the foe, is likeliest to resort.

Super Speculam  
 Domini ego sum  
 Etans iugiter per  
 Diem. *Ezech: 3*

Speculatorē de-  
 di te. *Esa: 21.*

For many are the stratagems of sinne,  
 And Sathan labors still with might and maine,  
 Within our soules, a landing place to win:  
 It is your partes, with fervent prayer againe;  
 And faith the spirits sword, and all yee may,  
 To keepe his malice, from your flocks away.

*Ex Bap̃: nostro  
 ad Principem.*

Peccatis totos ne vos sopor opprimat altus,  
 Excubias perago nocte dieque pias:  
 Cumque gregi Dæmon Marte insidiatur aperto,  
 Littore ab æquoreo tæda cavere iubet.

*Gregor. Hom. 19.  
 in Ezech:*

Quisquis populi speculator ponitur, in alto debet stare per vitam, ut possit  
 prodesse per providentiam.

*Vindicta*





**W**HILE sinfull *Sodome* dreads the heavenly fire,  
 And *Nero* trembles at his shadowes sight:  
 This booke, the Herald of \*th'Almighties Ire,  
 Doth on the howse, of every swearer light:  
 To punish iustly, so prophane a sinne,  
 With all the plagues, that are containd therein.

*Zachar: 3.*

A warning good for swearers, and for those,  
 That think such sinne, their actions only grace:  
 And him the man, that can with fearefull oathes,  
 Blaspheme the Lord of heaven vnto his face:  
 But know prophane, ere many yeares be past,  
 A plague will come, with winged speede at last.

*Periurii pœna di-  
 vina exitium,  
 humana dedecus  
 Cicero. 2 de legi-  
 bus.*

*In prolem dilata  
 ruunt periuria  
 patris.  
 Et pœnam meri-  
 to filius ore luit:  
 Claudian:*

*Ex Basilico nos-  
 tro.*

*Dum Sodoma immisos horret sibi cœlitus ignes,  
 Terga sua et Nemesi dat paricida Nero:  
 Advolitans cœlo liber hic requievit in illum,  
 Numina periuro qui vocat ore Dei.*

*Eternitas*





A VIRGIN faire, purtraicted as you see,  
 With haire dispred, in comelie wise behind:  
 Within whose handes, two golden balls there be:  
 But from the brest, the nether partes are twin'd  
 Within a starrie circle, do expresse,  
*Eternitie, or Everlastingnes.*

*ETERNITIE* is young, and never old:  
 The circle wantes \* beginning and the end:  
 And vncorrupt for ever lies the gold:  
 The heaven her lightes for evermore did lend,  
 The Heathen thought, though heauen & earth must passe,  
 And all in time decay that ever was.

In æterno nihil  
 præteritum est,  
 neque venturum.  
*Phil. Iudeus.*

Cic: 1. de Natura  
 Deorum.

Fuit quædam ab infinito tempore æternitas, quam nulla circumscriptio temporum metiebatur, spatium tamen qualis ea fuerit intelligi non potest.







**L**OOKE how the *Limbeck* gentlie downe distil's,  
 In pearlie drops, his heartes deare quintessence:  
 So I, poore Eie, while coldest sorrow fills,  
 My brest by flames, enforce this moisture thence  
 In Christall floods, that thus their limits breake,  
 Drowning the heart, before the tongue can speake.

Incerti. Exper-  
 gula Regia:

Great Ladie, Teares haue moou'd the savage feirce,  
 And wrested Pittie, from a Tyrants ire:  
 And drops in time, do hardest Marble peirce,  
 But ah I feare me, I too high aspire,  
 Then wish those beames, so bright had never shin'd,  
 Or that thou hadst, beene from thy cradle blind.







**L**YSIMACHVS adiudged once to die,  
 By sentence iust, for that he poisoned,  
*CALISTHENES* his maister privilie,  
 And lieng long in dungeon fettered  
 To end his daies, did in the end request,  
 He might be throwne, vnto a savadge beaft.

The which was straight of *ALEXANDER* graunted,  
 And naked he vnto a Lion cast,  
 But hauing one arme closely arm'd, vndaunted,  
 By th'vpper Iaw, he holdes his foe so fast,  
 That downe his throate, that armed arme he sendes,  
 And even the heart-strings, from the bodie rendes.

Which bold attempt, when *ALEXANDER* knew,  
 Thy life is thine, *LYSIMACHVS* quoth he,  
 Besides I giue, (as to thy valour due,)  
 My frendship here, my Scepter after me:  
 For thus the virtuous, and the valiant spright,  
 Triumphes o're Fate, and Fortunes deadliest spite.





WEE doe adore by nature, Princes good,  
And gladly as our Parents, them obey,  
But loath the \* Monsters, that delight in blood,  
And thinke their People sent them for a prey:  
To whome the Lord, doth in his Iudgment send,  
A loathed life, or else a fearefull end.

Once *NERO'S* name, the world did quake to heare,  
And *ROME* did tremble, at *DOMITIAN'S* fight:  
But now the Tyrant, cause of all this feare,  
Is laid full low, vpon whose toombe do light,  
To take revenge, the *Bee*, and summer \* *Flie*,  
Who not escap't sometime his crueltie.

Sponte pios Reges reveremur, at arte Tyrānos,  
Arte regunt iidem, funere et arte cadunt:

Vellicat extinctum cum turba togata *NERONEM*,  
Muscula et illudit, *DOMITIANE* tibi.

De Tyranno *IOB* loquens, sonitum ait terroris semper esse in auribus illius.

— sollicito bibunt

Auro superbi; quam iuvat nuda manu  
Captasse fontem

Ad generum *Cereris* sine cæde et sanguine pauci  
Descendunt Reges, et sicca morte Tyranni.

X 2.

\* *Léo rugiens et  
Vrsus esuriens,  
princeps impius  
super populum  
pauperem: Pro:  
25.*

*Nihil tam firmū  
est, cui non sit  
periculum etiam  
ab invalido. Cur-  
sius lib. 7.*

\* *Otiosus enim  
Muscas necare  
solet: hinc illud:  
Ne Musca quidē  
cum Imperatore.*

*Basilic: Doron.*

*Iob. 15.*

*Seneca.*

*Iuvenal: Satyr: 10*

Ex



Ad piissimum Iacobum magnæ Britannie Regem.



\* Bonus Princeps  
nihilò differt a  
bono patre.

\* Hanc animam  
interca cæso de  
corpore raptam  
Fac iubar ut sem-  
per Capitolia  
nostra forumque  
Divus ab exellâ  
prospiceret Iulius  
æde. Ovid: Meta-  
mor: 15.

\* Pietate, et Ius-  
titia, Principes  
Dij sunt. Augus-  
ti dictum, apud Se-  
necam in Lu da.

Ex Basil: nostro;

**B**UT thou whose goodnes, Pietie, and Zeale,  
Haue caus'd thee so, to be belou'd of thine,  
(When envious Fates, shall robbe the Common weale,  
Of such a \* Father,) shalt for ever shine:  
Not turn'd as \* *Cæsar*, to a fained starre,  
But plac'd a \* Saint, in greater glory farre.

With whome mild *Peace*, the most of all desir'd;  
And learned Muse shall end their happie dayes;  
While thou to all eternitie admir'd,  
Shalt liue a fresh, in after ages praise:  
Or be the Loade-starre, of thy glorious North,  
Drawing all eies, to wonder at thy worth.

Te tua sed Pietas omni memorabilis ævo,  
Sidus ad æterni Cæsaris vsque feret:  
Iustitia occumbet tecum, quia Musa, Fidesque  
In patriam, raris pax et habenda locis.

Icon





A YOUNG man blind, black, naked here is scene,  
 Ore Mountaine steepe, and Thornie Rock to passe,  
 Whose heart a Serpent gnawes with furie teene,  
 Another's wound about his wast; alas,  
 Since *ADAM'S* fall, such our estate hath bin,  
 The liuely picture of our guilt and sinne.

His age denotes youthes follies and amisse,  
 His blindnes shewes, our want of wisedomes sight;  
 Sinnaes deadly waies, those dang'rous stepps of his,  
 His nakednes, of grace deprivied quite:  
 Hell's power the Serpent, which his loines doth girt,  
 A \* Conscience bad, the other eats his heart.

Heu quanti mi-  
 sero poenæ mens  
 conscia donat  
*Lucan:*

\* Grave pondus  
 Conscientia. Cic-  
 ero lib: 3. de natura  
 Deorum.







**I** NCONSTANCIE with fickle foote doth stand,  
 Vpon a *Crab*, in gowne of palie greene,  
 A shining Cressaunt shewing in her hand,  
 Which as her selfe, is changing ever scene:  
 That cullour light, she borrowes from the Sea,  
 Whose waues continue, never at a stay.

Forward, and backward, *Cancer* keepes his pace,  
 Th' inconstant man, so doubtfull in his waies,  
 The private life, one while will most embrace,  
 In travaile then, he listes to spend his dayes:  
 Which was the Kitchen, that he makes a Tower,  
 Then downe goes all together in an hower.







**T**WO frendes there were that did their Iourney take,  
And by the way, they made a vow to either,  
What ere befell, they never would forsake,  
But as sworne brethren, liue and die together:  
Thus wandring thorough deserts, here and there,  
By chance they met, a great and vgly *Beare*.

Ex *Æsopi fabu*

At whome, amazed with a deadly feare,  
One leaues his frend, and climbeth vp a tree:  
The other, falles downe flat before the *Beare*,  
And keepes his breath, that seeming dead to be,  
The *Beare* forfooke him, (for his nature's such,  
A breathles bodie never once to touch.)

The beast departing, and the daunger past,  
The dead arose, and kept along his waie:  
His fellow leaping from the tree at last,  
Askt what the *Beare*, in's care did whispring say,  
Quoth he, he bad me, evermore take heede,  
Of such as thou, that failst in time of neede.

*Leuitas*





**A** YOUTH arraid, in sundry cullors light,  
 And painted plumes that overspred his crest:  
 Describes the varieng and fantastique wight,  
 (\* For like our mindes, we commonly are drest: )  
 His right hand holdes, the bellowes to his care,  
 His left, the quick, and speedie spurre doth beare.

Ecclesiast :

Such is Capriccio, or th'vnstaied mind,  
 Whome thousand fancies howerly doe possesse,  
 For riding post, with every blast of wind,  
 In nought hee's steddie, saue vnstablenez:  
 Musicians, Painters, and Poetique crew,  
 Accept what *R I P A*, dedicates to you.

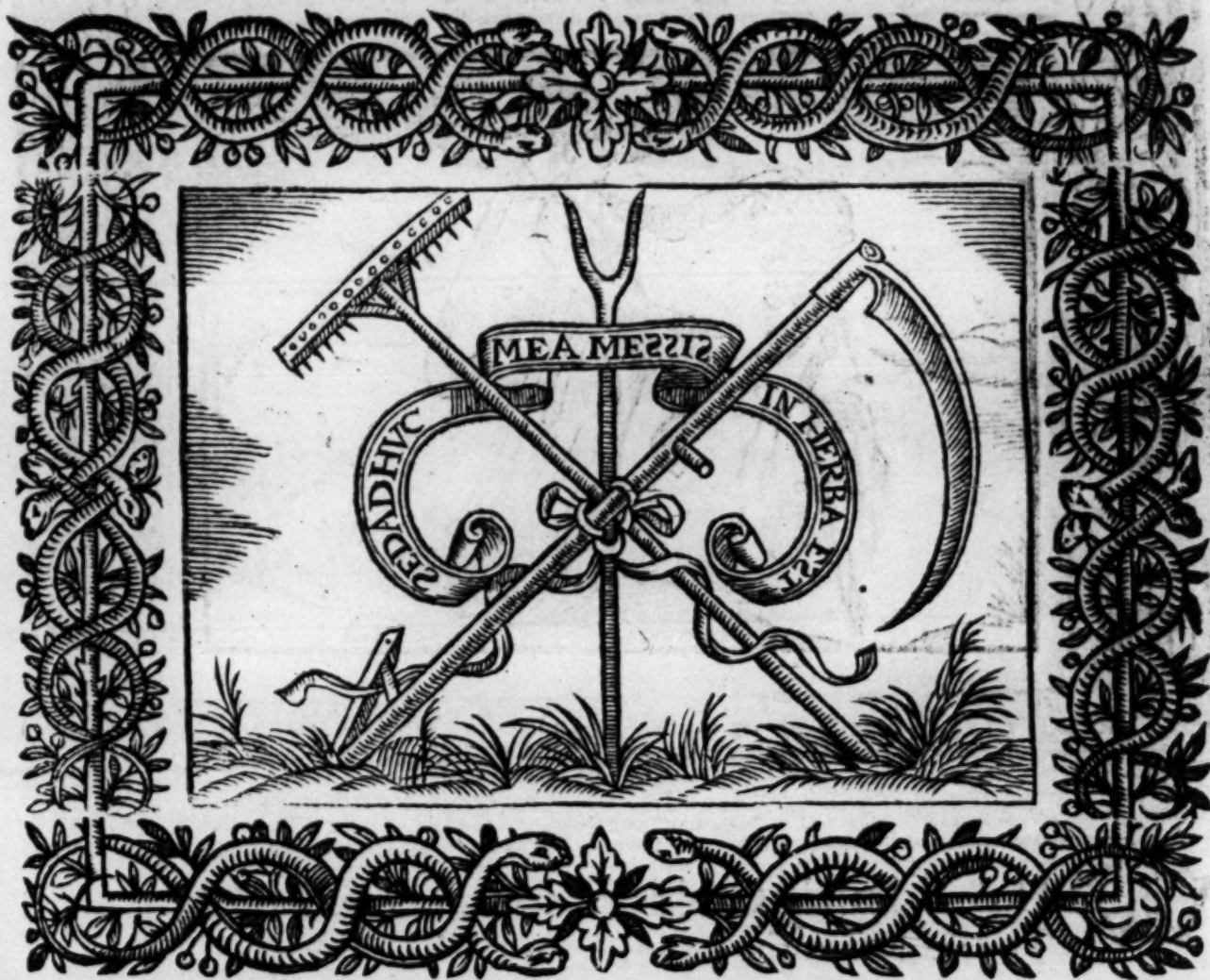
Caf: Ripa per-  
 gino.



*Adhuc*



Ad D . M . L . nobilem quandam Italiam Mediolanensem quinquagenariam , quæ puero vix 15 . annos nato non ita pridem nupsit .  
Iocofum . Pasquini .



**A**DMIRED Ladie , I haue mused oft ,  
In silent night , when you haue beene in bed ,  
With your young husband , wherevpon you thought ,  
Or what conceipt possesse your carefull head ,  
Since he we know , as yet had never seene ,  
His tendrest yeares , amounted to fifteene :

No question but you griued inward much ,  
As doth the Miser , in a backward yeare :  
When others reape , to see your harvest such ,  
And all your hopes , but in their blade appeare :  
Ladie , let henceforth nought disease your rest ,  
For after-crops doe sometime prooue the best .







WHAT lovely Goddesse do mine eies behold?  
 That powers such plentie with her bounteous hand:  
 Her name is *BRYSSVS*, whome the Greekes of old,  
 As Queene of dreames ador'd within their land:  
 Whome if they seru'd, devoutly as they should,  
 They made no doubt, of hauing what they would.

And well may *BRYSSVS*, be a Goddesse thought,  
 So many who with fancies vaine deceiues:  
 Whome when she to fooles Paradice hath brought,  
 For golden Apples, scarce she giues them leaues:  
 To visions vaine, and dreames then take no heede,  
 Which had in Christ, their ending as you reade.

Frischlinus in  
 Persium;

Non augurabimini,  
 non obserua-  
 bitis somnia.  
 Levitic: 19.

Tibullus 34.

Basilic: Doron.

Somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte,  
 Et pavidas mentes falsa timere iubet.

Cerno Deæ effigiem, cuius sed dicito? *BRYSSVS*,  
 Quam numen credunt somnia vana suum:  
 Fundit opes varias. stultos spe lactat inani,  
 Quos bullis ditat craftina lusa dies.

*Libidinis*





**T**HE *Viper* when he doth engender, loe,  
 Thus downe the females throate, doth put his head,  
 Which of she bites, as learned Authours show,  
 And ne're conceiues, before the male be dead:  
 Eke when she forth, her poisonous broode doth send,  
 Her young ones likewise, bring her to her end.

Thrivers: in Apo-  
 theg:

Of Beastly lust, th' effectes herein perceiue,  
 How deadly, and how dangerous they be,  
 Of life and soule, that doe at once bereaue,  
 Turning abundance into beggery:  
 Daughter of Sloth, vile cancker of the mind,  
 Leauing repentance, and foule shame behind.

Saxus criminum stimulus libido est, quæ nunquam manere  
 quietum patitur affectum, nocte ferver, die anhelat.

Bernard: de Abel  
 et Cain.







Ex Epigrammate  
græco vetusto :

**A** WOFULL wretch, that languisht in dispaire,  
Withouten frendes, and meanes of living here,  
A halter tooke, to make an end of care,  
The while beneath hid treasure doth appeare:  
Which to his lot assign'd, by fortunes doome,  
He takes, and leaues his halter in the roome.

The owner after missing of his pelfe,  
For deadly greife, his heapes and hopes were gon,  
The others halter takes, and hanges himselfe:

Fortune thus dallies ever, and anon

O're-swaieng all, with Scepter in her fist,  
And bandieth vs, like balls which way she list.

Fortuna vitrea  
est, cum splendet  
frangitur: Publius







THE *Crocodile* along th' Ægyptian *NILE*,  
 That lurkes to make the passenger his pray,  
 The most of all delightes, to robbe and spoile  
 The Hunny-hiues, were he not kept away  
 By *Saffron* planted, round on every side,  
 Which this flie theife, could never yet abide.

This *Crocodile*, I count the Ghostly foe,  
 Who evermore lies watching, to devoure  
 Our *Hopes* encrease, that in the soule doth grow,  
 Did not the grace divine, this *Saffron* flower  
 (Most wholesome herbe) prevent his deadly spight,  
 And guard the Garden, safely day and night.

Vnde Crocodili  
 nomen habet  
 ὄρεα τὸν κο-  
 κον δειλῶν -  
 i. quod Crocum  
 maxime timeat,  
 Nam Apiarij in  
 Ægypto (teste  
 Plinio,) circum  
 alvearia Crocum  
 conserunt ne a  
 prædone isto di-  
 ripiantur:







**W**HEN as *TIBERIVS CÆSAR* past along  
 The streetes of *Rome*, by chaunce he did espie  
 A Lazar poore, who there amid the throng,  
 Did full of sores, and loathsome vlcers lie,  
 About the which, so busie was the flie:  
 That moou'd with pittie, *CÆSAR* willed some,  
 Stand by to kill them, as they saw them come.

Whereat the wretch, did suddainely replie,  
 These flies are full, pray let them yet alone,  
 For being kill'd, a fresher companie,  
 More hunger pinch'd, would bite me to the bone:

So when the wealthy Iudge, is dead and gone:  
 Some starued one succedes, who \* biteth more,  
 A thousand times, then did the full before.

\* Caninum legis  
 studium dixit.  
*Columella lib: 1.*

Quæmadmodum  
 vis morborum  
 pretia medenti-  
 bus, sic fori tabes  
 pecuniam advo-  
 cati fert. *Tacitus*  
*Annal: 11.*



22222222

Silentij





**L**OE *SOLO*N here th' Athenian sage doth stand,  
The glorie of all *GRECIA* to this day,  
With courage bold who taketh knife in hand,  
And with the same, doth cut his tongue away:  
But being ask'd of some, the reason why,  
By writing thus he answer'd by and by.

Oft haue I heard, that many haue sustained,  
Much losse by talke, and lavishnes of tongue,  
Of silence never any yet complained,  
Or could say iustly, it had done him wrong:  
Who knowes to speake, and when to hold his peace,  
Findes fewest daungers, and liues best at ease.



*Angerona Dea  
præses silentij a-  
pud Romanos,  
obsignato ore a-  
tiquitus efficta est*

*Res omnium dif-  
ficillima silere et  
audire: Gellius  
lib: 1.*

*Quingennium si-  
lentium in Pytha-  
goræ schola quæ  
ἡμεθισία vo-  
cabant, teste La-  
ertio indicabatur.  
Laertius lib: 22.*





THE husbandman, laid sometime to his vine,  
 To make it beare, the donge of sundry beastes,  
 Whose virtue since, hath quite possesst the wine,  
 As may appeare, at many drunken feastes:  
 One \* Lion-like, doth quarrell with his host,  
 Stares, sweares, breakes windowes, or behacks the post.

\* Vina dabant a-  
 nimos --- Ovid:  
 Metam: 12.

---geminata libi-  
 dine surgit ibidem.

\* ---Affigit humo  
 divina particulā  
 auræ. Horat: lib:  
 Serm: 2. Satyr: 2

Ape-like you see, the second merry still,  
 Or whot with lust, he never thinkes of sleepe:  
 Another \* swinish, feeles his stomach ill:  
 The fourth is soft; and simple as the sheepe:  
 A Romane sage, did sometime thus expresse,  
 In brieft th' effectes, of loathsome Drunkenes.







A MID the wanes, a mightie Rock doth stand,  
Whose ruggie brow, had bidden many a shower,  
And bitter storme; which neither sea, nor land,  
Nor *IOVES* sharpe-lightening ever could devoure:  
This fame is *MANLIE CONSTANCIE* of mind,  
Not easly moou'd, with every blast of wind.

Neere which you see, a goodly ship to drowne,  
Herewith bright flaming in a pitteous fire:  
This is *OPINION*, tossed vp and downe,  
Whose Pilot's *PRIDE*, & Steeresman *VAINE DESIRE*,  
Those flames *HOT PASSIONS*, & the *WORLD* the sea,  
God blesse the man, that's carried thus away.

Vide Lipsium de  
Constantia.







**W**HILE gentle *Zephire*, warmes the tender spring,  
 And *Flora* glads all creatures at her sight:  
 The *Almond-trees*, ere any leaues they bring,  
 Vnfold their pride, their blossomes red and white:  
 But withered soone, vnto the ground they fall,  
 Or yeild their fruite, the least and last of all.

So many children in their tender yeares,  
 Doe promise much by towardlines of wit,  
 From such, yet seldome any fruite appeares:  
 When as some plodder, that below doth sit,  
 Of whome both frendes, and maister did dispaire,  
 As hindmost hound doth soonest catch the Hare.







**B**Y rash attempt, who iniures mightie men,  
Or by base deede, incurres the Princes Ire,  
Doth often wish, it were to doe agen,  
And that his hand, perhaps were in the fire,  
That fought against him, or with Libell base,  
Sedition sow'd, or slaunder in disgrace.

For as this Engine, where the same doth light,  
Like *IOVE'S* swift-thunder, merciles it strikes,  
And by the roote, rends vp rebellion quite:  
The wiser man, will then aware the pikes,  
And frame himselfe, to liue without offence,  
First \* God to serue, and afterwarde his Prince.

Principes non ir-  
ritados. Proverb:  
25. 15.

\* Let the first  
care, be of God,  
& divine thinges.  
*Arist: politie: 7.*  
*Cap: 8.*







**T**HE Monuments that mightie Monarches reare,  
*COLOSSO'S* statües, and Pyramids high,  
 In tract of time, doe moulder downe and weare,  
 Ne leaue they any little memorie,  
 The Passenger may warned be to say,  
 They had their being here, another day.

*Scindetur vestes,  
 geminae frangen-  
 tur et aurum,  
 Carmina quem  
 tribuent fama  
 perennis erit:  
 Ovid: Amor: E-  
 leg: 10.*

But wise wordes taught, in numbers sweete to runne,  
 Preserued by the liuing Muse for aie,  
 Shall still abide, when date of these is done,  
 Nor ever shall by Time be worne away:  
 Time, Tyrants, Envie, World assay thy worst,  
 Ere *HOMER* die, thou shalt be "fired first.

*"Exitio terras  
 cum dabit vna  
 dies. Ovid:*

*Ovid: Eleg: ultim:*

*Ergo cum silices, cum dens patiat aratri  
 Depereant ævo, carmina morte carent,  
 Cedant carminibus Reges, Regumque Triumphi,  
 Cedat et auriferi ripa beata Tagi.*





THE Monarches good, that doe deserue the name  
Of "Countrie Parents, by their loue and care  
Of common-wealth, and to defend the same  
From publicque harmes, by wise foresight, prepare:

\* By louing heartes, are guarded surer farre,  
Then some vnweldie *SWITZE*, or *IANIZAR*.

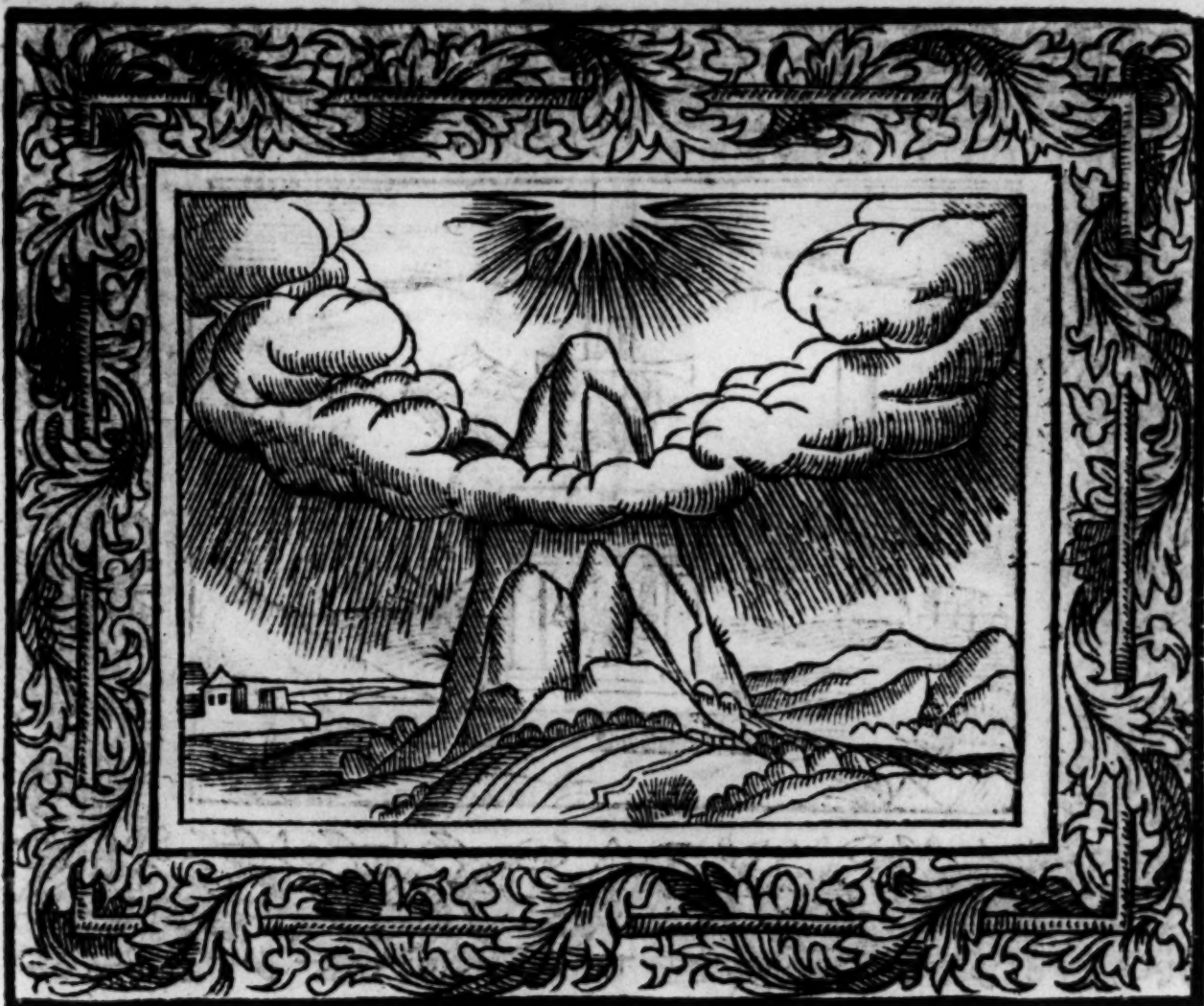
*HENRY* this once, thy Royall Imprese stood,  
To shew, thy foe should find thee readie prest,  
For Church, and Country, to dispend thy bloud,  
When daunger, or occasion did request,  
And further, though the Trumpet sterne did cease,  
Thus evermore, to goe prepar'd in *PEACE*.

" Patres Patrie

\* Non sic exu-  
bit, nec circum-  
stantia tela, quam  
tutatur amor.  
Clandio: ad henry.







**T**HE godly mind, that hath so oft affaid,  
 The perils that our frailtie here amate,  
 Through heauenly wisdom, is no more afraid  
 Of Fortunes frowne, and bitter blastes of Fate:  
 For though in vale of woes, her dwelling be,  
 Her nobler part's aboue vntouch't and free.

For mortall thinges doe find their change below,  
 And nought can here defend vs from the shower,  
 Now greatest windes doe threate our overthrow,  
 Our golden morne anon begins to lowre:  
 And while our hopes, are yet but in their sap,  
 Their buds are blasted by the Thunderclap.







**T**HE Common-wealth, whose Base is firmly laid  
 On evenest ground, of Iustice and the right,  
 By time or chaunge, in vaine we see assaide,  
 But where affection overswaies with might:  
 Confusion there, all vnto havock bringes,  
 And vndermines, the thrones of mightiest Kinges.

The Imprese of  
 King Stephen.

Our English *STEPHEN*, did take vnto him this  
 Faire falling Plume, resembling best of all,  
 The new establsht government of his,  
 Whereas each feather keeps his ranck and fall:  
 So should that state, (let Fortune doe her worst,)  
 As faire, and firme, as ever at the first.



His





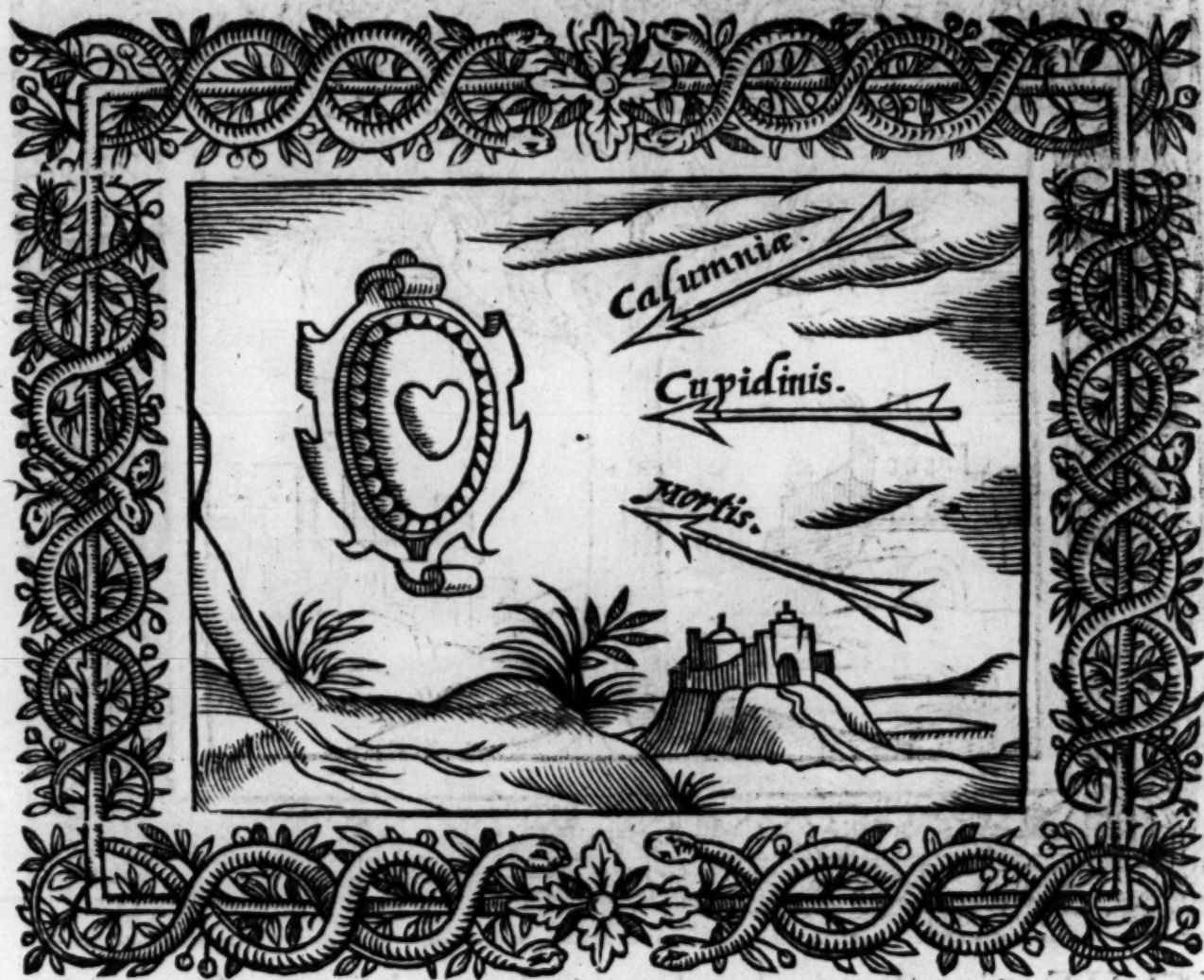
**T**HE valiant mind, whome nothing can dismay,  
 The losse of frendes, of goods, or long exile  
 From natiue countrie, perils on the Sea,  
 Night-watchings, hunger, thirst, and howerly toile,  
 Takes courage, and the same abideth fast,  
 With resolution, even vnto the last.

Such shew'd himsef, *ÆNEAS* vnto those  
 Of his poore remnant; on the *Tyrrhene Seas*;  
 When even dispaire, their eies began to close,  
 \* We greater brutes, haue borne (quoth he) then these:  
 And God, (my Mates,) when he shall please will send,  
 Vnto our greatest miseries an end.

\* O passi graviora  
 Deus dabit his  
 quoque finem.  
*Virgil: Æneid: 2.*







**W**H O striues to keepe a heart and conscience pure ,  
 Devoide of vice , and inward guilt of Sinne :  
 Is guarded by his Innocence more sure ,  
 And witnesse of an honest mind within ,  
 Then if he were in compleate armour clad ,  
 \* Or Bow and quiver of the Moore he had .

For Innocence resembled by the *WHITE* ,  
 And manly courage by the constant heart ,  
 Way not a straw the force of *SLAYNDERS* might ,  
*DEATHES* Ebone shaft , or *CVPIDS* golden dart :  
 When , whome Affection , or their guilt doe wound ,  
 Even at the first , are stricken to the ground .

\* Integer vitæ  
 scelerisque purus  
*Horatius .*







Plini: in Histor:  
natural:

**T**HE *Cipresse tree*, the more with weight opprest,  
The more (they say) the braunch will vpward shoort,  
And since the bodie doth resemble best,  
A Columnne strong and stately from the roote:  
The Auntients would, it should the Imprese be,  
Of Resolution, and true Constancie.

Though Fortune frowne, and doe her worst to bend,  
Th' vndaunted spirit with her wearie weight,  
His vertue yet, doth ever vpward tend,  
And he himselfe, standes irremooued streight,  
Laughing to scorne, the paper blastes of Fate,  
That would remooue, or vndermine his state.

Excelsus animus  
non movetur mi-  
nis, aut Fortunæ  
sæuentis procel-  
lis. Seneca.







**R**ICH *NAV PALVS*, hath secretly convaide,  
 Our English fleece so long beyond the sea,  
 That not for wit, but for his wealth tis said,  
 Hee's thence return'd a worthy Knight awaie,  
 And brought vs back, beades, Hobbie-horses, boxes,  
 Fannes, Windmills, Ratles, Apes, and tailes of Foxes.

And now like *IASON*, vp and downe he goes,  
 As if he had th' *Hesperian Dragon* flaine,  
 And equaliz'd in worth, those old Heroe's,  
 That in the *ARGO* cut the Grecian maine:  
 Honour thou didst, but doe his valour right,  
 When of the fleece, thou dubbest him a Knight.

Vellera divendit Belgis laudata Britannum,  
 Sed nugas referens *NAV PLVS* inde domum:  
 Vellere factus eques, volitat novus alter *IASON*  
 Vilescit (rides) velleris ordo nimis.

*Basilic: Doron.*





Ovid: Metam: 10

I MVCH did muse, why *Venus* could not brooke,  
 The savadge Boare, and Lion cruell feirce,  
 Since Kinges and Princes, haue such pleasure tooke  
 In hunting: haply cause a Boare did peirce  
 Her *Adon* faire, who better lik't the sport,  
 Then spend his daies, in wanton pleasures court.

Which fiction though devisd by Poets braine,  
 It signifies vnto the Reader this;  
 Such exercise Loue will not entertaine,  
 Who liketh best, to liue in Idlenes:  
 The foe to vertue, Cancker of the wit,  
 That brings a thousand miseries with it.

\* Adonis.

Exosos Veneri lepores mirare fugaces,  
 Siluestres ceruos, setigerumque genus?  
 Ex animis cecidit vel quod \* Cynareius Heros,  
 Aut his quod non sit lusibus aptus amor.

Zelus



To my Father, Mr. Henry Peacham, of Leverton in  
Holland, in the Countie of Linc:



WITH Breast inflam'd, and longing heartes desire,  
Thus winged Zeale, to heauen-ward castes her eie:  
And loathing what the world doth most admire,  
Vpborne by Faith, ascendes aboue the skie:  
Whereby Oh God, thy misteries we learne,  
And all beyond, our reasons fight discern.

And as the *Hart* embos't, doth long to tast  
The pearly-trickling streame, or Christall fount,  
Even so the soule, by Sinne pursu'de and chaf'd,  
Thee, thee, (oh Lord) desires, who dost surmount  
All treasures, pleasures, which we here possesse,  
The summe and substance, of our happines.

Nullum omnipotenti Deo tale est sacrificium, quale est zelus animarum. *Gregor: Homile 12 in Ezechiel:*

Animi acrimonia cum ad Pietatem accesserit, zelum parit, zelus  
autem fidei præsidium est.

*Naxianzen: gram 23.*





There is more  
pride, vnder one  
of their black  
Bonnets, the vn-  
der Alexanders  
Diademe. King  
James in his Bisi-  
licon Doron :

Earle Gourie  
one of the grea-  
test Puritanes of  
his time in Scot-  
land, in his tra-  
uailes thorough  
Fraunce and Ita-  
lie, vsed with his  
Diamond, ( for  
the most part ) to  
draw in his Cha-  
ber windowe, a  
man in armour,  
with a Sword in  
his right hand,  
pointing towards  
a Crowne, adding  
this or the like  
word, *Te solum*,  
which yet reaines  
in many places to  
be seene, what  
he meant hereby  
it might easily  
haue bin ghesed.

\* Paritas confusi-  
onis mater. Au-  
gust:

V P O N a Crowne with pretious Iemmes beset,  
Say what's the reason thus a hat we see,  
Since Diadem's of Princes ever yet,  
From base controule, haue beene exempt and free:  
There is a sect, whome *PURITANS* they call,  
Whose pride this Figure fitteth best of all.

Not such I meane, as are of Faith sincere,  
And to doe good endeavour all they can,  
Would all the world of their religion were,  
We taxe th' aspiring factious Puritan:  
Whose \* Paritie, doth worst confusion bring,  
And Pride presumes to overlooke his King.

*in this he  
shows his  
flattering  
folly &  
atheism,  
as well  
as falshood.*







**D**EATH meeting once, with *CVPID* in an Inne,  
 Where roome was scant, together both they lay.  
 Both wearie, (for they roving both had beene,)  
 Now on the morrow when they should away,  
*CVPID* Death's quiver at his back had throwne,  
 And *DEATH* tooke *CVPID*'S, thinking it his owne.

Hoc idem habet  
 Whitnæus in  
 Embl: quod bona  
 cum illius venia  
 ab Authore etiam  
 mutuatus sum.

By this o're-sight, it shortly came to passe,  
 That young men died, who readie were to wed:  
 And age did revell with his bonny-lasse,  
 Composing girlonds for his hoarie head:  
 Invert not Nature, oh ye Powers twaine,  
 Giue *CVPID*'S dartes, and *DEATH* take thine againe.



Latet



armis  
Herculis ad postē  
fixis latet abditus  
agro. Horat:



**T**HE valiant mind that once had most delight,  
By sea and land to make his prowesse knowne,  
And in defence of King, and countries right,  
So much his valour, and his vertue showne,  
Some wished port, doth at the last desire,  
And home whereto in age he may retire.

For infinite's the summe of world affaires,  
\* Nor new, nor straunge, that doe afflict the mind,  
And shew before the day our silver haires,  
Yea even before we can experience find:  
That frailest man, by course of nature dies,  
\* Even at his first beginning to be wise.

\* Nihil novū sub  
Sole. Salomon in  
Ecclesiaste.

Γηράσκω δ' αἰεὶ  
πολλὰ διδάσκω-  
μεν. Solon.







**S**AY *Cytharaan* maid, why with thy sonne,  
 Both handes and feete thou warmest at the fire?  
 Who wont your selues, t'enkindle many a one,  
 With gentle flames, of kindly loues desire:  
 I ghesse cause *BACCHVS* is not present heere,  
 With mirthfull wine, nor *CERES* with her cheere.

Where Temp'rance and Sobrietie do raigne,  
 There lustfull vice, and pleasure frozen are:  
 And vertue best, there liketh to remaine;  
 When often times th' effectes of daintie fare,  
 And drunken healthes, are quarrelles and debate,  
 Blaspheming, whoredome, oathes and deadlie hate.





To the no lesse vertuous then faire, Mrs. Anne Dudleie.

*è l' nuda DIANA.*

Anna Dudleia.

Anagramma.



**D** IANA chaste, doth eagerly pursue  
 With swiftest houndes, the airy-footed Stagge:  
 And while they keepe, the merry chase in view,  
 The woodes with Eccho's thundring, Loue doth lagge  
 Behind the thickets, and with arrow keene,  
 Doth lie in waite, to wound this maiden Queene.

But all in vaine he doth his shaftes bestow,  
 For Labour did this Goddesse faire defend,  
 And sau'd her harmelesse from his deadly bow,  
 And pois'nous dartes: so if thou dost intend,  
 To overcome the force of *Cupids* might,  
 Flie Idlenesse, and then he leaues thee streight.





**T**HE gentle Merlion, wearied long with flight,  
While on the spray in shadie grove she sleepes,  
With tender foote, a Larke she holdeth light,  
Which till the morning carefully she keepes,  
Then lets it goe, and least she should that day  
Præie on the same, she flies another way.

Such thanckfullnes in bird and beast we find,  
By Natures first instinct obserued still,  
When worser, man in benefits is blind,  
Nay oftentimes, for good will render ill:  
And rather seeke ingratefully his blood,  
That sau'd his life, or daily gaue him foode.

*Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit  
Servitium, nunquam libertas gratior extat,  
Quam sub Rege pio ---*

*Claudian 1. Still-  
com.*





**B** ID now my Muse, thy lighter taske adieu,  
As shaken blossome of a better fruite,  
And with *VRANIA* thy Creator view,  
To sing of him, or evermore be mute:  
Let muddy Lake, delight the sensuall thought,  
Loath thou the earth, and lift thy selfe aloft.

Repent not (though) thy time so idly spent,  
The cunning'st Artist ere he can, (we see)  
Some rarest Modell bring to his Intent,  
Much heweth off in Superfluitie:  
And many a pretious hower, I know is lost,  
Ere ought is wrought to countervail the cost.







**S**O quicke of sense as hath experience taught,  
 The *Tortoise* liues within her armed shell,  
 That if wee lay the lightest straw aloft,  
 Or touch that Castle wherein she doth dwell,  
 Shée fees the same and quickly doth retire,  
 A worke of Nature we do most admire,

So many men are in their Nature prone,  
 To make the worst of matters vaine and light,  
 And for a straw will take occasion,  
 In choller mou'd to quarrell and to fight,  
 Then meddle thou the least for feare of wrong,  
 But most of all beware a lavish tongue.







**W**HAT shall we doe? now tell me gentle Muse,  
 For we welnigh haue finished our taske,  
 Thy tender hand could never Mattock vse,  
 Full well I wot, nor canst thou humblie aske  
 At greatnes gate, or for reversiones sue,  
 As beggars, and the basely minded doe.

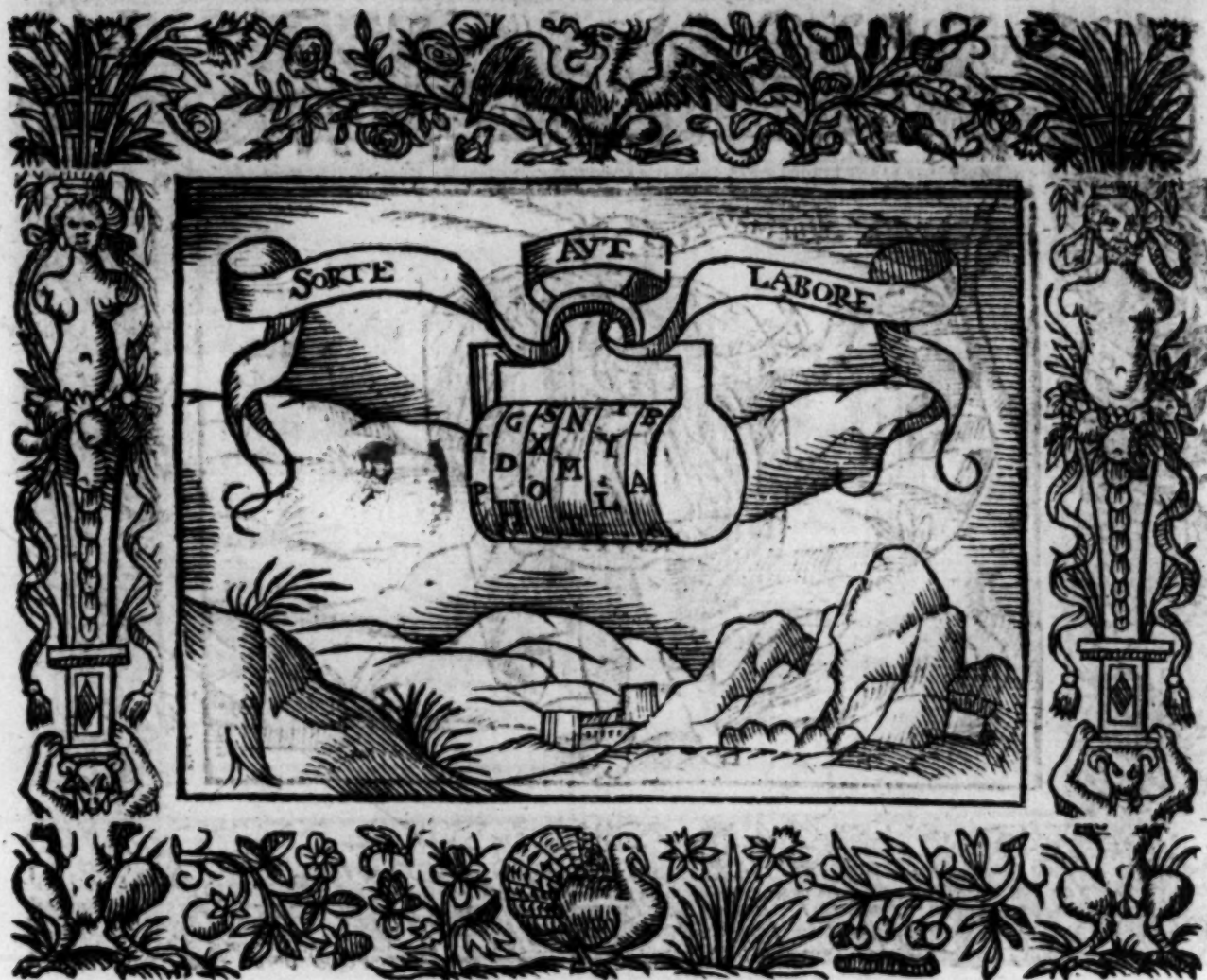
Desire of God but this, when thou art old,  
 To haue a home, and somewhat of thine owne,  
 To keepe thy selfe from hunger and the cold,  
 And where thou maiest in quiet sing alone:  
 For thinke it hell, \* to liue as bird in cage,  
 At others cur'sie, in thy latter age.

\* Alterius non sit  
 qui suus esse po-  
 test: frequens Pa-  
 racello dictum.

Sensca in oblat:

Bene paupertas humili tecto contecta latet,  
 Quatiunt alta saepe procellae,  
 Aut evertit fortuna Domos.





**I** F neither art, by birth, nor fortune blest,  
 With meanes to liue, or answere thy desire,  
 With cheerefull heart, on labour set thy rest,  
 To bring to passe the thing thou dost require,  
 For lot, or labour, must our calling giue,  
 And find the word, that all doe seeke, *TO LIVE*.

Though thousands haue beene raised by their frendes,  
 By death, by dowries, even when least they thought,  
 The Lord a blessing, still to labour sendes,  
 When lightly come, doth lightly goe as oft:  
 And goodes ill got, by vse, and wicked gaine,  
 Doe seldome to the second heire remaine.







**T**HERE was in Rome a goodlie statue fram'd  
 Of youthfull hew, arraied all in greene,  
 Which of the people was *TRUE-FRIENDSHIP* nam'd:  
*Winter and Sommer*, on his brow were scene:  
 Within his breast, his heart did plaine appeare,  
 Whereon these wordes were written, *FARRE*, and *NEERE*.

Vpon his skirt, stooode *LIFE* and *DEATH* below,  
 To testifie in life and death his loue,  
 That farre and neere, with open heart do show,  
 Nor place, nor space, true frendship should remoue:

\* *Winter and sommer*, whatsoever came,  
 In faire or foule, we should be still the same.

\* Delicata est Amicitia quæ amicorum felicitatē sequitur: Hieron: super Mich: Prophetam.

Hesiod:

Μηδὲ πολὺ ζείνων μὴ τ' ἀζείνων καλῶς δρῶ

Hieron: in Epist: ad Ruffinum.

Obsecro te ne amicum qui diu quaritur, vix invenitur, difficile servatur, pariter cum oculis, mente amittas.

Nulli



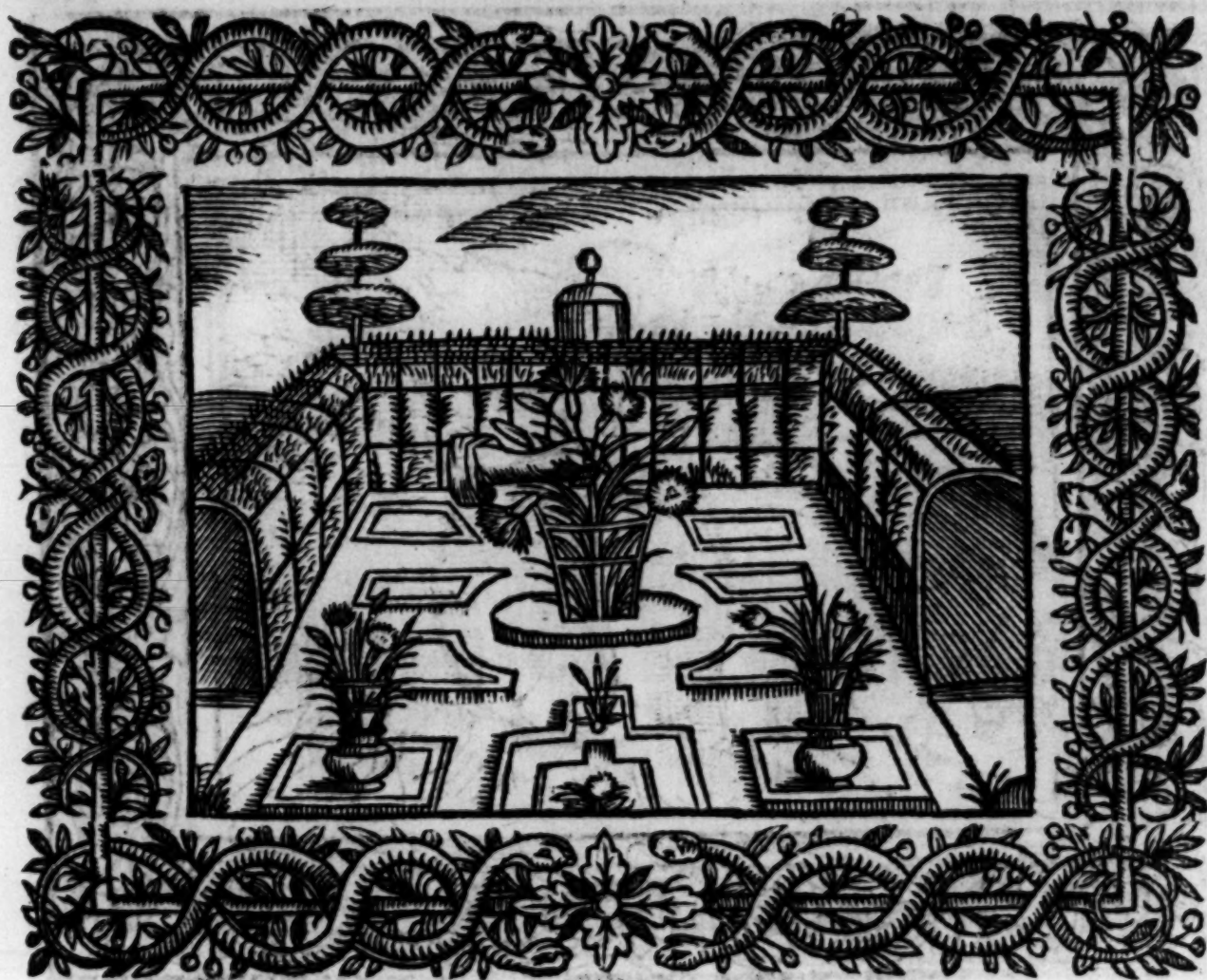


A SHADIE Wood, pourtraicted to the sight,  
 With vncouth pathes, and hidden waies vnknowne:  
 Resembling CHAOS, or the hideous night,  
 Or those sad Groues, by banke of ACHERON  
 With banefull *Ewe*, and *Ebon* overgrowne:  
 Whose thickest boughes, and inmost entries are  
 Not peirceable, to power of any starre.

Thy Imprese *SILVIVS*, late I did devise,  
 To warne the what (if not) thou oughtst to be,  
 Thus inward close, vnsearch'd with outward eies,  
 With thousand angles, light should never see:  
 For fooles that most are open-hearted free,  
 Vnto the world, their weakenes doe bewray,  
 And to the net, the first themselues betray.





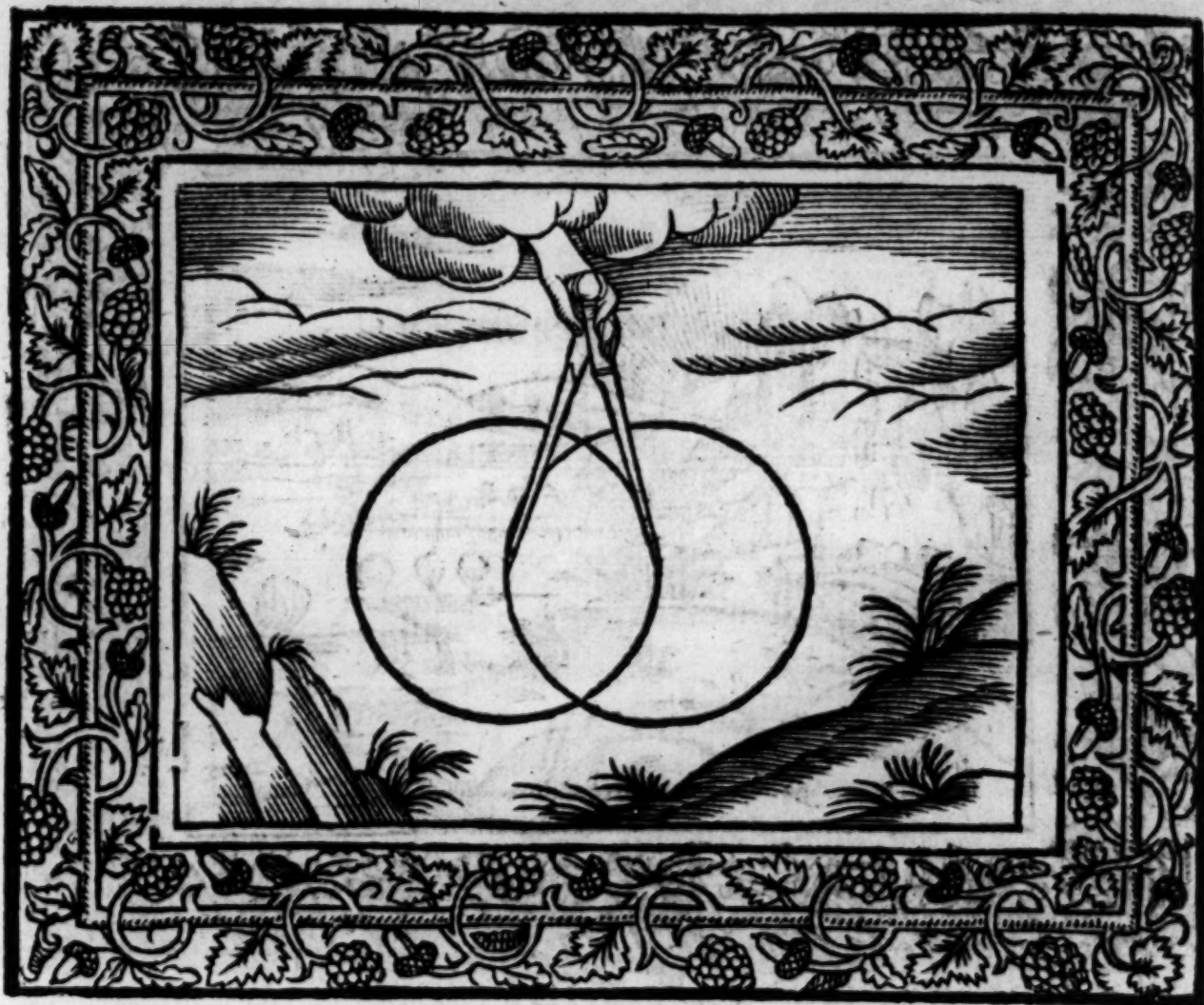


**A** GARDEN thinke this spacious world to be,  
 Where thou by God the owners leaue dost walke,  
 And art allow'd in all varietie,  
 One only flower to crop from tender stalke,  
 (As thou thinkst good) for beautie or the sinell,  
 Or some one else, whose beautie doth excell.

This only flower, is some one calling fit,  
 And honest course wherein to leade thy life,  
 Thy selfe applieng carefully to it,  
 Or else the heedie choosing of thy wise:  
 Wherein thou wisely dost thy selfe preferre,  
 Or to thy ruine ever after, erre.







**E** XESSE we loath, of want we most complaine,  
 The golden meane we prooue to be the best,  
 Let idle fits refresh thy daylie paine,  
 And with some Labour exercise thy rest,  
 For overmuch of either, duls the spright,  
 And robs our life, of comfort and delight.

If that thou wouldst acquaint thee with the Muse,  
 Withdraw thy selfe, and be thou least alone,  
 Even when alone, as *SOLO* oft did vse,  
 For no such frend to Contemplation,  
 And our sweete studies, as the private life,  
 Remote from Citie, and the vulgar strife.







**W** *E R T* thou thy life at libertie to choose,  
 And as thy birth, so hadst thy beeing free,  
 The Citie thou shouldst bid adieu, my Muse,  
 And from her streetes, as her infection flee:  
 Where *CH A O S* and *C O N F U S I O N* wee see,  
 Aswell of language, as of differing heartes,  
 A bodie severed in a thousand parts.

\* A wood neere  
 Athens, wherein  
 the Phylosophers  
 vsed to studie.

Thy solitarie \* Academe should be  
 Some shadie groue, vpon the *T H A M E S* faire side,  
 Such as we may neere princely *R I C H M O N D* see,  
 Or where a long doth siluer *S E V E R N E* slide,  
 Or *A V O N* courtes, faire *F L O R A* in her pride:  
 There shouldst thou sit at long desired rest,  
 And thinke thy selfe, aboue a Monarch blest,



There



There moughtst thou sing thy sweete Creators praise,  
 And turne at quiet ore some holy booke;  
 Or tune the Accent of thy harmelesse laies  
 Vnto the murmur of the gentle brooke:  
 Whiles round about thy greedy eie doth looke,  
 Obseruing \* wonders in some flower by,  
 This bent, that leafe, this worme, that butterflie.

\* τὸ ὀλίγον  
 in re minima esse  
 pulchre dixit.  
 Aristoteles.

Where mightst thou view at full the Hemisphære  
 On some faire Mountaine, in a Summers night,  
 In spangles there embrauded is the \* BEARE,  
 And here the FISH, there THESEVS \* louer bright,  
 The watry HYADS, here deceiue our sight,  
 ERIDANOS, and there ORION bound,  
 Another way the silver SWANNE is found.

\* Vrsu maior aut  
 minor.

\* Ariadne.

Or wouldst thou Musick to delight thine care,  
 Step but aside into the neighbour spring,  
 Thou shalt a thousand wing'd Musicians heare,  
 Each praising in his kind the heauenly King:  
 Here PHILOMEL, doth her shrill TREBLE sing,  
 The THRUSH a TENOR, off a little space,  
 Some matelesse DOVE, doth murmur out the BASE.

Geometry or wishest thou to learne,  
 Obserue the Mill, the Crane, or Country Cart,  
 Wherein with pleasure, soone thou shalt discerne  
 The groundes, and vse of this admired Art,  
 The rules of NUMBRING, for the greatest part,  
 As they were first devis'd by Country Swaines,  
 So still the Art with them entire remaines.

If lou'st thy health, preferre the Country Aire,  
 Thy Garden fore the Pothecaries shoppe,  
 Where wholesome herbes, shall it at full repaire,  
 Before a Quint'sence, or an oily droppe:  
 There groweth the Balme, there shooteth Endiue vp:  
 Here Peonie for th' Epilepsie good,  
 There Dill, and Hysope, best to chace the bloud.



The cooling *Sorrell*, and the *Perslie* whot,  
 The *Smallage*, for a bruise, or swelling best,  
 The *Mercurie*, the formost in the Pot,  
 The *Lavander*, beloued for the Chest,  
 The *Costmarie*, to entertaine the guest,  
 The *Rosemarie*, and *Fenel*, seldome set,  
 The lowlie *Daisie*, and sweete *Violet*.

Nor Princes richest *Arras* may compare  
 With some small plot, where Natures skill is shoven,  
 Perfuming sweetely all the neighbour aire,  
 While thousand cullors in a night are blowne:  
 Here's a light *Crimson*, there a deeper one,  
 A Maidens blush, here *Purples*, there a white,  
 Then all commingled for our more delight.

Withall (as in some rare limn'd booke) we find,  
 Here, painted Lectures of Gods sacred will,  
 The *Daisie*, teacheth lowlines of mind,  
 The *Camomill*, we should be patient still,  
 The *Rue*, our hate of vices poison ill,  
 The *Woodbine*, that we should our frendship hold,  
 Our Hope, the *Sav'rie*, in the bitterst cold.

Yet loue the Citie, as the kindly Nurse  
 Of all good Artes, and faire Civillitie:  
 Where though wi' good, be intermix't the worse,  
 That most disturbe our sweete Tranquillitie:  
 Content thy selfe, till thine Abillitie,  
 And better hap, shall answer thy desire,  
 \* But Muse beware, least we too high aspire.

\* Vivetibi, et  
 longe nomina  
 magna fuge:  
 Ovid: 1 Trist 4.







**T**HE Poets faigne, *IOVE* to haue beene with child,  
 But very straunge, conceiu'd within his head,  
 And knowing not, his burthen how to yeeld,  
 Lo! *MVLCIBER* doth bring the God abed,  
 By cutting with an Axe, his skull in two,  
 When issueth *PALLAS* forth, with much adoe.

By *PALLAS*, is all heavenly wisdome ment,  
 Which not from Nature, and our selues proceedes,  
 But is from God, immediately sent,  
 (For in our selues, how little goodnes breeds)  
 That threefold power of the Soule againe  
 Resembling God, resideth in our braine.

Some wits of men, so dull and barren are,  
 That without helpe of Art, no fruite they bring,  
 Whose Midwife must be toile, and endlesse care,  
 And Constancie, effecting every thing:  
 And those who wanting Eloquence, are mute,  
 Some other way like *IOVE*, must find their fruite.

Divina





**T** HE greedie Eagle here, vpon the tree,  
*PROMETHEVS* heart with teene doth præy vpon,

when the Oake's  
 downe, every one  
 gathers stickes.  
*Schol: Theocrit:*

Minimum debet  
 libere, cui nimi-  
 um libet. *Seneca*  
*in Troad:*

\* Ignoscendo  
 auxit magnitudi-  
 nem pop: Roma-  
 nus. *Salust:*

\* Severitas amit-  
 tit assiduitate au-  
 thoritatem. *Seneca*  
*de Clementia.*

*Seneca in Octavio.*

But this example doth admonish thee  
 On wretches poore to haue compassion:

To pitie those, on whome doth fortune frowne,  
 And Tyrant-like, not more to crush them downe.

This pleaseth God, this Pietie commaundes,  
 Nature, and Reason, \* bids vs doe the like,  
 Yea though our foes, doe fall into our handes,  
 Wee should \* haue mercie, not in malice strike:  
 Who helps the sick, and pities the oppressed,  
 He liues to God, and doubtlesse dieth blessed.

Pulchrum est cminere inter illustres viros,  
 Consulere patriæ, parcere afflictis,  
 Fera cæde abstulere, tempus atque iræ dare;  
 Orbi quietem, Sæculo pacem suo,  
 Hæc summa viros, petitur hac Cœlum via.

*Homo*





**H**E ARE what's the reason why a man we call  
 A little world? and what the wiser ment  
 By this new name? two lights Cœlestiall  
 Are in his head, as in the Element:  
 Eke as the wearied Sunne at night is spent,  
 So seemeth but the life of man a day,  
 At morne hce's borne, at night he flits away.

Of heate and cold as is the Aire composed,  
 So likewise man we see breath's whot and cold,  
 His bodie's earthy: in his lunges inclosed,  
 Remaines the Aire: his braine doth moisture hold,  
 His heart and liver, doe the heate infold:  
 Of Earth, Fire, Water, Man thus framed is,  
 Of Elements the threefold Qualities.



D d r.

And



And as we fitly *INFANCIE* compare  
 Vnto the *SPRING*, so *YOUTH* we liken may  
 To lazie *SUMMER*, whot devoid of care:  
 His middle Age to *AVTUMNE*, his decay  
 To *WINTER*, snowie white, and frostie gray,  
 For then his vigor failes, his heate is cold,  
 And like the saplesse Oake he dieth old.

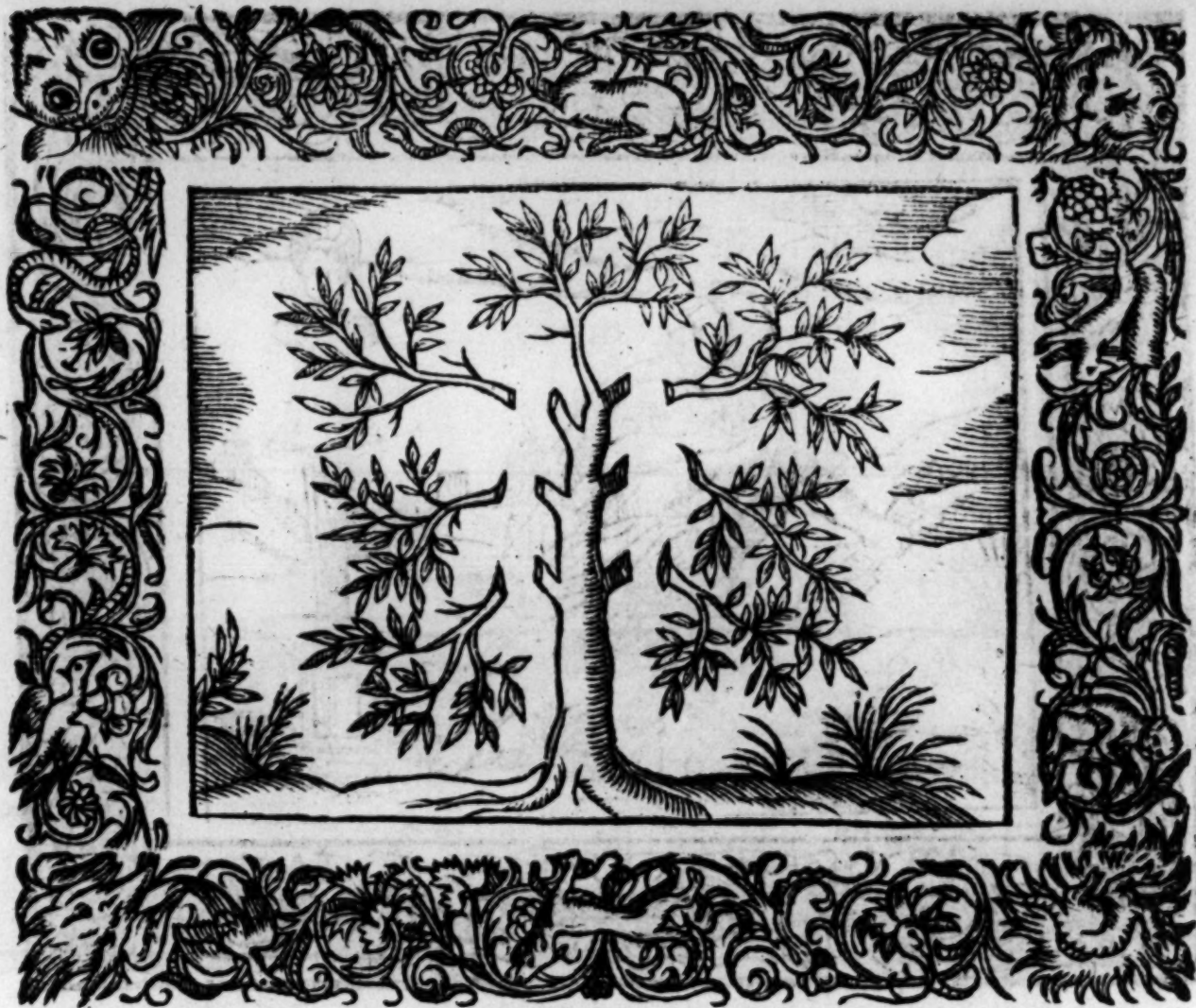
*Vini natura.*



**B**EST *BACCHVS* Ivie thy faire brow befits,  
 Thy winges withall, that proud *Gorgonean* horse:  
 Because thou addest vigor to our wits,  
 Heate to our blood, vnto our bodie force:  
 Mirth to our heartes, vnto the dullard spright  
 A quick Invention, to the Sence delight.







**T**HE Husband good, that by experience knowes,  
 With cunning skill, to prune, and when to plant,  
 Must lop the Tree where ranck abundance growes,  
 Aswell as helpe the barren in her want:  
 Else happilie, when Summer season's past,  
 With leaues he may goe satisfie his tast.  
 Even so the wit, that ranckly doth abound,  
 With many fancies but it selfe deceiues:  
 And while it seemes in sundry Artes profound,  
 In no one good it's fruitfull, but in leaues:  
 Then some one calling choose, whence good may growe,  
 And let the rest, as \* needelesse branches goe.

\* Vellem in Ado-  
 lescente quod i-  
 putem. Cicero de  
 Oratore.







Symboli fuit E-  
rasmi Roteroda-  
mi quod licet  
Crambe a Poetis  
nostris toties re-  
petitum, illius  
postremo memo-  
ria dedico conse-  
croque.

A PILLAR high, erected was of stone,  
In former times, which *TERMINVS* they nam'd:  
And was esteem'd, a God of every one:  
The vpper part, was like a woman fram'd,  
Of comely feature downe vnto the brest,  
Of Marble hard a Pillar was the rest.

Which when *IOVE* passed by, with sterne aspect,  
He bad this God remooue, and get him gone,  
But *TERMINVS* as stoutly did neglect  
His heste, and answer'd, I giue place to none:  
I am the bound of thinges, which God about  
Hath fixt, and none is able to remooue.

Varro.



Fortuna





**H**EERE Povertie, doth conquered Fortune bind,  
 And vnder keepes, like *HERCVLES* in aw,  
 The meaning is, the wise and valiant mind,  
 In Povertie esteemes not Fate a straw:

\* And though a while this angry Goddesse frowne,  
 She vtterlie shall never cast him downe.

If Wisdome haue but what the corpes doth craue,  
 Convenient foode and raiment for the back:  
 And libertie to liue, not like a slaue  
 Here in this world, she little else doth lack:  
 But can contented in her cottage sing,  
 In greater safetie, then the greatest King.

\* Non est fortuna  
 saepius tentanda.  
*Iul: Caesar Comen*  
 lib: 4.







**T**HE awfull Scepter though it can compell  
 By powerfull might, great'st Monarches to obay:  
 Loue, where he listeth, liketh best to dwell,  
 And take abroad his fortune as he may:  
 Ne might, or gold, can winne him thence away,  
 Whereto he is through strong affection led,  
 Be it a Pallace, or the simplest shedde.

But *V E N U S* Infant, dred of all beneath,  
 Imperious feare from my sweete Saint remooue,  
 And with thy soft Ambrosial kisses, breath  
 Into her bosome meeke, and mildest Loue  
 With melting Pitie, from thy Queene aboue:  
 That she may reade, and oft remember this,  
 And learne to loue, who most beloued is.







NOR house, nor home, hath wretched man on earth,  
 Ne ought he claimeth iustly as his owne:  
 But as a \* Pilgrim wandring from his birth  
 In Countries straunge, and Deserts wild vnknowne,  
 Like \* *RECHABITE*, or those Tartarian \* *HORDES*,  
 Whose vastest Region but a Tent affordes.

Betime hence learne we wisely to supplie  
 Our inward wantes, ere hence we flit away:  
 And hide in Heauen, that treasure carefully,  
 Which neither Moth, nor Canker shall decaie:  
 In \* following state, eke not to spend our stock,  
 Where oft for merit, we but gaine a mock.

\* 1 Pet: Cap: 2 11

\* *Ieremie 35. 7.*

\* Companies of  
 Tartars, and sub-  
 iects of the great  
 CHAM, liuing  
 in Tentes in the  
 wildernes, with-  
 out Civilitie, to-  
 gether with their  
 wiues, children,  
 and cattle, never  
 abiding in one  
 place, but ran-  
 ging and robbing  
 vp and downe  
 where they list.

\* Sequor nil con-  
 sequor. dictum  
 Ariosti.







**A** H pitie *PALLAS*, who hath thee enwrapt?  
 And in a snare, thus brought thee to distresse:  
 The wisest now I see may be entrapt,  
 And Vertue stoope to Fortunes ficklenesse:  
 Nor Scholler-ship, or wit, at all times can  
 From sad disaster, keepe a mortall man.

The loue of Money, and Dissimulation,  
 Hold thee *MINERVA* tangled in their snare:  
 For now the world, is growne to such a fashion,  
 That those the wisest, that the richest are,  
 And such by whome the simpler should be taught,  
 Are in the net, like *PALLAS* soonest caught.





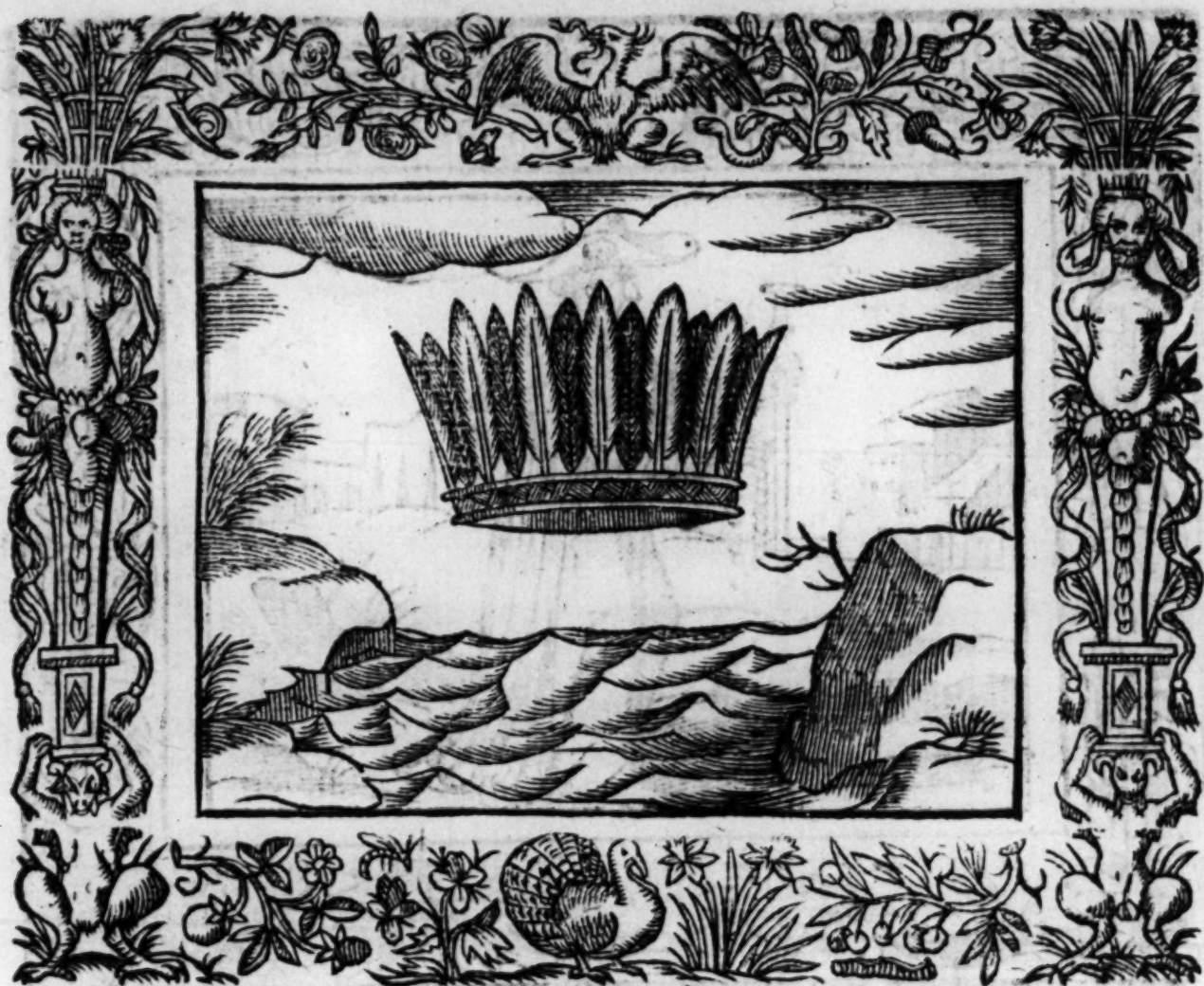


**T** HE Hypocrite, that doth pretend in show,  
 A feigned Zeale of Sanctitie within,  
 Eschew betime, nor haue with such to doe,  
 Whose hoodes are but the harbour of their Sinne,  
 And humblest habits, but a false disguise,  
 To cloke their hate, or hidden villanies.

No *HIRCAN* Tyger, *ERYMANTHIAN* Beare,  
 So arm'd with malice, thirstie after blood,  
 To high estate aspiring, as they are,  
 The worst of men, nay man it is too good.  
 Where *LVCIFER* did openly rebell  
 To God, these Traitors even within the Cell.







**T**HE cheifest good, (ah would so good it were)  
 That most imagine Honours bring with them,  
 We pick from others praises here and there,  
 So patch herewith an Indian Diadem  
 Of Parrats feathers, vocall favours light,  
 And Plumes indeede, whereto we haue no right.

He is not honourd that Discents can show,  
 Nor he that can commaund a numerous traine,  
 Nor he to whome the vulgar lout so low,  
 Nor he that followes Fashion light and vaine,  
 Saluting windowes, and around doth wheele,  
 Like *VRSA MAIOR*, starres from head to heele.

We honour him, whose Actions not deface,  
 The Glories which his Ancestors haue wonne,  
 By Cowardise, or vicious liuing base,  
 Ne wrong for Passion, or Affect hath done:  
 In whome at once, Artes, Bountie, Valour, dwell,  
 Contending each which other should excell.





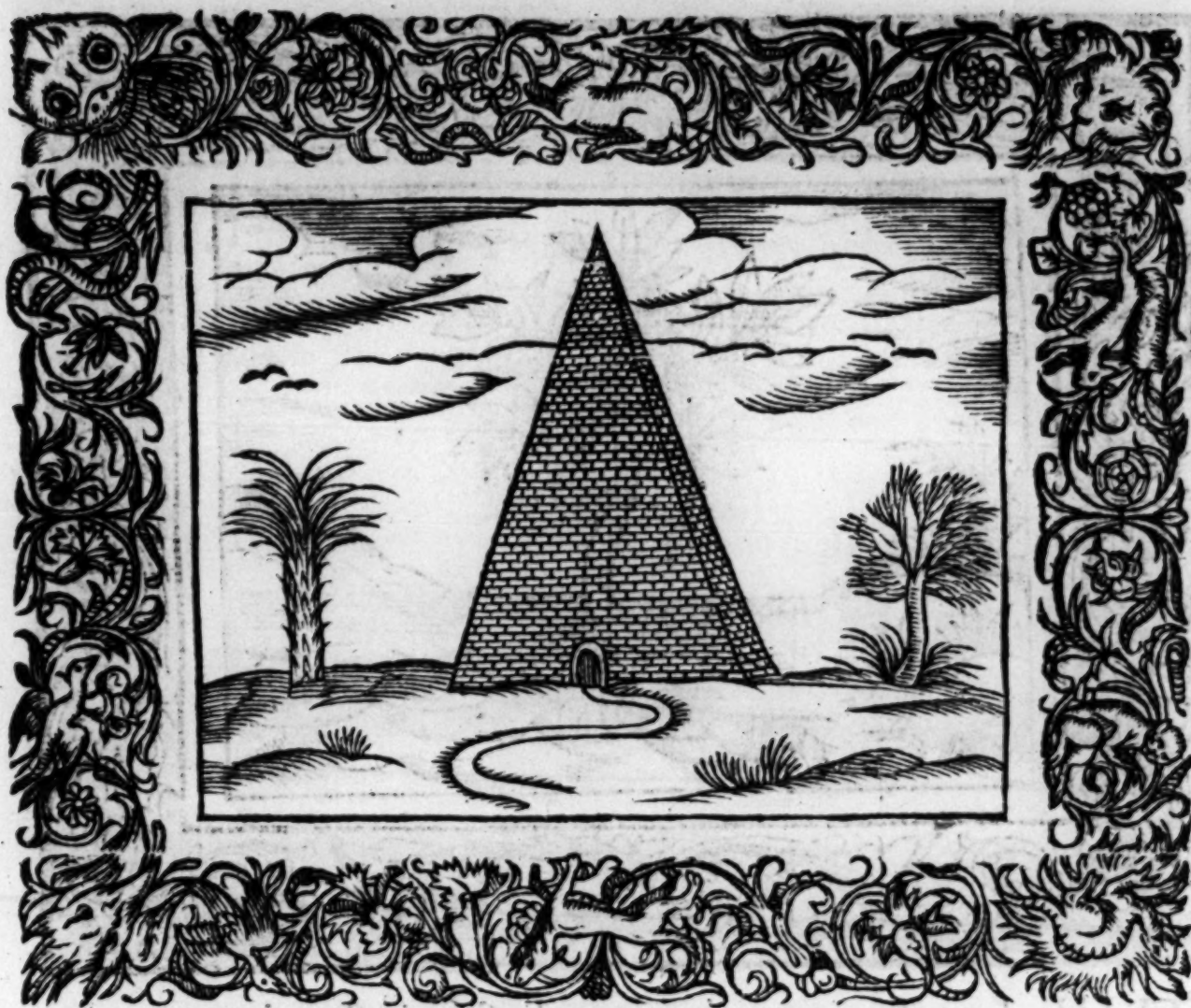
THE *Laurel* greene, that long in safetie stood  
 By *PENEVS* streame, the Muses chaste delight,  
 Oft water'd by the *NAIAD'S* of the flood,  
 And oft reuiued by her "Louer bright,  
 The Waue assaileth with her swelling might,  
 And overthrowes in time, (but who doth know  
 Their miserie, that neere to Greatnes grow.)

"PHOEBVS,  
 whome the Poets  
 feigne to haue  
 loued the Bay,  
 vnder the name  
 of DAPHNE.

This sacred Bay, is Learning and the Artes,  
 In former times that flourished at will,  
 Now wash'd and worne by some, even to the heartes,  
 Who should haue succour'd and vpheld them still,  
 Who eate the Corne, but throw the Chasse to Skill:  
 And what the Church had once to holy vses,  
 Serues them to pride, and all prophane abuses.





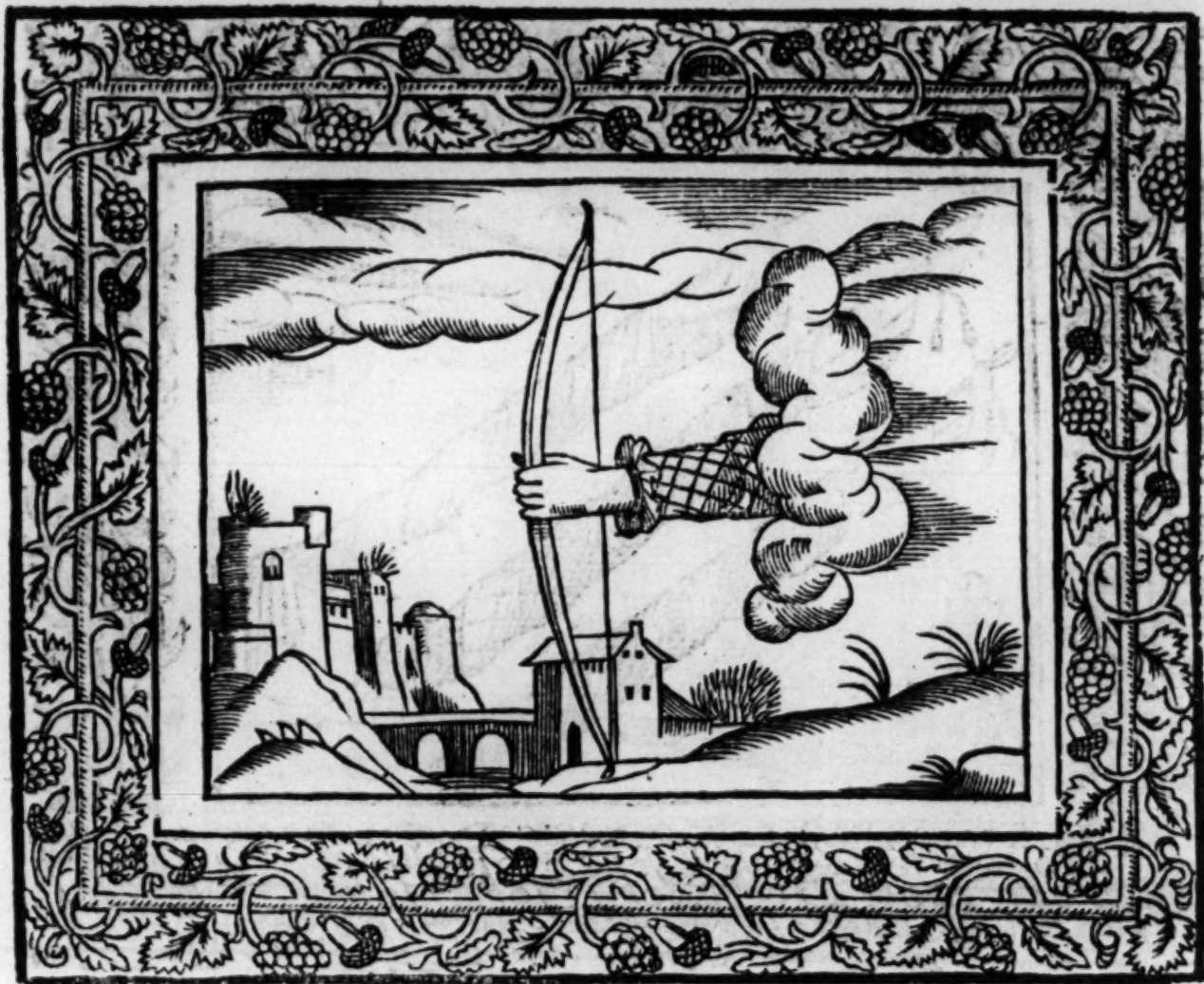


**I**F that thy Fortunes haue their heighth attain'd,  
 And bid thee not on greatnes *BASE* to feare,  
 Let not with that preferment thou hast gain'd,  
 Vnwonted Pride, or Insolence appeare:  
 But how much higher thou art plac'd in sight,  
 So much the lesse affect thy state and might.

For Honors, know, but lend Ambition winge,  
 And like false mirrours, make vs seeme too greate,  
 Vpborne by vulgar breath, (the vaineſt thing,)  
 Till all be melted by the Soveraigne heate:  
 That left abandon'd, in a trustlesse aire,  
 We drowne within an Ocean of dispaire.





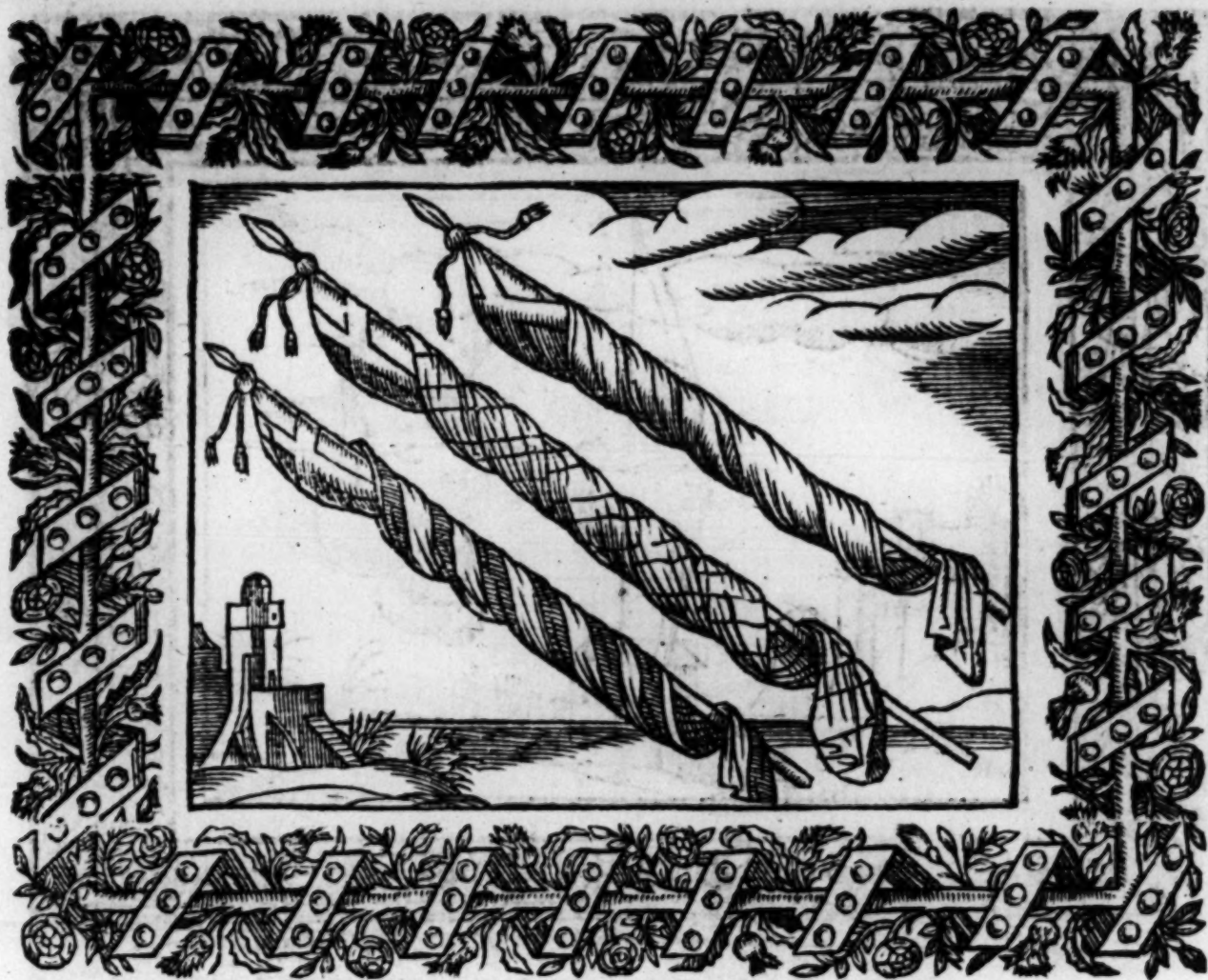


**F**IRST trie thy strength, and ponder well the end,  
 Ere thou attempt'st a buisines of weight,  
 By triall made of wit, thy wealth, or frend,  
 Who can advise, or iudge of thy conceipt:  
 Thou else but hastest, to thy losse and shame,  
 While abler Iudgments, beare away the game.

Hence noblest houses, their decay haue knowne,  
 And greatest Clerkes in vaine opinions err'd,  
 And wits too heavy-rancke beene overthrowne,  
 Who else in time, mought well haue beene preferr'd:  
 Withall we taxe, the glorious foole that crakes,  
 Yet good at nothing, that he vndertakes.







\* Nam genus et  
proavos &c.  
*Ovid: Metamorph:*  
13.

**T**HE valiant mindes, that doe delight a farre,  
By vertuous deede to make their prowesse knowne,  
Who not of \* Fathers Actes ambitious are,  
But of the braue Atcheiuelements of their owne,  
Thus as their Ensignes folded vp vnshowne,  
In Peace reiected, or forgotten lie:  
Till new Alarmes, advance them out on high.

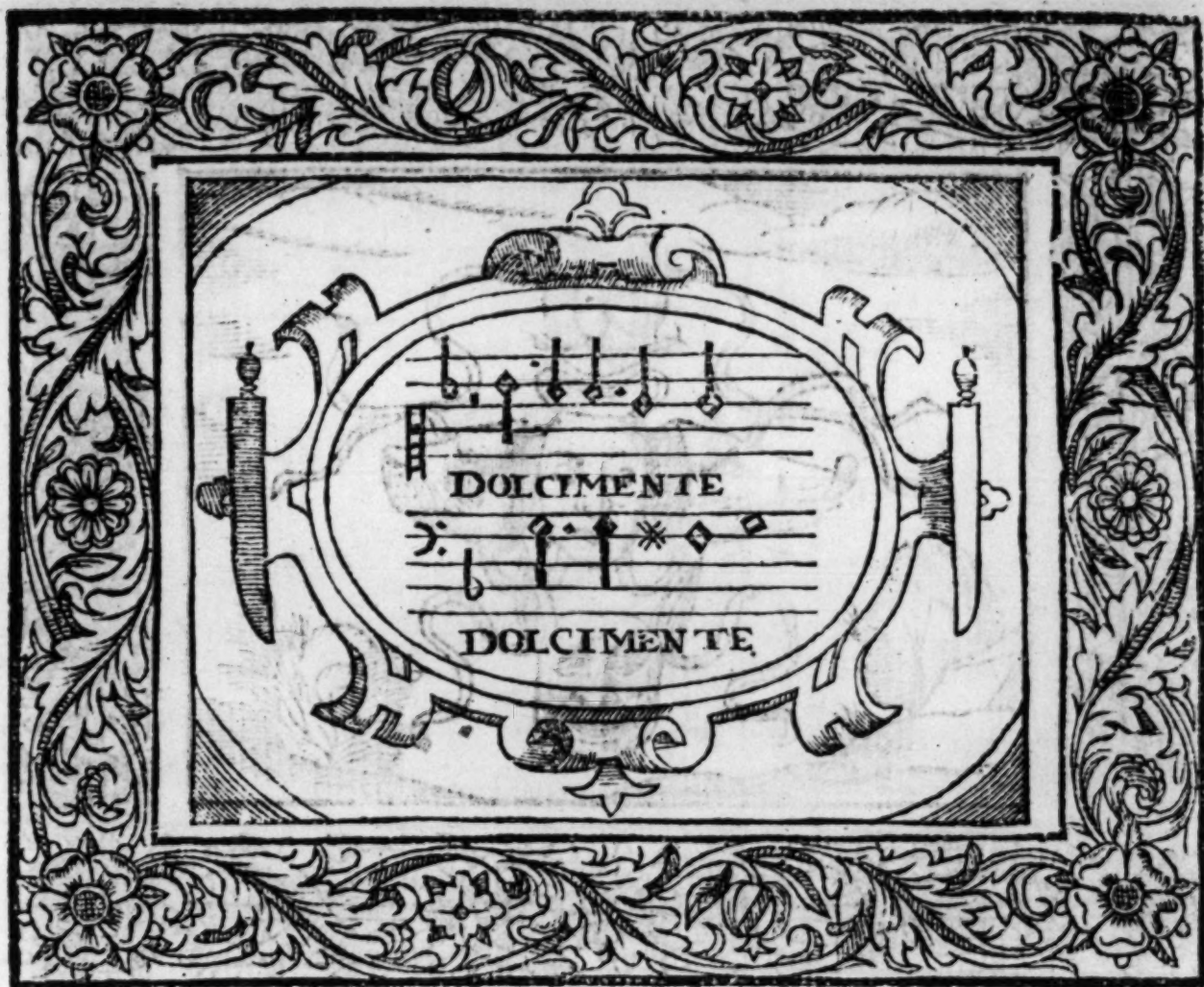
But Wisedome ever armed with Fore-sight,  
Then rateth Valour at her weight in gold,  
For though the ease-full world her merit flight,  
She sees aloofe the storme. How Malice old  
Plaies loose a while to get the better hold,  
And bids vs arme, when least we thinke of knocks,  
For \* Foes asleepe, (they say) the Divell rocks,

\* A Proverbe  
well knowne in  
the low Countreies



*Tanto*





THE mortall strifes that often doe befall,  
Twixt louing Bretheren, or the private frend,  
Doe proue (we say) the deadliest of all:  
Yet if \* compos'd by concord, in the end  
They relish sweeter, by how much the more,  
The Iarres were harsh, and discordant before.

How oft hereof the Image I admire,  
In thee sweete *MUSICK*, \* Natures chaste delight,  
The \* Banquets frend, and \* Ladie of the Quire;  
Phisition to the melancholly spright:  
Mild Nurse of Pietie, ill vices foe;  
Our Passions Queene, and \* Soule of ALL below.



\* The first Dis-  
cord here taken  
is from the ele-  
veth to the tenth,  
that is from b fa  
b mi, vnto a la mi-  
re, a tenth to f  
fa vt in the Base,  
The second from  
the ninth, or se-  
cond to the 8. or  
vnison.

ἡμῶν \* οὐλῶν  
ἀεστὰν \* ἡ-  
ροῖν \* δα-  
ίμον. ἑταῖρον.  
Homer: in Hym-  
nis, Muscam allo-  
quens.

\* According to  
the opinion of  
Pythagoras,





**T**HE worldly wretch, that day and night doth toile,  
 And tire himselfe in bodie and in minde,  
 To gather that by all devises vile,  
 He must be faine ere long to leaue behinde:  
 All shapes like *PROTEVS* gladly entertaines,  
 No matter what, so that they bring the gaines.

Abroade Religion, Flatterie at the Court,  
 Plaine dealing in the Countrie where he dwells,  
 Then Gravitie among the wiser sort,  
 Where Fooles are rife, his Follie most excells:  
 Thus every way transforme himselfe he can  
 Saue one, in time to turne an honest man.







**W** ITH mightie men, who likes to spend his prime,  
 And loues that life, which few account the best,  
 In hope at length vnto his heighth to clime,  
 By good desert, or thorough Fortune blest,  
 May here behold the Modell of his blisse,  
 And what his life, in summe and substance is.

A Ladie faire, is F A V O R feign'd to be,  
 Whose youthfull Cheeke, doth beare a louely blush,  
 And as no niggard of her courtesie,  
 She beares about a Holy-water brush:

Where with her bountie round about she throwes,  
 Faire promises, \* good wordes, and gallant showes.

*Cesare Ripa In Ico-  
 nologia.*

*\* Byssina verba:  
 Plutarch: in Apo-  
 thegi*



Ffr.

Herewith



\* Aurez compe-  
des. *Alicatus.*

\* Cui omnia  
principum honef-  
ta atque inhon-  
ta laudare mos  
est. *Tacitus An-  
nal: 3.*

*Seneca in Thyeste.*

Herewith a knot of gilded hookes she beares,  
With th' other hand, a paire of \* Stocks she opes,  
To shew her bondage: on her feete she weares  
Lead-shoes, as waiting long vpon her Hopes:  
And by her doth the fawning Spaniel lie,  
The Princes bane, the marke of \* Flatterie.

*Stet quicumq; volet potens  
Aula culmine lubrico  
Me dulcis saturet quies;  
Obscurus positus loco  
Leni perfruar otio.*







## The Authors Conclusion.

**A**S then the Skie, was calme and faire,  
The Windes did cease, and Cloudes were fled,  
*AVRORA* scattered *PHOEBVS* haire,  
New risen from her Rosie bed:

At whose approach the \* Harlot strew,  
Both meade, and mountaine, with her flowers:  
While *ZEPHYRE*, sweetest odours threw,  
About the feildes, and leavie bowers.

The Woods and Waters, left their sound,  
No tend'rest twigge, was scene to mooue,  
The Beast lay couched on the ground,  
The winged People perch'd aboue,  
Saue *PHILOMEL*, who did renew,  
Her wonted plaintes vnto the Morne,  
That seem'd indeede, her state to rue,  
By shedding teares vpon the Thorne.

When I as other taking rest,  
Was shew'd (me thought) a goodlie plaine,  
With all the store of Nature blest,  
And situate within the Maine,  
With Rocks about environ'd quite,  
But inward round, in rowes there stood,  
Aswell for profit, as delight,  
The Trees of Orchard, and the Wood.

The builder *Akorne* long agoe,  
To *DODONÆAN IOVE* adioin'd,  
And there the loftie *Pine* did grow,  
That winged flies before the Wind:  
*LEVCOTHOE* that wounded bleedes,  
Nor wanting was, nor that same Tree,  
That beares the staine, in fruite and seedes,  
Of *THISBES* woefull Tragœdie.

\* **FLORA**  
Sometimes a famous Harlot in Rome, and after Goddess of flowers, in whose honour they kept their feastes called **FLORALIA**.

The Mulberie.



The *Elme* embracing *BACCHVS* stood,  
 And there the *Beech* was also plac't,  
 That gaue the golden Age her foode:  
 Though we esteeme it, but as mast;  
 The *Walnut*, praised for her hew,  
 The *Ash*, the best for helue, and staues,  
 The *Eugh*, vnto the bender trew,  
 The *Sallow* soft, that water craues.

\* Erasmus in his  
 Commentaries  
 vpon St. Hierom  
 affirmeth Cher-  
 ries to haue been  
 knowne to these  
 partes of Europe  
 little about two  
 or three hundred  
 yeares, being first  
 brought from ca-  
 raxvntis a Citie  
 of PONTVS,  
 whence they haue  
 their name.

\* The Filbert so  
 named of PHI-  
 LIBERT a  
 king of FRANCE,  
 who caused by  
 Arte, sundry  
 kindes to be  
 brought forth,  
 as did a Gardiner  
 of OTRANTO,  
 in Italie by cloue  
 Gilliflowers, and  
 Carnations, of  
 such cullours as  
 we now see them

\* Thracia pell'ex  
 Seneca in Herc:  
 fur:

Th' vnblasted *Bay*, to conquests due,  
 The *Persian Peach*, and fruitfull *Quince*,  
 And there the forward *Almond* grew,  
 With \* *Cherries* knowne no long time since:  
 The *Winter-Warden*, Orchards pride,  
 The \* *PHILIBERT*, that loues the vale,  
 And red *Queene-Apple*, so envi'de,  
 Of Schooleboies, passing by the pale.

With many moe, of me forgot,  
 Vpon the which the Aëry crew,  
 Each in his kind, and order sat,  
 And did his wonted note renew;  
 The long-liu'd *Eagle*, *IOVE* forsooke,  
 And hither in a moment flew,  
 Who to the *Oake*, himselfe betooke,  
 As King, his multitude to view.

And *IVNOS* Bird, not farre away,  
 Displaid her *ARGVS* hundred eies;  
 By him sat perched on a spray,  
 The *Swanne*, that sweetly singing dies:  
 The *Crane*, who Centinell hath stood,  
 The *Herne*, high't soarer in our sight,  
 The *Pheasant* fetch'd from *PHASIS* flood,  
 With *Faulcon* for the Kings delight.

The *Turtle* here to each did tell,  
 The losse of his beloued mate,  
 And so did \* *THRACIAN Philomel*,  
 In sweetest tunes, her bitter Fate:  
 Ne wanted there the envious *Stare*,  
 The theevish *Chough*, and prating *Iay*,  
 The *Raile*, and frostie *Feldefare*,  
 And *Larke* abroad by breake of day.

Within



Within there was a Circlet round,  
 That rais'd it selfe, of softest grasse,  
 No Velvet sinoothe spread on ground,  
 Or Em'rald greener ever was:  
 In mid'st there sate a beauteous Dame,  
 (Not *PAPHOS* Queene, so faire a wight)  
 For Roses by, did blush for shame,  
 To see a pure, red and white.

In Robe of woven Silver fine,  
 And deepest Crimson she was clad:  
 Then diaper'd with golden twine,  
 Aloft a Mantle greene she had,  
 Whereon were wrought, with rarest skill  
 Faire Cities, Castles, Rivers, Woods;  
 And here, and there, emboss'd a hill  
 With Fountaines, and the Nymphes of Floods.

A massie Collar set with stones,  
 Did over all, it selfe extend,  
 Whereon in sparkling Diamonds,  
*SAINT GEORGE*, her Patrone did depend;  
 A Crowne Imperial on her head,  
 One hand a bright drawne Sword did hold,  
 The other (most that made her dredd,)  
 Three Scepters of the finest gold.

While proudly vnderfoote she trod,  
 Rich Trophæies, and victorious spoiles,  
 Atchieued by her might abroad:  
 Her name is *EMPRESSE OF THE ILES*:  
 There Charriots were, that once she wanne,  
 From *CÆSAR*, ere she was betraid,  
 With standards gat from Pagans, whan  
 She lent the Holy Land her aide.

Here saw I many a shiver'd launce,  
 Swordes, Battle-axes, Cannons Slings,  
 With th' Armes of *PORTVGAL*, and *FRANCE*,  
 And Crownets of her pettie Kings:  
 High-feathered Helmets for the Tilt,  
 Bowes, Steele Targets cleft in twaine:  
 Coates, Cornets, Armour richly guilt,  
 With tatterd Ensignes out of *SPAIN*.



About her now on every Tree,  
 (Whereon full oft she cast her eie,)  
 Hung silver Sheildes, by three and three,  
 With Pencill limned curiouslye:  
 Wherein were drawne with skilfull touch,  
*Impresa's*, and *Devises* rare,  
 Of all her gallant Knightes, and such  
 As Actors in her Conquestes were.

Eke some of Queenes, and Ladies too,  
 As pleased their Invention best,  
 (For wit of woman, much can doe,)  
 Were fastned vp among the rest,  
 In sundry tongues, whose *Motto's* old,  
 And names, though scarcely could be read,  
 She wishd their Glories mought be told,  
 To after times, though they were dead.

Great EDWARD third, you might see there,  
 With that victorious Prince his sonne:  
 Next valiant JOHN of LANCASTER,  
 That SPAINE, with English overran:  
 And those braue spirits Marshalled,  
 The first that of the Garter were,  
 All Souldiers, none to Carpet bred,  
 Whose names to tell I must forbear.

Fourth HENRIES Sunbeames on the Cloude,  
 Fift HENRIES Beacon flaming bright,  
 YORKE'S Locke, that did the Falcon shroude,  
 Was here, so were his Roses white:  
 The Marshal MOVBRAIE NORFOLKE'S Duke,  
 Yet liuing in great HOWARD'S blood,  
 With valiant BEDFORD, Symboles tooke  
 As pleas'd them, to adorne the Wood.

By whome the BEAUCHAMPES, worne away,  
 And noblest TALBOT, scourge of FRANCE,  
 With NEVILL'S, whome could nought dismay,  
 Left Reliques of their Puissance:  
 The loyal VERE, and CLIFFORD stout,  
 Greate STRONGBOVES heire, with BOVRCHIER, GRAY,  
 Braue FALCONBRIDGE, and MONTACUTE:  
 Couragious ORMOND, LISLE, and SAY.

And

With



With other numberlesse beside,  
That to haue seene each one's devise,  
How liuely limn'd, how well appli'de,  
You were the while in Paradise:  
Another side she did ordaine,  
To some late dead, some liuing yet,  
Who seru'd ELIZA in her raigne,  
And worthily had honour'd it.

Where turning, first I spide aboue,  
Her owne deare PHOENIX hovering,  
Whereat, me thought, in melting Loue,  
Apace with teares mine eies did spring;  
But Foole, while I aloft did looke,  
For her that was to Heauen flowne,  
This goodly place, my sight forfooke,  
And on the suddaine all was gone.

With grieve awak'd, I gaz'd around,  
And casting vp to Heauen mine eie,  
Oh GOD I said! where may be found,  
These Patrones now of Chivalry,  
" But Vertue present and secure,  
" We hate, when from our knowledge hid,  
" By all the meanes we her allure,  
" To take her dwelling where she did.

Now what they were, on every Tree,  
Devises new, as well as old,  
Of those braue worthies, faithfullie,  
Shall in another Booke be told.

FINIS.

1612.



Charles E: of  
Nottingham L:  
Admiral.  
Thomas E: of  
Suffolke, and L:  
Chamberlaine.  
George E: of  
Cumberland.  
L: Willowghby.  
Sir Philip Sydney  
Sir Ihon Norris.  
&c.